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Setting standards: Jam album reviewed

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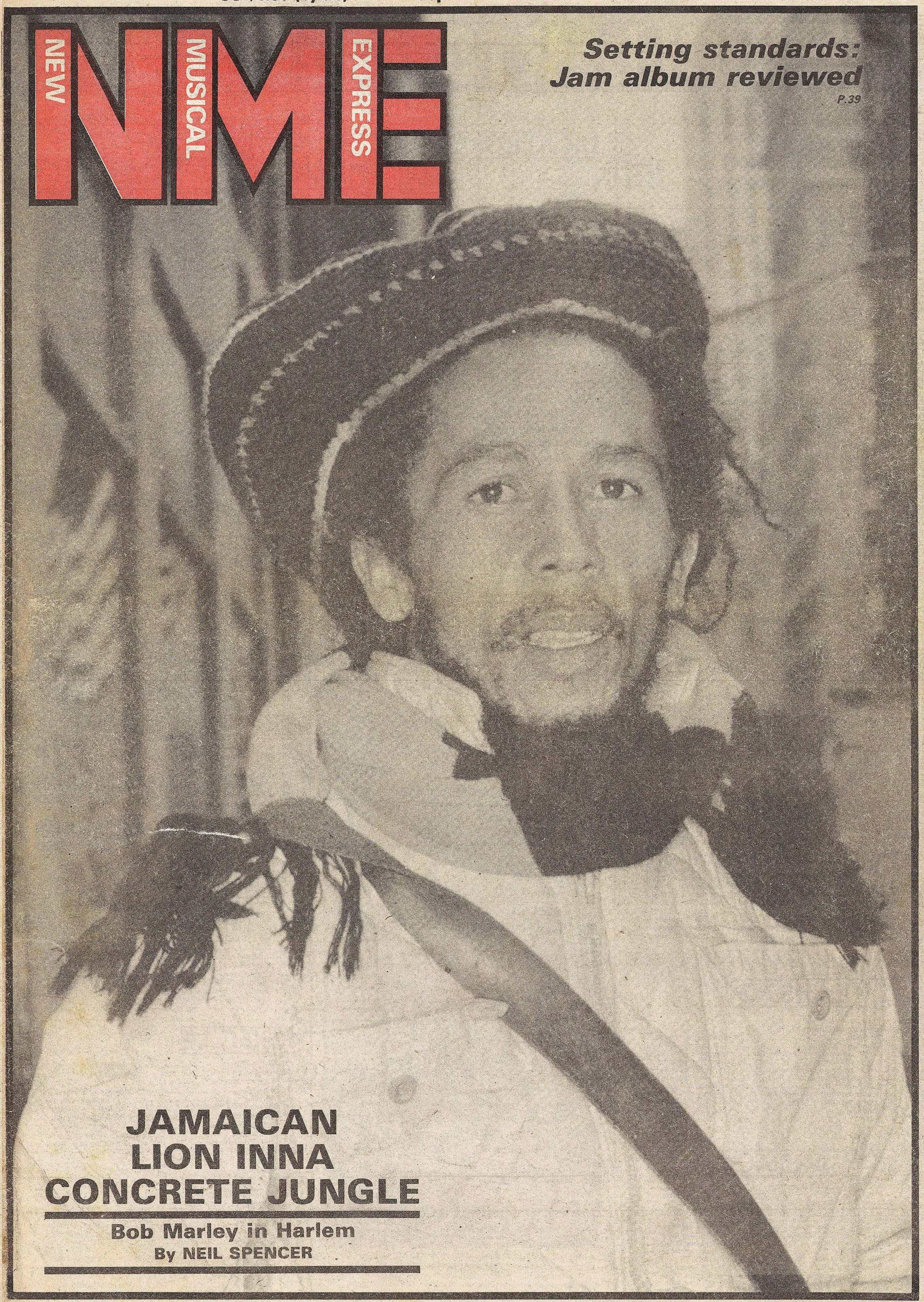


JAMAICAN LION INNA CONCRETE JUNGLE

Bob Marley in Harlem

By NEIL SPENCER

NME CHARTS

Week ending November 10, 1979

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	**When You're In Love**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	4	1
2	(1)	**One Day At A Time**	Lena Martell (Pye)	5	1
3	(6)	**Gimme Gimme Gimme**	Abba (Epic)	3	3
4	(3)	**Every Day Hurts**	Sad Cafe (RCA)	6	3
5	(7)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	4	5
6	(5)	**Don't Stop Til You Get Enough**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	8	2
7	(4)	**Video Killed The Radio Star**	Buggles (Island)	6	1
8	(15)	**Crazy Little Thing Called Love**	Queen (EMI)	3	8
9	(8)	**Chosen Few**	Dooleys (GTO)	5	8
10	(20)	**On My Radio**	Selecter (Two Tone)	2	10
11	(12)	**My Forbidden Lover**	Chic (Atlantic)	4	11
12	(10)	**Gonna Get Along Without You**	Viola Wills (Ariola/Hansa)	4	10
13	(26)	**Star**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	4	13
14	(18)	**She's In Love With You**	Suzi Quatro (RAK)	3	14
15	(21)	**Message To You Rudy**	Specials (Two Tone)	2	15
16	(16)	**The Devil Went Down**	Charlie Daniels Band (Epic)	6	16
17	(—)	**Star**	Commodores (Motown)	1	17
18	(9)	**OK Fred**	Erroll Dunkley (Scope)	5	9
19	(—)	**Eton Rifles**	Jam (Polydor)	1	19
20	(28)	**Ladies Night**	Kool & The Gang (Mercury)	2	20
21	(13)	**Making Plans For Nigel**	XTC (Virgin)	3	13
22	(26)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert (A&M)	3	22
23	(10)	**Message In A Bottle**	Police (A & M)	8	1
24	(19)	**What Ever You Want**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	7	4
25	(22)	**Luton Airport**	Cats UK (WEA)	4	22
26	(17)	**Dreaming**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	2
27	(24)	**Queen Of Hearts**	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	6	10
28	(25)	**The Sparrow**	Ramblers (Decca)	2	25
29	(14)	**Since You've Been Gone**	Rainbow (Polydor)	7	8
30	(—)	**I Don't Want To Be A Freak**	Dynasty (Solar)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

Knocked It Off — B. A. Robertson (Asylum);

No More Tears — Donna Summer / Barbra Streisand (Casablanca / CBS);

It's A Disco Night — Isley Brothers (Epic);

One Step Beyond — Madness (Two Tone);

He Was Beautiful — Iris Williams (Columbia).

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 12, 1974

1 Gonna Make You A Star — David Essex (CBS)
2 Killer Queen — Queen (EMI)
3 Hey There Lonely Girl — Eddie Holman (ABC)
4 Everything I Own — Ken Boothe (Trojan)
5 All Of Me Loves All Of You — Bay City Rollers (Bell)
6 Down On The Beach Tonight — Drifters (Bell)
7 Let's Put It All Together — Stylistics (Avco)
8 Let's Get Together Again — Glitter Band (Bell)
9 Far Far Away — Slade (Polydor)
10 Pepper Box — Peppers (Spark)

10 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 12, 1969

1 Oh Well — Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)
2 Sugar Sugar — Archies (RCA)
3 He Ain't Heavy — He's My Brother — Hollies (Parlophone)
4 Return Of Django — Upsetters (Upsetter)
5 I'm Gonna Make You Mine — Lou Christie (Buddah)
6 Call Me (Number One) — Tremeloes (CBS)
7 Delta Lady — Joe Cocker (Regal Zonophone)
8 Wonderful World Beautiful People — Jimmy Cliff (Trojan)
9 Love's Been Good To Me — Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
10 Something — Beatles (Apple)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 13, 1964

1 Baby Love — Supremes (Stateside)
2 Um Um Um Um Um Um — Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (Fontana)
3 All Day And All Of The Night — Kinks (Pye)
4 Oh Pretty Woman — Roy Orbison (London)
5 He's In Town — Rockin' Berries (Piccadilly)
6 Always Something There To Remind Me — Sandie Shaw (Pye)
7 Sha La La — Manfred Mann (HMV)
8 Tokyo Melody — Helmut Zacharius (Polydor)
9 Don't Bring Me Down — Pretty Things (Parlophone)
10 Walk Away — Matt Monro (Parlophone)

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Regatta De Blanc**	Police (A&M)	5	1
2	(4)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	3	2
3	(3)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	2
4	(6)	**Lena's Music Album**	Lena Martell (Pye)	4	4
5	(2)	**The Long Run**	Eagles (Asylum)	6	2
6	(7)	**Whatever You Want**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	5
7	(5)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	7	3
8	(—)	**Rock 'n' Roller Disco**	Various (Ronco)	1	8
9	(23)	**The Specials**	Specials (Two Tone)	2	9
10	(20)	**Greatest Hits**	10cc (Mercury)	5	10
11	(15)	**String Of Hits**	Shadows (EMI)	9	4
12	(12)	**Bomber**	Motorhead (Bronze)	2	12
13	(11)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	23	1
14	(19)	**The Raven**	The Stranglers (United Artists)	5	2
15	(16)	**Oceans Of Fantasy**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	8	2
16	(13)	**Mr Universe**	Gillan (Acrobat)	2	13
17	(9)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	22	2
18	(—)	**Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2**	Abba (Epic)	1	18
19	(—)	**The Fine Art Of Surfacing**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	1	19
20	(—)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	54	1
21	(—)	**The Secret Life Of Plants**	Stevie Wonder (EMI)	1	21
22	(14)	**Down To Earth**	Rainbow (Polydor)	12	7
23	(—)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores (Motown)	9	11
24	(22)	**Survival**	Bob Marley (Island)	5	22
25	(—)	**Hot Tracks**	Various (K-Tel)	1	25
26	(8)	**Pleasure Principle**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	9	1
27	(10)	**One Voice**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	3	10
28	(—)	**One Step Beyond**	Madness (Stiff)	1	28
29	(24)	**Rock 'n' Roll Juvenile**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	9	1
30	(—)	**A Curious Feeling**	Tony Banks (Charisma)	1	30

UP AND COMING:

Rod Stewart Greatest Hits (Riva);

Victim Of Love — Elton John (Rocket);

Pleasure and Pain — Dr Hook (Capitol);

Bee Gees Greatest (RSO);

Chosen Few — Dooleys (GTO);

Live And Learn — Elkie Brooks (A&M).

A Michael Jackson situation with regard to this one. All over the American charts this week, together and untogether: Donna Streisand and Barbra Summer, with manipulating, machiavellian svengali figure and general all-round good bloke Giorgio Moroder in the foreground.

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	**Heartache Tonight**	Eagles
2	(6)	**Still**	Commodores
3	(5)	**Dim All The Lights**	Donna Summer
4	(4)	**Pop Muzik**	M
5	(1)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert
6	(10)	**Babe**	Styx
7	(7)	**You Decorated My Life**	Kenny Rogers
8	(8)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac
9	(14)	**No More Tears**	Barbra Streisand & Donna Summer
10	(2)	**Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough**	Michael Jackson
11	(11)	**Good Girls Don't**	The Knack
12	(15)	**Please Don't Go**	KC & The Sunshine Band
13	(9)	**Sail On**	Commodores
14	(20)	**Ships**	Barry Manilow
15	(18)	**Come To Me**	France Joli
16	(12)	**Sad Eyes**	Robert John
17	(13)	**My Sharona**	The Knack
18	(16)	**Dirty White Boy**	Foreigner
19	(17)	**I'll Never Love This Way Again**	Dionne Warwick
20	(22)	**This Night Won't Last Forever**	Michael Johnson
21	(19)	**Cruel To Be Kind**	Nick Lowe
22	(28)	**You're Only Lonely**	J. D. Souther
23	(—)	**Ladies' Night**	Kool & The Gang
24	(29)	**If You Remember Me**	Chris Thompson
25	(26)	**Fins**	Jimmy Buffett
26	(27)	**So Good So Right**	Brenda Russell
27	(23)	**Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'**	Journey
28	(—)	**Broken Hearted Me**	Anne Murray
29	(30)	**Street Life**	Crusaders
30	(—)	**Dreaming**	Blondie

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**The Long Run**	Eagles
2	(2)	**In Through The Out Door**	Led Zeppelin
3	(8)	**Tusk**	Fleetwood Mac
4	(4)	**Cornerstone**	Styx
5	(3)	**Midnight Magic**	Commodores
6	(6)	**Rise**	Herb Alpert
7	(5)	**Head Games**	Foreigner
8	(9)	**Off The Wall**	Michael Jackson
9	(12)	**One Voice**	Barry Manilow
10	(11)	**Kenny**	Kenny Rogers
11	(10)	**Get The Knack**	The Knack
12	(7)	**Dream Police**	Cheap Trick
13	(—)	**On The Radio**	Donna Summer
14	(15)	**Stormwatch**	Jethro Tull
15	(17)	**Uncle Jam Wants You**	Funkadelic
16	(—)	**Wet**	Barbra Streisand
17	(22)	**Eat To The Beat**	Blondie
18	(20)	**Ladies' Night**	Kool And The Gang
19	(19)	**Flirtin' With Disaster**	Molly Hachet
20	(14)	**Slow Train Coming**	Bob Dylan
21	(21)	**Comedy Is Not Pretty**	Steve Martin
22	(16)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
23	(13)	**Candy O**	The Cars
24	(18)	**Volcano**	Jimmy Buffett
25	(29)	**Keep The Fire**	Kenny Loggins
26	(24)	**Identify Yourself**	O'Jays
27	(23)	**Highway To Hell**	AC/DC
28	(—)	**Restless Nights**	Karla Bonoff
29	(26)	**First Under The Wire**	Little River Band
30	(27)	**Dionne**	Dionne Warwick

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DISCO

** denotes import.*

(1) **Mellow Mellow Right On** — Lowrell (AVI)
(2) **Rappers Delight** — Sugar Hill Gang (Sugar Hill)*
(3) **We've Got The Funk** — Positive Force (Turbo)*
(4) **It's A Disco Night** — Isley Brothers (Epic)
(5) **So Much Trouble** — Bob Marley (Island)
(6) **Spoonin' Rap** — Spoonin' Gee (New York)*
(7) **No More Tears** — Donna & Barbra (CBS/Casablanca)
(8) **Hands Down** — Dan Hartman (Blue Sky)
(9) **Spring High EP** — Ramsey Lewis (CBS)
(10) **Dancin' In Outer Space** — Atmosfear (MCA)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: QUICKSILVER SOUL SOURCE, 36 Hanway Street, London W1

REGGAE

(1) **Forgive Them** — Johnny Osborne (Studio One)
(2) **Rastafai Tell You** — Judah Esk Tafari (Studio One)
(3) **Roach In The Corner** — Errol Scorcher (Aries)
(4) **Sky Juice** — Nigger Kojak & Liza (Errol T)
(5) **Mr Wicked Man** — Philip Frazer (Stone)
(6) **I Want To Be There** — Silver Tones (Studio One)
(7) **Chantin' Dread** — Pablo Black (Studio One)
(8) **Reflection In Red** — Oku Onuora (Dub Poetry) (Hope Road)
(9) **Ton Toddy** — Errol Scorcher (High Notes)
(10) **Now You're Gone** — Leroy Sibbles (Bullwackies)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: MAROONS TUNES, 19 Greek Street, London W1.

INDIES

(1) **Mite Klub** — Specials (Two Tone)
(2) **Eton Rifles** — Jam (Polydor)
(3) **Smash It Up** — Damned (Chiswick)
(4) **One Step Beyond** — Madness (Stiff)
(5) **Al Capone** — Prince Buster (Bluebeat)
(6) **Gabrielle** — The Nips (Soho)
(7) **On My Radio** — Selecter (Two Tone)
(8) **Tired Of Towing The Lie** — Rocky Burnette (EMI)
(9) **Rockabilly Rebel** — Matchbox (Magnet)
(10) **Green Onions** — Booker T (Atlantic re-release)

CHART SUPPLIED BY: ROCK ON, 3 Kentish Town Road, London NW1.

NEWS

Xmas Tour Circuit

XTC begin another series of UK dates in two weeks' time, conveniently coinciding with the chart success of their Virgin single 'Making Plans For Nigel'. Then, after a whirlwind European tour during the first half of December, they return home to play a string of Christmas shows.

Initial dates set by John Giddings of MAM are Nottingham University (November 23), Birmingham University (24), Reading Hexagon Theatre (25), Canterbury Odeon (26), Norwich Cromwells (27), Manchester University (28), Slough Langley College (30), Plymouth Polytechnic (December 1), Poole Arts Centre (2) and Colchester Essex University (3).

The band then fly off to Europe for gigs in Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium and France, returning to headline a Christmas show at London Camden Music Machine on December 20. They are also the stars of the Christmas Party at Aylesbury Friars (22), and finally they play a hometown gig at Swindon Brunel Rooms (23).

As reported last week, XTC are also being negotiated for an appearance in the two week 'More Front Row Festivities' event at London Kensington Nashville, and — if this is confirmed — it will be on December 21. In the New Year, the band are off to the States.

CURE HEADLINING

THE CURE, fresh from their tour with Siouxsie & The Banshees, are about to go on the road again, this time as the headline attraction. And the outing will also introduce their changed and augmented line-up — because bassist Michael Dempsey has now left the band, and he's been replaced by two new members, Simon Gallup (bass) and Matthew Hartley (keyboards).

The band's last dates in Britain until March are Liverpool Eric's (November 16), London School of Economics (17), Preston Polytechnic (20), Manchester University (21), Bradford Palm Cove (22), Newport The Village (23), Coventry Warwick University (24), Sheffield University (27), Birmingham University (28), Portsmouth Polytechnic (29), Norwich East Anglia University (30), Durham University (December 1), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (5), London Camden Music Machine (6) and Crawley College (7).

Support acts on all dates except Newport (where The Cure appear solo) are the band's Fiction Records label-mates The Passions and new MCA signings The Associates. Ticket prices at all venues will be a maximum £1.60, except for a £2 admission at the Music Machine. After these dates, The Cure begin an 11-date European tour, before returning to start work on their follow-up album to 'Three Imaginary Boys'. They're scheduled to make their US debut in late January.

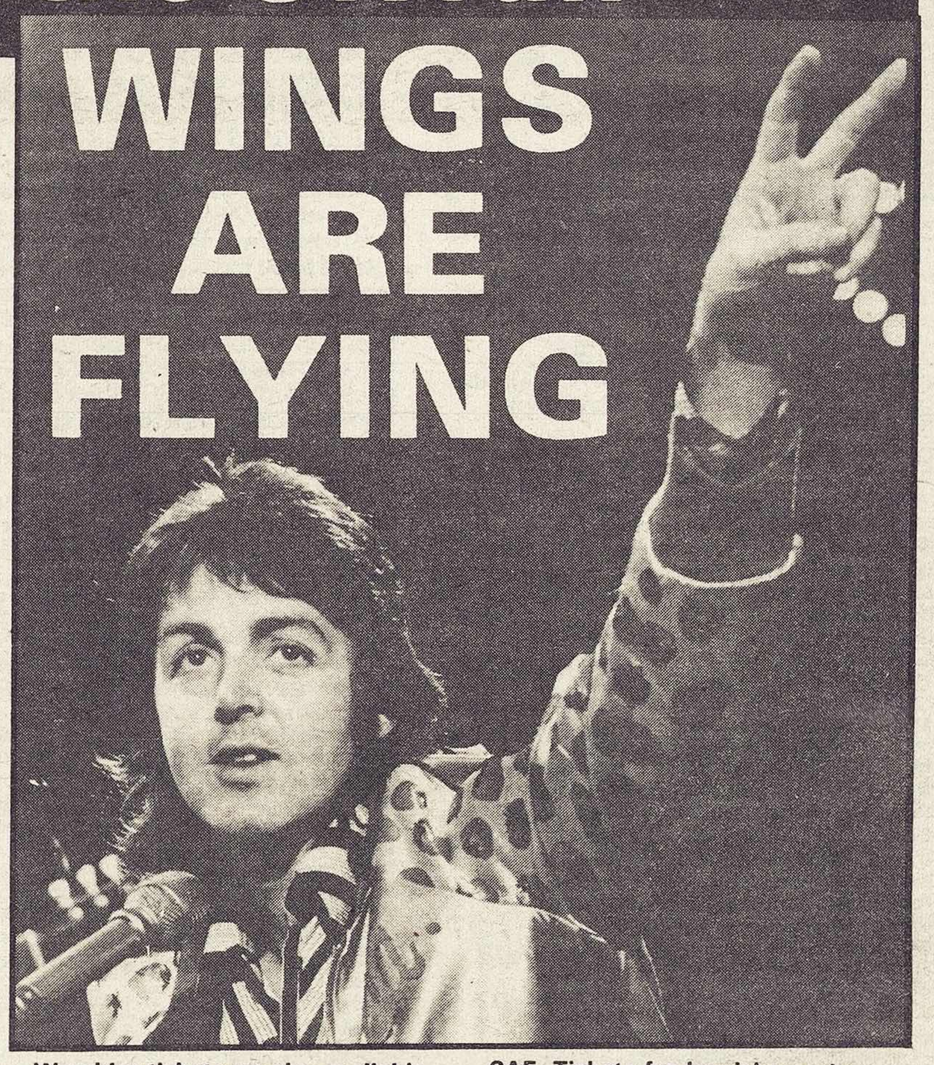
● *Dempsey told NME that he had been sacked by the band, but didn't know the reason why. He added: "I suppose you could call it a clash of personalities, but I was definitely booted out, and I'm now looking for another gig."*

Return of The Dickies

THE DICKIES have now confirmed seven dates for their short British tour, plans for which were reported last week, and there's every chance that two or three more will be added. Their visit follows a European tour with The Stranglers, and the band appear at Newcastle City Hall (November 29), Hanley Victoria Hall (30), Bristol Locarno (December 2), London Marquee (4), Carlisle Market Hall (6), Edinburgh Odeon (7) and Blackburn King George's Hall (7). Ticket prices will range between £1.75 and £2.75. Their new album is 'Dawn Of The Dickies', from which comes their latest single, 'Manny, Moe And Jack' — both released by A&M this weekend.

Band on the UK run

WINGS ARE FLYING



THE LONG-AWAITED Wings tour has finally come together! They'll be playing a series of 16 major concerts around the country, including five in London, from November 25 to December 17. And although they played three shows at Wembley in 1976, this will be their first full tour here for four years.

Dates are Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (November 25 and 26), Manchester Apollo (28 and 29), Southampton Gaumont (December 1), Brighton Centre (2), London Lewisham Odeon (3), London Rainbow Theatre (5), London Wembley Arena (7, 8 and 9), Birmingham Odeon (12), Newcastle City Hall (14), Edinburgh Odeon (15) and Glasgow Apollo (16 and 17). It seems likely that additional dates will be slotted in at some of these venues, and gaps have been left in the schedule to accommodate these.

The tour will mark the live debut of the two new Wings members, Laurence Juber (guitar) and Steve Holly (drums), who joined the nucleus of Paul and Linda McCartney and Denny Laine late last year. They will be augmented on stage by a horn section.

Ticket prices for all concerts are £5.50, £5 and £4.50 — except Wembley (£5.50 and £5 only). They go on sale at box-offices only at 10 am this Sunday (November 11), and are restricted to four per applicant — the only exception to this is Liverpool, where they are being sold from noon this Sunday at Radio City reception.

Wembley tickets are also available by post until November 15 from Wings Concert, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only, four tickets per application and enclose SAE. Tickets for Lewisham, the Rainbow and Wembley may also be purchased from the Ticket Machine at the Virgin Megastore in Oxford Street, again from this Sunday.

Blondie here Xmas into 1980

BLONDIE'S eagerly-awaited British visit now seems certain to take place before the end of the year. And their concerts won't be confined to London alone — they'll also be playing at other major venues around the country. NME understands that the band will be here over both Christmas and New Year, gigging for best part of three weeks, opening on either December 23 or Christmas Eve. Dates are at present being finalised, and are expected to be announced in a week or two.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE has added another eight dates to his UK tour reported two weeks ago, making 24 gigs in all — they are Swansea Circles (November 19), Leeds Fan Club (20), Leicester University (23), Norwich East Anglia University (27), Portsmouth Art College (December 4), Edinburgh Tiffany's (10), Aberdeen Ruffles (11) and Glasgow Technical College (12). Chris Sievey & The Freshies and The Out support throughout the tour.

ADAM & THE ANTS are planning an extensive New Year tour of the UK, despite the recent loss (as reported in T-Zers last week) of two members — Andy Warren (bass) and Matthew (guitar). They're even hoping to arrange a date at a major London venue before Christmas, if replacements can be found in time. Meanwhile, the band's debut album 'Dirk Wears White Sox' is scheduled for November 30 release on Do It Records.

THE POP GROUP, now featuring new bassist Danny Catsis, have left Warner Brothers and have their first Rough Trade single out this week — titled 'We are All Prostitutes', it's dedicated "to all anarchists and treasonists". The band are about to begin a series of UK dates, the first two confirmed being at London University Union with Scritti Politti (November 16) and Liverpool Eric's (December 1).

POLICE: LONDON DECEMBER GIGS

THE POLICE return from their triumphant U.S. tour to play two special Christmas concerts in London — at the Hammersmith Palais on December 18 (all tickets £3) and the Rainbow Theatre on December 19 (tickets £3, £2.50 and £2). Prior to this, they can be seen in BBC-2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' next Tuesday (13) — they were filmed two weeks ago, performing several numbers at the Gussman Theatre in Miami.

Shirts due

THE SHIRTS are returning to Britain next month. They had originally intended gigging here in late November, at the outset of a European tour — but they've now revised their schedule in order to visit the UK closer to Christmas. The Bron Agency is currently lining up their dates, which hopefully will be ready for announcement next week.

THE B52s play a one-off London date this month, as part of a whirlwind European tour — with one gig in each country. It's at Camden Electric Ballroom on Thursday, November 15, and the support groups are The Searchers and The V.I.P.'s. Tickets are on sale now at £3 each, and promoters are Straight Music.

FINGERPRINTZ, who've been guesting on The Skids' tour, play four London gigs in their own right to promote their first Virgin album 'The Very Dab' — at Camden Music Machine (November 14), Covent Garden Rock Garden (15), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (17) and Clapham 101 Club (18).

THE SPECIALS and THE SELECTER, already set to climax their current tour at London Strand Lyceum on November 25, will now also appear at the same venue the following Sunday, December 2 (tickets £3).

999 are being lined up for a full British tour in January (details to follow shortly), to coincide with the release of their third album which they're currently recording. The provisional title is 'The Biggest Prize In Sport'.

PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY have been re-joined by guitarist Malacaballa, who was one of their original founder members, along with Nevil Luxury and Brian Bond, but who subsequently left to work with a local Newcastle band. He's now back in the Punilux fold to augment the line-up, and is already rehearsing with them for their new album and tour, both due early next year.

SQUEEZE, whose abbreviated UK tour opens next week (see Gig Guide), are releasing a new single to coincide. And (would you believe?) it's a Christmas song! Titled 'Christmas Day' and described as "an up-dated version of The Nativity", it's issued by A&M on November 23.

THE DAMNED have added three dates to their previously reported UK tour — at Brighton Top Rank (November 28), Bristol Colston Hall (December 11) and Hull City Hall (15), and they have switched their November 26 gig from Plymouth Fiesta to Sheffield Top Rank. A three-track single, on which the main title is 'I Just Can't Be Happy Today' from their current album, is issued by Chiswick on November 16.

GANG OF FOUR open their tour at Aylesbury Friars this Saturday (10), after cancelling the first seven projected gigs due to injuries sustained by Andrew Gill and Jon King, who were attacked when leaving a club in Leeds. The rest of the tour goes ahead as scheduled, and cancelled shows will be re-set.

RUTS
JAH WAR
NEW SINGLE OUT NOW VS298
FROM THE CHART ALBUM 'THE CRACK' V2132
RUTS

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Record News

THE LAMBRETTAS are the latest slice of Brighton rock to land a recording deal with a major company. They've signed with the Rocket label, and have their first single 'Go Steady' issued this weekend in a picture bag. Line-up comprises (from ieft to right) Paul Wincer, Jaz Byrd, Mark Ellis and Doug Sanders. Among other current gigs, they play London Kensington Nashville on November 20.

VINTAGE PRESLEY ELPEE

'ELVIS, Scotty And Bill' is the title of a collectors-item LP issued by Virgin on November 30. It contains what are believed to be the first live recordings by the 19-year-old Elvis Presley, with guitarist Scotty Moore and drummer Bill Black. There's also a narrative of the first year of his career, plus a 1956 Presley interview. It comes in gatefold sleeve with a 12-page booklet, priced £6.99.

LATEST OLDFIELD ALBUM

MIKE OLDFIELD has a new studio album issued by Virgin on November 23, titled 'Platinum'. Produced by Tom Newman, who woked with Oldfield on 'Tubular Bells' and 'Hergest Ridge', it features a number of backing musicians — although, as usual. Oldfield was himself responsible for writing and playing the majority of the music. The five tracks are 'Platinum', 'Woodhenge', 'Sally', 'Punkadiddle' and 'I Got Rhythm'.

● MCA/Infinity release five strong 12-inch disco singles this month, under the collective title of 'Our Hot 12 Inches'. Besides 'Dancing In Outer Space' by **Atmosfear** (reported last week), issues this weekend are 'Cordon Bleu' by Crusaders drummer **Stix Hooper**, 'Music' by **Al Hudson** and 'Do You Love What You Feel' by **Rufus And Chaka Khan**. Following on November 16 is 'I Just Can't Control Myself' by **Nature's Divine**.

● Cherry Red Records issue their second compilation album on November 16, following their 'Business Unusual' set in January. Titled 'Labels Unlimited' (£4.25), it features 16 bands performing tracks which were all previously released as singles on various independent labels. Among the outfits involved are **Girlschool, The Piranhas, Crisis, Newtown Neurotics, Staa Marx, Scissor Fits, Those Naughty Lumps** and **Spizz Oil.**

BEE GEES JOIN No.1 CHRISTMAS CHASE

THE BEE GEES have joined Abba and Rod Stewart in the battle to secure the top album for the coming Christmas season. As reported, 'Abba Greatest Hits Volume 2' and 'Rod Stewart's Greatest Hits Volume 1' looked to be the main contenders, but now they've been joined by a third challenger — which could conceivably oust the other two. It's the double LP 'Bee Gees Greatest', released this week by RSO. It contains 20 titles, including many of their classic songs from the past, plus a few tracks never before issued on any Bee Gees album.

● And battle was joined this week, with the news from Epic that the Abba set had chalked up 600,000 advance orders — which means that it shipped double platinum even before its official release date. Follow that!

● A possible fourth contender for the coveted Xmas best-seller spot emerges on November 23, when Atlantic release the 'Best Of **Chic**' compilation, containing all their hit singles.

● **Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers'** single 'Here Comes My Girl/Don't Bring Me Down' is issued by MCA tomorrow (Friday), the same day as the album from which the A-side is taken 'Damn The Torpedoes'. A 12-inch version follows on November 23 and, besides an extended version of the main title, it also has an extra track called 'Casa Dega'.

● **Voyager** are back in the studios with producer Gus Dudgeon recording their second Mountain album 'Act Of Love', for February release. It will be preceded in January by the single 'Sing Out — Love Is Easy', and the band plan a UK tour in March.

● In view of the recent ITV strike and the consequent lack of available promotion, Polydor reissue **Billy Connolly's** single 'In The Brownies' this weekend. Scheduled for November 16 are 'Roller Skatin' Mate' by **Peaches And Herb** and '130 Beats A Minute' by **The Olympic Runners.** Singles out on the affiliated Fiction label this week are 'Jumpin' Someone Else's Train' by **The Cure** and 'Frustrations' by **The Purple Hearts.**

● Dutch label Plurex now has six singles available in the UK through Rough Trade and other independent outlets. They are 'Poly Vinyl' by **The Mumbles,** 'Bizarre Disco' by **Interior,** 'Sexy Pyjamas' by **Ze Popes,** 'Drastic Measures' by **Minny Pops,** 'Alpha Jerks' by **The Twinkeys** and 'Party' by **The Tapes.**

● A new **Dr. Hook** album 'Sometimes You Win' is rushed out by Capitol this weekend, to be followed on November 30 by their follow-up single 'Better Love Next Time'.

● **Rachel Sweet** has a new single titled 'Baby Let's Play House' issued by Stiff on November 16, as the prelude to a UK tour currently being lined up.

● **Public Image Limited's** album 'Metal Box' — consisting of three 12-inch 45rpm records packed in a metal container — is now officially set for November 23 release by Virgin. The first 50,000 copies will be marketed in this unconventional form, selling at £5.99.

● **Tiger Ashby** have just recorded their first single for Alien Records, titled 'Statue Of Liberty', and they'll be touring in January to promote it.

● **Phil Daniels,** best known for his starring roles in the film 'Quadrophenia' and 'Scum', has in fact been playing with a band called **The Cross** for about six years — though their recent activities have been restricted by Daniels' movie commitments. But they've now signed with RCA, who this month release their first album 'Phil Daniels And The Cross' and single 'Kill Another Night'.

● Australian punk refugees **The Last Words** have just finished recording their new single 'Today's Kids', for December release by Rough Trade. They'll also be doing some dates this month as support to UK Subs.

SPRINGSTEEN, PETTY AND TOSH ON IN-CONCERT LP

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, Tom Petty, Peter Tosh and Jackson Browne are among those featured on a double album, to be issued by Elektra next month, culled from the recent concerts at New York's Madison Square Garden in aid of Musicians United For Safe Energy. Also taking part are Ry Cooder, The Doobie Brothers, Graham Nash, Bonnie Raitt, James Taylor, Carly Simon, Poco, Gil Scott-Heron, John Prine and Jesse Colin Young. The set contains a 16-page booklet, and a film of the concerts is also planned.

● Two new album releases from JSP Records are 'Stranger In Your Town' by piano blues'n'boogie master **Jimmie Bell** and 'Chicago Blues' by **Jimmy Rogers** and **Left Hand Frank.**

● The 25-year-old original R&B version of 'Bloodshot Eyes' by **Wynonie 'Mr Blues' Harris** is reissued this weekend by Midland Record Company, retaining its blue and silver King label. At the same time, MRC releases 'Seventeen' by **Boyd Bennett and His Rockers.**

● Wake-Up Records are a newly launched subsidiary of Electronic Dream Plant, the firm which makes the very successful low-price Wasp synthesiser. First releases are by **Disco Dream And The Androids,** described as "a space disco rock band" — they are an album with the group's name as its title and a single (7" and 12") called 'Love Dance'.

● **The Moments** — who had several chart hits in the 1976-78 period on the All Platinum label — have re-named themselves **Ray, Goodman and Brown** and switched to the Mercury label. Their first single under the new deal is 'Special Lady', out this week.

● **Peter Skellern's** new LP, issued by Mercury on November 16, is called 'Astaire'. Backed by the Grimethorpe Colliery Band, it's a collection of Fred Astaire's most famous movie songs. *(It gets a mention here in case you're looking for a Christmas present for Mum!)*

● Liverpool-based Zoo Records have signed a manufacturing and distribution deal with Rough Trade, which means that all their previous releases — by **The Teardrop Explodes, Echo And The Bunnymen** and **Expelaires,** among others — are now available through that outlet. Only exception is the **Lori And The Chameleons'** single 'Touch', which was recently leased to Sire.

MUZAK BY M

M — whose single 'Pop Muzik' topped the UK charts in May, and is currently a smash hit in the States — have their follow-up issued by MCA this weekend, titled 'Moonlight And Muzak'. It's taken from their upcoming debut album 'New York, London, Paris, Munich', scheduled for November 30 release.

ELP in concert

A NEW ALBUM from Emerson, Lake & Palmer titled 'In Concert' is rush released this week by Atlantic — though exactly why it's a rush, considering it was recorded during their 1977 U.S. tour, isn't quite clear! Backing features a 60-piece orchestra and six vocalists, and among the seven tracks are Keith Emerson's Piano Concerto and the classic 'Pictures At An Exhibition'.

● **Johnny Curious** is back on the scene this week with the release of his single 'Someone Else's Home' on Bugle Records, distributed by Rough Trade and other indies. Or by post at £1 (including p&p) from Huw Davies, 7 Carrington Close, Boreham Wood, Herts. Curious plans to return to the gig circuit within the next few weeks.

● Oval Records have ended their production deal with A&M, and all their future products will be distributed by Spartan. Singles this month include 'I Think I Think Too Too Much' by **Ed Sirrs** and 'Rhythm On The Radio' by **A.B.C.**

● **Cuddly Toys,** a band with a loyal following on the London club circuit, have had their debut album 'Guillotine Theatre' and a single called 'Madman' released — but only in Japan! Oddly, no deal has yet been made for UK release, so the band are arranging for import copies to be made available shortly.

BAKER'S DOZEN

GINGER BAKER has lined up a string of dates for his new band Energy. Starting later this month, they'll be on the road until the end of January, closing at a major London venue — and they then set out on an extensive European tour. They are at present recording enough material for two albums, although no release is planned until the spring. With many more to follow, the first 13 confirmed dates are:

St Austell New Cornish Riviera (November 24), **Bolton** Aquarius (28), **Scarborough** Penthouse (29), **Norwich** Cromwells (December 3), **Manchester** Polytechnic (4), **Leeds** Cosmo Club (5), **Shrewsbury** Music Hall (6), **Newport** The Village (7), **London** Chelsea College (8), **Bristol** Granary (13), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (14), **Retford** Porterhouse (15) and **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (22).

STOP PRESS Joe Jackson gigs

JOE JACKSON, whose new single 'Different For Girls' is released by A&M on November 23, headlines at **Exeter** University (November 26), **Birmingham** Top Rank (27), **Hatfield** Polytechnic (29), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (December 2), **Glasgow** Apollo (3), **Manchester** Apollo (4), **Newcastle** City Hall (5), **London Leicester Square** Empire Ballroom (9), **Oxford** New (11), **Margate** Guildhall (13), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (14), **Bristol** Locarno (16), **Dublin** Olympic Stadium (18) and **Belfast** Ulster Hall (20). The Hatfield gig is being filmed for a BBC-2 'Rock Goes To College' show.

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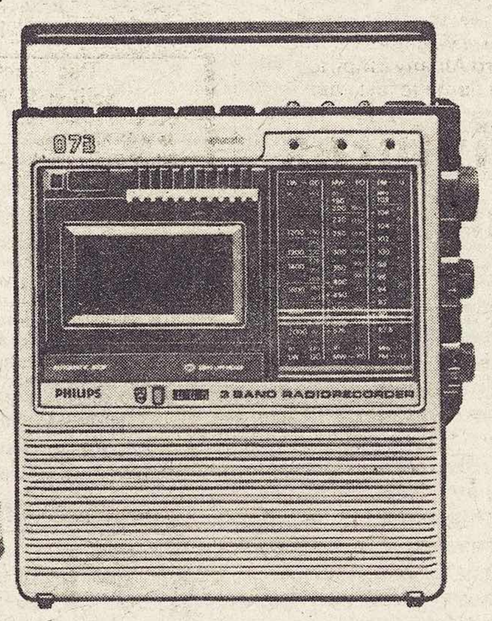

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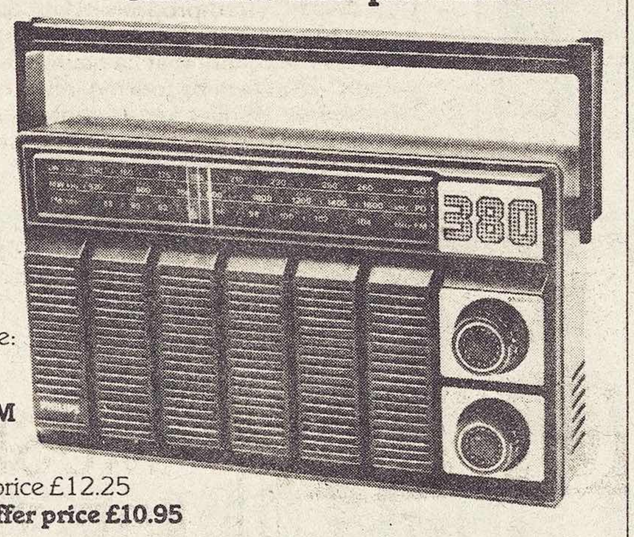

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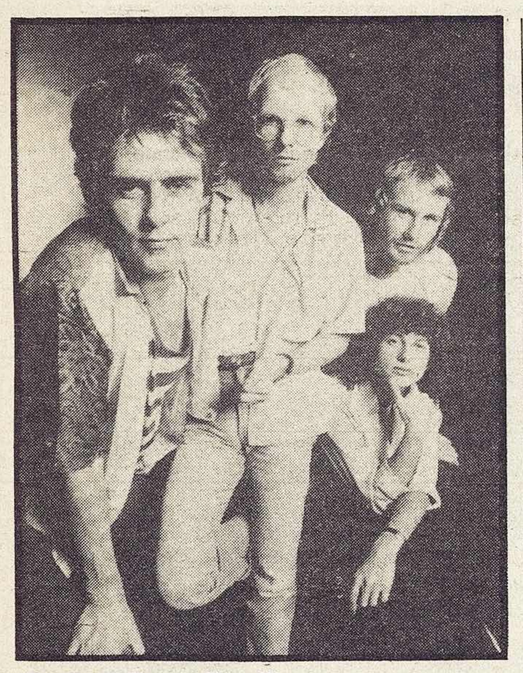

Wishbone UK venues

WISHBONE ASH return to the UK tour circuit early in the New Year, headlining a major nationwide tour and introducing new material which they're currently recording. And prior to this outing, they make a guest appearance in the all-star Year Of The Child charity concert at Wembley Arena on November 22 (see news story below).

The 1980 tour takes in **Hanley** Victoria Hall (January 18), **Sheffield** City Hall (19), **Newcastle** City Hall (21), **Edinburgh** Odeon (23), **Dundee** Caird Hall (24), **Aberdeen** Capitol (25), **Glasgow** Apollo (26), **Liverpool** Empire (27), **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (29), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (30), **Bradford** St George's Hall (31), **London Hammersmith** Odeon (February 1), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (3), **Ipswich** Gaumont (4), **Southampton** Gaumont (5), **Brighton** Dome (7), **Manchester** Apollo (8), **Birmingham** Odeon (9), **Oxford** New Theatre (10), **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion (11), **Guildford** Civic Hall (12), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (13), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (15), **Bristol** Colston Hall (16) and **Paignton** Festival Theatre (17).

Tickets are now on sale at all venues priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except Hammersmith (£4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50), Leicester and Derby (all tickets £3), Hemel Hempstead (all £3.25) and Guildford (all £3.50).

TOURS ROUND-UP: p.48

AFTER THE FIRE CARRY ON — DESPITE SETBACK

AFTER THE FIRE drummer Ivor Twiddle is now recovering from the heart attack he suffered, while performing on stage at Edinburgh Tiffany's midway through the band's extensive UK tour. He will have to convalesce for some time, but ATF were fortunate in securing the services of replacement drummer Nick Brotherhood at short notice, so the remainder of their schedule — including their headliner at London Rainbow on November 17 — is unaffected.

Giltrap: back to acoustics

GORDON GILTRAP is to play a series of 14 acoustic concerts, on an occasional basis over the next three months. These will be quite different in format from tours by the Giltrap Band , and he'll be accompanied only by Richard Harvey (woodwind and percussion) and Rod Edwards (keyboards). In fact, he plans to perform one or two concerts of this nature every week throughout 1980! Dates set so far are:

Hatfield Forum (this Saturday), **Worthing** Assembly Hall (Sunday), **Basildon** Towngate Theatre (November 12), **Leicester** Haymarket Theatre (18), **Swindon** Wyvern Theatre (24), **Rochdale** Gracie Fields Theatre (25), **Inverness** Eden Court (27), **Irvine** Magnum Theatre (29), **London North Peckham** Civic Centre (December 2), **Stirchley** The Studios (8), **Derby** Playhouse (9), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (January 10), **Brighton** Gardner Centre (25) and **Reading** Hexagon (30).

● Electric Records release a new Giltrap single titled 'O Jerusalem' on November 16.

GARY NUMAN

NUMAN, CAT IN CHARITY SHOW

GARY NUMAN, Cat Stevens, Wishbone Ash, David Essex and Sky were this week confirmed as the stars appearing in the 'Year Of The Child' charity concert at London Wembley Arena on Thursday, November 22. It's being co-promoted by Mel Bush and the BBC, and Radio 1 will broadcast it in December, with TV coverage to follow later. Tickets are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50, and they are on sale now — in person from the box-office or by post from Year Of The Child Concert, Box Office, Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middlesex (cheques and POs to 'Wembley Stadium Ltd' and enclose SAE).

Short list of Chappo gigs

ROGER CHAPMAN takes his band The Shortlist out on the road this weekend for a major tour, running through into December. And to coincide, Acrobat Records are rush releasing the album 'Roger Chapman & The Shortlist Live In Hamburg' — with the first 10,000 copies selling at the special price of £3, before reverting to the normal £5. With more dates being finalised, the first 15 to be confirmed are:

London Victoria The Venue (this Saturday), **Reading** University (November 12), **Dundee** Technical College (15), **Edinburgh** University (16), **Stirling** University (17), **Middlesbrough** Teesside Polytechnic (19), **London** School of Economics (21), **Maidstone** Mid-Kent College (23), **Loughborough** University (24), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (28), **Sheffield** Limit Club (29), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (30), **Manchester** University (December 1), **Preston** Polytechnic (3) and **Leicester** University (4).

The band's line-up for this outing comprises Tim Hinkley (keyboards), Jerome Rimson (bass), Stretch (drums), Geoff Whitehorn (guitar), Nick Pentelow (sax) and Helen Hardy and Kathy Tontoh (back-up vocals).

STRAITS DOING ULSTER DATES

DIRE STRAITS are to play two nights in Belfast, prior to their previously reported four pre-Christmas London concerts. They are at the Whitla Hall on December 13 and 14, and tickets (all at £4) are available from Harrison's Records and the Porter's Lodge, Students Union. The band are also doing two shows in Dublin at the Stadium on December 11 and 12 — tickets at £5, £4 and £3 from Pat Egan and Golden Discos shops.

All seats for the band's four London shows are now sold out, but a few standing-room tickets for Lewisham Odeon (December 18-19) are available by personal application only at the box-office, and a limited number of standing tickets will be available at the Rainbow on the nights of the concerts (20-21). The first Lewisham date will be a benefit show for Deptford Albany Empire, which suffered severe fire damage last year.

H'WIND, FEELGOODS ADD

HAWKWIND have added a second night at London Hammersmith Odeon to their upcoming UK tour schedule, the gig there on December 2 having now virtually sold out — the extra show is the previous night, December 1. And they have slotted in three further dates — at Cardiff Sophia Gardens (December 9), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (10) and Keele University (12) — although the show planned for Paignton Festival Hall on November 27 is now cancelled. Support act on all dates (including the additions) is Doll By Doll, whose second album 'Gypsy Blood' is released by Automatic Records on November 16.

● DR. FEELGOOD have added another two dates to their major tour starting on November 20 — at Reading University (December 11) and Coventry Theatre (13). But they have cancelled their projected gig at Southampton University on December 6.

●CARAVAN, currently on a UK tour, are to record their promised live album at their gigs at Slough College (November 24) and London Rainbow (25). It's planned for February release, and they will be playing further British dates at that time.

Meanwhile, they've added Cambridge University (November 12) and Aberavon Nine Volts Club (16) to their present tour.

●BORICH — the Australian heavy metal outfit fronted by singer-guitarist Kevin Borich, who've just completed their first UK tour — are staying on in London to record their first British album for the Acrobat label. And they'll be back here for another tour early in March, to coincide with the LP's release.

●THE KINKS have called off plans for a British tour from November 22 to December 5. As reported last week, dates had already been pencilled in and — although they hadn't been announced — they were to have included three major London concerts, and Bruce Woolley was invited to support. But it's understood that, for reasons unknown, Ray Davies decided last weekend not to go ahead with it.

●RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON have added a date at London Victoria The Venue to their current tour, which promotes their new Chrysalis album 'Sunnyvista' — they play two shows on November 23, and tickets are on sale now.

League fixtures are abandoned

THE HUMAN LEAGUE, as unpredictable as ever, have decided to cancel their previously reported British tour — which was scheduled to open at Huddersfield tomorrow night (Friday). But they will go ahead with their planned concert at London Strand Lyceum this Sunday (11), which now becomes a one-off.

It seems the League have been thinking long and seriously about their music and future directions, and have decided on radical changes. They remain suitably tight-lipped about what Virgin Records call "their re-programming", and their manager would confine himself only to the comment that "a new Human League product will be touring in the near future". So it appears that the Lyceum gig will be the last chance to see the band in their current form.

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"People thought just because we played like

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"Well we're not," claim the Cult. "Wouldn't

BLUE Oyster Cult flew into England on the night of Hallowe'en. I strapped on my invisible guitar, scattered wolf-bane about the door, and set off to meet the consummate practitioners of rock alchemy. A heavy metal band for people who don't like heavy metal.

The Cult have forged a perverse union of myth and riff that has adapted and sustained itself for the best part of ten years. Their early records, made under the spell of producer and historian Memphis Sam Pearlman, sought nothing less than total world guitar apocalypse, and spoke of matters hideous in the true Lovecraftian sense. They were pitched between the sublime and the ridiculous; between The Doors and Black Sabbath.

Being a fan of the Blue Oyster Cult in those days carried with it the same sort of responsibilities as did being a New York Dolls fan: you knew how to recognise and venerate the truly *extreme,* but you tacitly understood the humour involved, and you could look at bogus fools like Alice Cooper and quite rightly laugh.

However, actually being the Blue Oyster Cult in those days had its penalties. Not everyone appreciated what was going on. A literate heavy metal band was then, as now, a contradiction in terms.

Most heavy metal bands find themselves scorned by the critics and adored by their followers. Blue Oyster Cult found themselves praised by the critics but followed by mostly a small core of lunatic and the dispossessed: bikers, acid casualties, comix buffs, misfits all.

In more ways than one a fringe outfit, Blue Oyster Cult have long operated on strictly democratic lines. All five contribute a more or less equal share of the songs, with drummer Albert Bouchard — quick-witted and open man upon whom easily falls the task of spokesman — slightly ahead on points.

All group decisions are made communally and rewards are likewise shared. "It's extremely inefficient," admits Bouchard," but then we all stay in the same hotel too . . ."

And it's played a crucial part in their longevity — a quality much prized amongst the breed of fan who likes to wear the symbol of devotion embroidered on their back (and perhaps that's why; embroidery is a time-consuming business).

The group own up to feeling something in common with the bands who figure on denim jackets — a peculiar anomaly in the eyes of their critical admirers, who view the likes of Rush with deep suspicion.

But while the Cult mine the darker side of metal riff fantasy, their musicial inspirations are shared with those bands. They are ardent Anglophiles, and their anticipation still runs high when Led Zeppelin release an album.

Otherwise, their interests are atypical. Eric Bloom reads up to three science fiction novels a week and classes himself "one of the world's biggest sci-fi movie fans." Albert Bouchard subscribes to the more *outre* French and American comics. Allen Lanier, Patti Smith's former beau, is an avid reader of Raymond Chandler, and Donald Roeser harbours a fascination for the vampire myth. When Stephen King, author of *Carrie* and *Salem's Lot,* contacted him for permission to quote 'Don't Fear The Reaper' in a new book, Roeser was — so to speak — over the moon.

THE Cult made three albums in the first phase of their existence, 'Blue Oyster Cult', 'Tyranny And Mutation' and 'Secret Treaties', all adorned with strange cyphers, each progressively more lucid an exposition of what were to a certain extent Pearlman's ideas, and each more deranged than the last.

Titles like 'The Red And The Black' (long before anarchy entered its recent vogue), 'OD'd On Life Itself', 'Hot Rails To Hell', 'Career Of Evil', 'Dominance And Submission' and 'Astronomy' will forever linger in the minds of alumni of diseased works.

But disenchantment set in when the audiences persistently failed to materialise as per Pearlman's plan, and Blue Oyster Cult did what every self-respecting hard rock band does at times of impasse: they tried to assert their market with a kick ass live double album.

"We felt it would be our 'Allman Brothers at The Fillmore East'; show everybody we were really a people's band." Bouchard's voice betrays a weary resignation. He is obviously bemused by the memory.

"There was a big change happening in the group at that time. We got tired of being so hard-nosed all the time. We did all the stuff, especially 'Secret Treaties' and people were calling us Nazis! They had no sense of humour about it — and I'm being very serious now. This is not very funny: they were taking us seriously and it was horrifying for us. We felt that . . . We didn't have a choice; people didn't understand us. It may *look* like a political rally but it's not.

"Our real logic behind that live album — which in retrospect I don't think really worked — was that . . . we'd got this reputation as a critics' band and that just drove us crazy because the kids are what it's about. You go out there and get them standing up and jumping along and *that's* what really feels good. If the review is good or bad it doesn't matter. With the kids there's no problem, no worry about whether they understand it or not."

So they estranged all but the most irredeemably gonzo headbanger with the ultimate four-sided orgy of volume, guitars, smoke and all-round Hell-bent metal mayhem called — and it showed *real class* to get this gauche — 'On Your Feet . . . Or On Your *Knees'.*

FOUR years and four albums later the Cult have been forced once again to take stock; to fall back and re-group around their core assets.

They're commencing their second and most comprehensive British tour, without the expensive battery of laser effects they brought with them last time, but with a renewed commitment to live rock action. The mood as they begin is one of optimism shrouded with uncertainty. If this tour fails to build on their support, chances and finances are such they won't be coming back.

Only Eric Bloom, their bearded, business-like vocalist, shows a hint of remorse at the loss of the lasers, though he is quick to support the practical reasons for getting rid of them.

"They cost 500 dollars a week to operate and whenever one of them went wrong, which was often, it cost another two or three grand straightaway to get it fixed. I don't really miss them," he shrugs," though I kinda liked my wrist laser . . ."

The fireworks they ignominously use in place of the costly lasers were delayed for the first show at Brighton, much to Bloom's displeasure, since he was already thwarted by Council regulations in his plans to bring over his pride and joy, a chopper he rides on stage during 'Golden Age Of Leather', the Cult's astounding biker requiem, constructed like a sonic narrative poem.

"It's great," he enthuses, "it's a 1300cc factory chopper that was given to me by Harley-Davidson and it's got a mike attached to the tail-pipe!"

Later on Bloom confesses that . . . "When this winds down, I'm going to get into films. I've already hired an agent to find me a part, and I've asked all my connections in the music business to look out for a suitable vehicle.

My favourite memory of Eric Bloom: the one where he's climbed onto the drum riser to do a parlour trick with a flash-bomb. He hurls a bolt of mystical lightning with a dramatic flourish but the flash-bomb doesn't work, to his ill-disguised dismay. A wizard? A true ham. Bloom's brave vanity in the face of almost overwhelming odds reveals a wounderous lack of sensitivity.

The decision to ditch the lasers was part financial and part ideological. They played a string of small club dates during the making of their last album and suddenly remembered why they became Blue Oyster Cult in the first place.

"We also got fed up of hearing ourselves billed as the world's most amazing laser show," says Bloom, "without even a mention of the band."

Don't you ever get fed up of using the lights and fireworks too? Why, I ask Bouchard, don't you take it the whole way?

"Up to a point. It's not as bad now as it used to be. They've really become secondary to what we want to do. And if they can't fit in then okay, fine."

"But that's only like 90 seconds of a two-hour show," argues Bloom. "It's not a big deal."

"It just *happens* to come at the most climatic moments," admits Bouchard sardonically.

THE CARPETTES

Their new album 'Frustration Paradise'
including the single 'I Don't Mean It'

Album BEGA 14
Single BEG 27

Beggars Banquet

a bunch of Heavy Metal nurds, that we were!"

Casual poseur (left) demonstrates superior British footwear as Albert Bouchard (centre) and Eric Bloom struggle to stay awake. *All pix: Chris Horler*

you be happier if you were?" asks Paul Rambali

The FX obviously mean a lot less to him than to Bloom, and he agrees that it becomes hard to tell exactly what is causing the climax after a while. So doesn't he tire of these ritual climaxes? Wouldn't he like to make it all a bit looser?

"That is true. We would like to. The ritual is okay, but we do feel sometimes that we'd like to play something off-the-wall. We tried it, with Cream's 'I Feel Free', and no matter how good it came out, the kids didn't like it. They didn't know what it was, and those who did turned their noses up.

"We do some crazy things. We didn't do any tonight because we had problems with equipment, but when things go smoothly we get looser."

And then I concede that our purposes are crossed. They think I'm asking them to rock out and take a chance with material whereas I only want them to subvert the premise upon which a ten year touring career has been built.

THE Cult's ambitions have led them astray. After the deadlock that their early albums created they abandoned Pearlman's concepts and allowed their individual ideas to come through more fully on 'Agents Of Fortune' — a startling record that few hitherto thought them capable of. Each song contained vivid and poignant imagery, each was crafted with the care and detail of the finest short story, and they were all different. There wasn't a single superfluous moment from start to finish. 'Agents' is an album of the decade — it found the Cult making music most bands wouldn't even dream of.

Fortune dealt them an ace from the pack in Donald Roeser's song of the supernatural, 'Don't Fear The Reaper'. They set the scene with typical eloquence, singing in tombstone harmony opening words that would turn out to be prophetic and, finally, ironic: *"All . . . our . . . times . . . have . . . come."*

'Reaper' removed the stigma of the last part of their name and seemed to open the gates to the stadium supershows of their British hard rock heroes, The Who and Led Zeppelin. It was, they wearily admit, a false lead, and one they've only just given up trying to follow.

"If the 'Reaper' hadn't appeared on that record," says Bloom, "to tell you the truth I don't know if we would be here today, financially speaking. All of a sudden we actually found ourselves making a living, which we were amazed at."

"All of a sudden it didn't matter that I didn't finish engineering school," exclaims Bouchard.

" 'Agents' was the first mega-buck album for us. That's why it was so different. We were able to do a lot of overdubs and capture the true Beach Boys sound! But the next record, 'Spectres' was really the height of studio-itis. It proved to us that you could overdo it because some of the stuff started out better than it turned out. We were still stymied as to why 'Spectres' didn't go to number one and blow Fleetwood Mac off the charts."

Though technically superior to 'Agents', and blessed with songs as good as 'Golden Age Of Leather' and the aural B-movie of 'Godzilla', 'Spectres' was polished to the point of eroding some of the vitality of 'Agents'. And with 'Nosferatu', 'I Love The Night' and the eerie cover the Cult seemed a little too keen to play their new commercial card.

"Maybe as far as our audience is concerned we did. But we were interested in exploring more of a stock, romantic type thing. Blue Oyster Cult as heroes as opposed to anti-heroes.

"My opinion of us now is that we are or we should be the Poe of Rock. Nobody is really seriously into that except for us and I believe we should take advantage of it. But it's not that easy to come up with a good blend of those elements; one that isn't just gratuitously scary. I don't think we've really put our energies into that over the past couple of years, but now we don't feel so inclined to chase the hits because even though the records haven't sold as well, the audiences in the States are bigger than ever and a lot of favourite stuff is the older material.

"When we made the latest album ('Mirrors') we were still thinking that hit singles were where it was at because we'd had this big success with 'Reaper' and sold so many records. So on 'Mirrors' consequently there have a bunch of out and out pop songs; 'Mirrors', 'In Thee', 'You're Not The One I Was Looking For'. On 'Spectres' we had a few straight pop songs too, and the inability of those songs to catch on has shown us that we can't get away with it. We have to work within our genre — we don't have to be hard-nosed about it, but . . .

"Donald insisted, before he did 'Reaper' he swore up and down to us that the only way to make any money was to have a hit single, and we all said bullshit. So he wrote 'Reaper' and we found out he was right, but it's not as simple as he was thinking, it was much more complicated . ."

'Mirrors' is the least memorable of all Blue Oyster Cult albums excepting perhaps the first. It catches them at what sounds like a distinctly low ebb. It's also their first record with neither Pearlman nor an arranger friend of the band called David Lucas in tow, a development many Cultophiles can't see the merits of. Ted Nugent and Cheap Trick producer Tom Werman was an obvious choice from angle of CBS corporate mentality, though Werman's idea of a good production is simply to double everything up. On the subject of Werman, the Cult maintain a diplomatic silence, but as for Pearlman . . .

"You want the truth?" asks Bouchard. "I think there was a lack of confidence in his abilities, or everybody was disagreeing over what his abilities were. They just stopped believing in him. That's not necessarily my opinion, but that's what the whole thing added up to."

Bouchard has a better relationship with Pearlman than perhaps do the rest of the band, having written numerous songs with him, including a song cycle called 'The Soft Doctor Of Imaginos', only one part of which, 'Astronomy', has ever surfaced on Cult disc. I venture that their democratic make-up must lead to some inevitable frustrations.

"Yes, but that's part of our strength and part of our weakness. That's always been Sandy Pearlman's way; he's never said 'Hey you're the star what shall we do?' He says 'Okay what do you guys want to do?' Then we start arguing and then he starts arguing . . . until we figure out what exactly is the majority opinion. If somebody hates something, and really doesn't want to do it, then we don't. And if somebody really loves something, they have to infuse the enthusiasm they have for it into everybody else. None of us are that egotistical about what we want to do, and there's no Chuck Berry in this group; someone who always writes the same kind of song. Everybody writes different kinds of songs.

"So solo projects are inevitable, because being a democracy you really can't do everything you want. We come up with these pop songs that are really good and because of the Cult image people say we're selling out, it's phoney and so forth. With this last record we said 'how do you have a hit?' You write about what's close to you emotionally, and that's what we did, and it didn't work.

"There's lots of things on the album that directly relate to us, that were inspired by the tragedies or whatever that happen to us. Allen's songs are both about Patti, 'Vigil' is about some friends of ours who are UFO-watchers, and it's as much about us and them as it is about them and UFOs. 'You're Not The One I was Looking For' was written about Tom Werman . . ."

ALBERT Bouchard's frankness demands respect. So I'll be frank too and say the group has reached a point where they could well write their own autobiographical 'Golden Age Of Leather' — a requiem for the most outrageous and challenging and finally star-crossed hard rock band of them all.

They already plan to reduce their activities to leave them six months of the year free to pursue individual plans. Donald Roeser could easily make a very commercial album. Bouchard ought to make 'Imaginos' regardless of such concerns since it obviously means a lot to him. Allen Lanier could retreat to the bowels of New York and work with Tom Verlaine. And Eric Bloom could go off and fill the vacuum left by Alice Cooper — if he can find it.

But that's just one extrapolation. The best of all possible endings would be the one where the frayed denim armies cast out their rusty metal heroes and at last embrace the Blue Oyster Cult.

STARJETS

NEW SINGLE

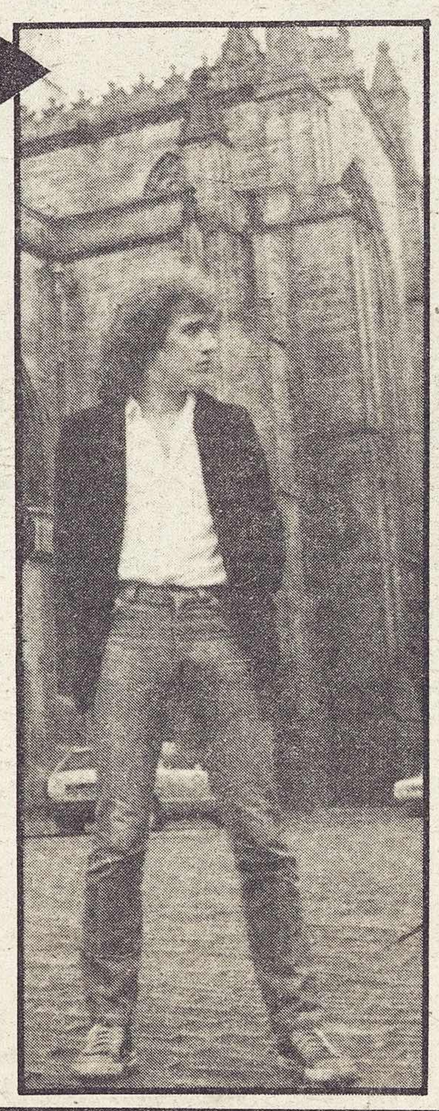
Schooldays

Taken from their recent album 'Starjets'

Epic EPC 7986

ANOTHER PRETTY FACE HIDE THE SCARS

(Haggis rock in-joke)



Pretty Faces: Mike Scott (left) and John Caldwell. Pix: Laurie Evans.

"WE'VE ABSOLUTELY no income. The only income we did have was gigs — but that all went on expenses. They refused to give us any dole money because we were in a band."

The band being Another Pretty Face, half of whom quit a week or so before this interview, leaving guitarist John Caldwell, and singer/guitarist Mike Scott, who continues to detail their pecuniary difficulties. (Meanwhile, APF are working with a new rhythm section, drummer Steve McLaughlin and bassist Willie Kirkwood.)

"We were giving them accounts and things to prove that we're not earning anything. But they take so long. We've appealed against their decision and it's going to take six weeks."

John: "We're heavily in debt."

Mike: "We owe Eugene (Reynolds) money. When we played in London with the Revillos a lot of our gear got nicked. Eugene lent us some money towards getting new stuff. We owe Z (APF's manager) a couple of hundred quid . . . and our parents, 'cos they've kept us going. I'm going to have to phone my mum, get some more money." Mike trails off, smiling.

All that should soon be over, though, replaced by new problems with an imminent Virgin Records contract and national scrutiny. But they'll survive that, and enjoy it all too. Not only are APF easily amongst this year's best new bands, but their music will be accessible and satisfying to nearly anyone who ever liked electric guitars.

Besides, Mike's an idealist; still dumb enough to want to change the world with rock'n'roll. The music press will love him.

"We were in a group called Karma (John groans) in 1975, specialising in playing 'Moonage Daydream' and . . . but it had originals — we were writing then."

John: "We were only 16, Christ!"

Mike: "I was *15*. And I'd already been writing for three years."

How many songs have you written?

Mike: "Ever? Oh, *millions!* Hundreds of songs. I wrote five last weekend when I was home, mainly in one evening."

In April '77, at home in Ayr, Mike started a fanzine called *Jungleland*, which folded early in '78.

Mike: "It was a sort of different fanzine. It had things on . . . like John writing on The Beach Boys, me writing on John Lennon, as well as The Clash and Sex Pistols and things."

Nov. '77, from *Jungleland 6:* "Jungleland is influenced and motivated by Patti Smith, John Lennon, Bob Dylan, Richard Hell, Bowie and Springsteen." These influences remain with APF. Let's just say that the band is a suitably updated amalgam, with a bias towards Springsteen.

John and Mike had been at university in Edinburgh "a total and utter waste of time", and decided to move back from Ayr in September '78 in search of musicians.

By February this year, having found nobody for a band, they decided to record a single anyway, and asked friends Crigg and Jim Geddes, to come up to play drums and bass. Both decided to stay.

Mike: "We did one gig, then recorded the single, then we did three more and released it. No one had ever heard of us."

Including me. I didn't buy the single, or even know they were from Edinburgh until a couple of months later, when a friend told me he was promoting some gigs for them. He hadn't seen them either, but an angel had come to him in a vision, and he liked their single.

The single was 'All The Boys Love Carrie'. It was wonderful. Still is. Even now it remains as thrilling and joyous as the best Buzzcocks, Undertones . . . whatever, though without the naivety. It *rings.*

Julie Burchill made it *NME* single of the week: "This song holds hints of a literary talent somewhere between F. Scott Fitz and Springsteen . . . a great little record."

Mike: "Well, I've never read F. Scott Fitzgerald . . ."

It's a compliment, honest.

"My mum's read him, and she said, 'Oh, I can see the similarity.' Springsteen definitely."

John: "He was fair chuffed."

Former Rezillo William Mysterious played saxophone and produced the record. How did he get involved?

John: "Well, we interviewed The Rezillos once."

Mike: "Then we met him at a Simple Minds gig, and said 'Will you produce our single?' "

Since then he's become more deeply involved: plays sax and organ on demos; helps out with contract negotiations — "a sorta guiding light".

New Pleasures, Z's record company, recently put out a single by DNV; an old tape of an old band involving Mike and Crigg.

Mike: "It's just an old thing. We're not doing the songs any more, so why not bring it out just for posterity? That's about all there is to say."

Except . . . that it comprises one of Mike's songs called 'Death In Venice' and 'Mafia', a song found on a Patti Smith bootleg, though originally by Lloyd Parkes (currently Dennis Brown's bass player, my sources insist). More raucous than 'Carrie', but still excellent, 'Mafia' matches any other attempts at white reggae.

And what do they do now they've finally got that record contract? The 'artistic control' we keep hearing about . . .

Mike: "The control we have over things like that will be governed by the amount of interest we take in it. We're writing the songs, and we have such a vivid idea of what the songs are about we *know* what the cover of 'Whatever Happened To The West?' (proposed next single) should look like, or whatever . . .

"We take a lot of care about lyrics. There's one called 'The Kids Are Back' — *'If you've got a flag, why don't you wave it?'* — that sort of holds the key to all our lyrics. If you feel about something why don't you stand on a soapbox and let people know? We feel we should stand on a stage and let them know.

"If you've got a microphone you've got to use it."

GLENN GIBSON

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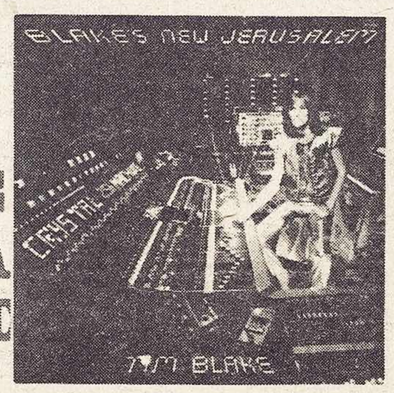
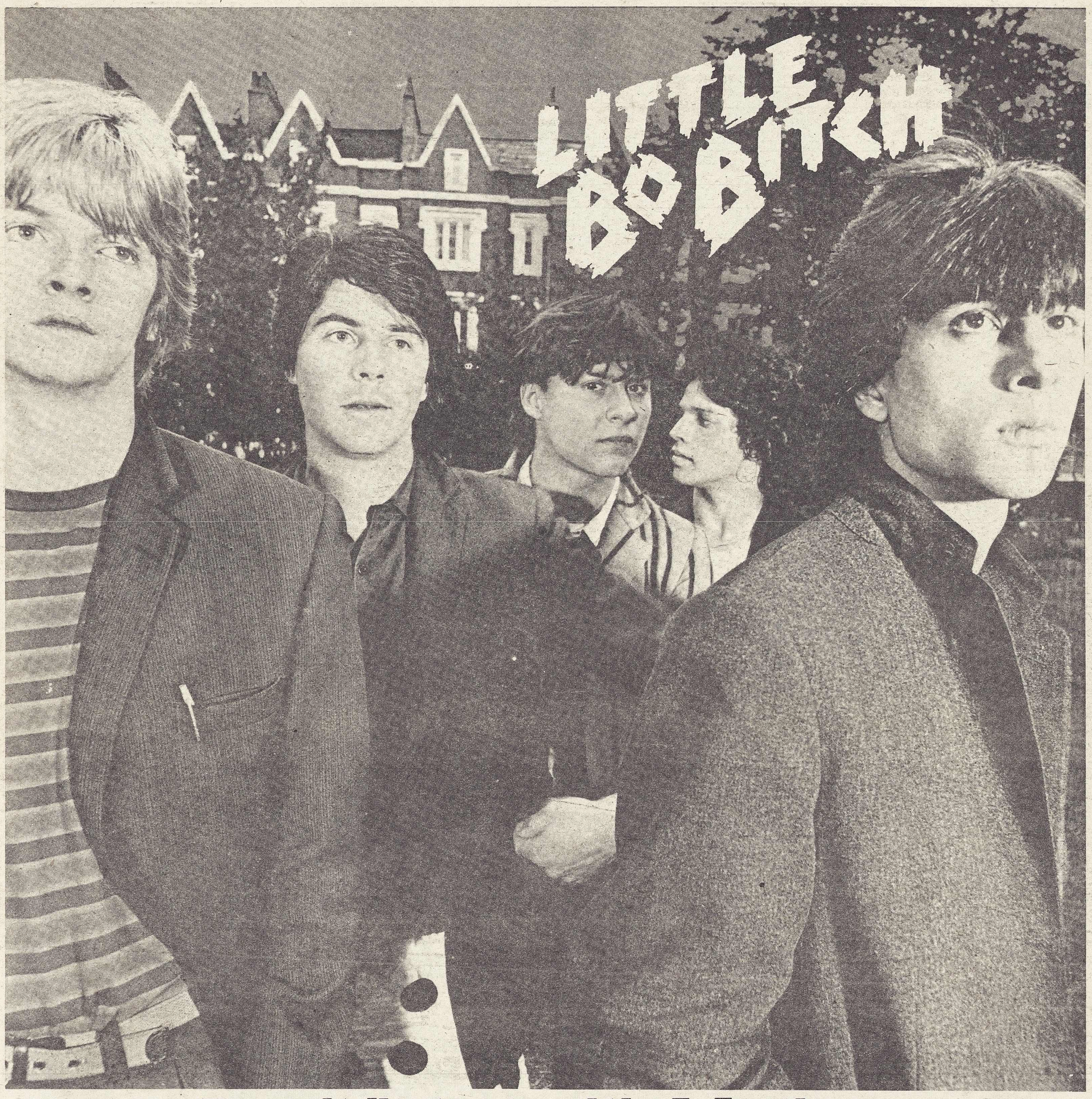




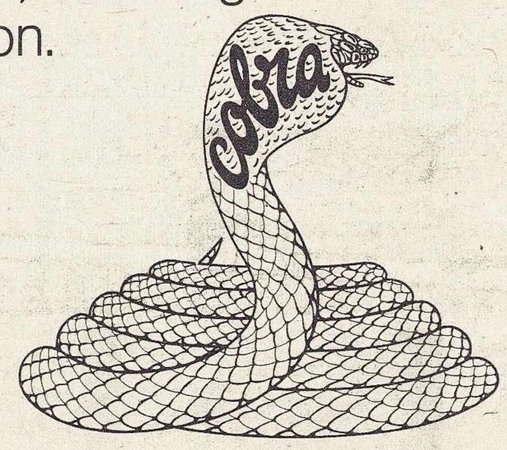
Don't listen with Mother.

The first album of one of the most exciting bands around is called simply "Little Bo Bitch". It includes their first single "It's Only Love".

Little Bo Bitch are on tour right now.

November: 2nd, Chalfont St. Giles. 5th, Manchester. 6th, London (Marquee). 8th, Barnstaple. 9th, London (University). 10th, Northallerton. 12th, Redcar. 14th, Aberdeen. 15th, Edinburgh. 16th, Dundee. 17th, Manchester. 20th, Leeds. 21st, Shrewsbury. 23rd, Aberavon. 24th, Aberystwyth. 26th, Middlesbrough. 27th, Norwich. 30th, Retford.

December: 1st, Barnsley. 3rd, London (Marquee). 7th, Harrow. 8th, Brighton. 14th, North Staffs. 18th, Swindon. 22nd, Nottingham.



EMI Produced by Andy Arthurs.
Marketed by EMI Records (U.K.), 9 Thayer Street, London W.1. 01-486 7144.

Album: CBR 1002. Cassette: TCCBR 1002.

OUR PRICE TOP 60

LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	1	FLEETWOOD MAC — TUSK	8.00	5.99
2	3	MICHAEL JACKSON — OFF THE WALL	4.99	3.74
3	10	THE SPECIALS	4.99	3.74
4	2	THE POLICE — REGATTA DE BLANC	4.99	3.74
5	NEW ENTRY	ABBA — GREATEST HITS	5.29	4.59
6	7	THE BOOMTOWN RATS — THE FINE ART OF SURFACING	5.30	4.05
7	4	THE EAGLES — THE LONG RUN	5.00	3.75
8	NEW ENTRY	ROD STEWART — GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19
9	5	STEVIE WONDER — SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS	8.50	6.50
10	NEW ENTRY	THE BEE GEES — GREATEST HITS	7.99	5.99
11	11	THE POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.99	3.74
12	6	BLONDIE — EAT TO THE BEAT	4.99	3.74
13	9	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.99	3.49
14	23	MANHATTAN TRANSFER — EXTENSIONS	5.00	3.75
15	16	DONNA SUMMER — GREATEST HITS	6.50	4.75
16	8	SANTANA — MARATHON	5.29	4.04
17	41	THE COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.44
18	33	10C.C. — GREATEST HITS	4.99	4.19
19	18	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04
20	17	JOE JACKSON — I'M THE MAN	4.99	3.74
21	12	STATUS QUO — WHATEVER YOU WANT	5.30	4.05
22	25	BONEY M — OCEANS OF FANTASY	5.00	3.75
23	14	TONY BANKS — A CURIOUS FEELING	4.65	3.40
24	35	QUADROPHENIA — O.S.T.	7.50	5.75
25	19	BOB MARLEY — SURVIVAL	5.69	4.44
26	22	BOB DYLAN — SLOW TRAIN COMING	5.29	4.04
27	31	JUDY TZUKE — WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40
28	20	ELKIE BROOKS — LIVE AND LEARN	4.99	3.74
29	13	MOTORHEAD — BOMBER	5.29	4.04
30	27	RY COODER — BOP 'TILL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75
31	32	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.99	3.74
32	24	GARY NUMAN — THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE	5.00	3.75
33	NEW ENTRY	MARIANNE FAITHFUL — BROKEN ENGLISH	5.00	3.75
34	34	BARRY MANILOW — ONE VOICE	5.00	3.75
35	21	RAINBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81
36	26	ELTON JOHN — VICTIM OF LOVE	5.30	4.05
37	36	VAN MORRISON — INTO THE MUSIC	4.65	3.40
38	15	CAMEL — I CAN SEE YOUR HOUSE FROM HERE	5.26	4.01
39	45	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
40	52	SPYRO GYRA — 1st L.P.	4.69	3.44
41	40	THE CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44
42	49	SPYRO GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44
43	38	LED ZEPPELIN — IN THROUGH THE OUT DOOR	5.00	3.75
44	44	THE STRANGLERS — THE RAVEN	4.99	3.74
45	42	STIX HOOPER — THE WORLD WITHIN	4.99	3.74
46	30	THE THREE DEGREES — 3D	4.99	3.74
47	28	COZY POWELL — OVER THE TOP	4.80	3.55
48	29	GANG OF FOUR — ENTERTAINMENT	5.29	4.04
49	37	STYX — CORNERSTONE	4.99	3.74
50	51	GILLAN — MR UNIVERSE	5.00	3.75
51	47	TALKING HEADS — FEAR OF MUSIC	5.00	3.75
52	NEW ENTRY	HERB ALPERT — RISE	4.99	3.74
53	54	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPLICAS	5.00	3.75
54	43	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
55	48	MERTON PARKAS — FACE IN THE CROWD	5.00	3.75
56	53	THE MOTELS	5.29	4.04
57	57	FRANK ZAPPA — JOE'S GARAGE	5.29	4.04
58	60	BOB DYLAN — AT THE BUDOKAN	7.99	5.49
59	59	CLIFF RICHARD — ROCK'N'ROLL JUVENILE	5.29	4.04
60	55	JETHRO TULL — STORMWATCH	4.99	3.74

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS Little Feat, Neil Young, E.L.P., Funkadelic, Steve Howe, Amii Stewart, Little Bo Bitch, Screen Idols, Fast Product, Diana Ross, The Damned, Marvin Gaye, Dr Hook, Alex Harvey, A.W.B., Daryl Hall and John Oates, Godley and Creme, Barclay James Harvest, The Jam, Steve Forbert, Janis Ian, Tom Petty, Dr Feelgood, Robin Trower, Secret Affair, Simple Minds.

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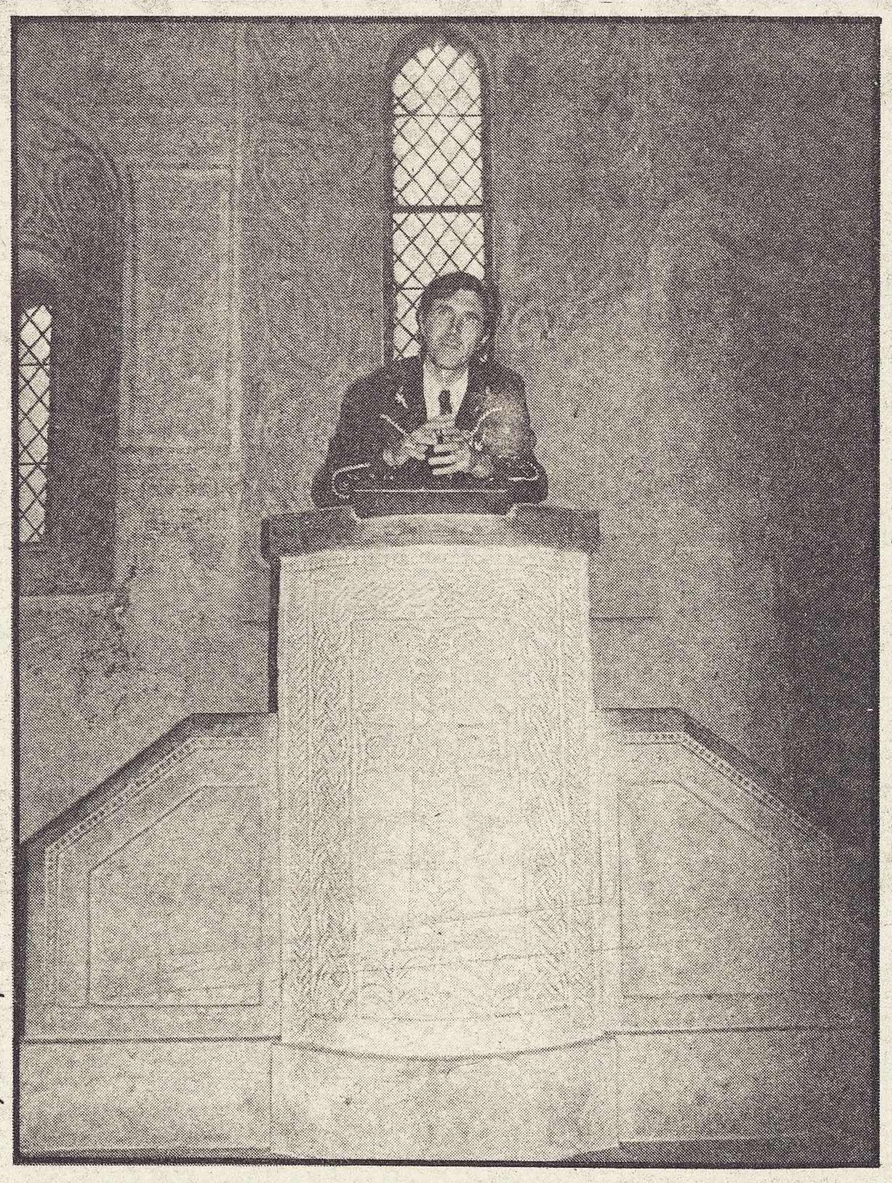
Prices Subject to manufacturers increases

THRILLS



Pic: Chalkie Davies.

Ferry contemplates salvation.

LIFE OF BRYAN

YOU'D never guess it from outside reports, but Bryan Ferry is being very active. The "official" publicity story denies all knowledge of current Ferry/Roxy activity, but this is just a smokescreen. The fact is that Roxy Music once again are together and have already recorded all the backing tracks for their next album though Ferry lyrics are still to come.

This means little has changed in the way Roxy — and Ferry, in particular — go about their recording duties, the latter nail-biting it up until deadline time before the muse sets his creative instincts into acceleration.

What *has* changed is that Dave Skinner, the keyboards player on the "Manifesto" tour and a presumably bona fide Roxy doxy, has flit the coop.

Gary Tibbs, the other new Roxy recruit, is currently working in a film, a vocational detour that has caused Roxy 'media consultant' (their term, not mine) Simon Puxley to take his place on several European TV shows where 'Angel Eyes' is selling very well indeed, thank you. Tibbs is still in the band, however, and has turned up to all recording sessions whilst Ferry himself has taken over from the departed Skinner on keyboards.

Ferry seems, despite this bout of activity, to be in the throes of some deep melancholy. Never exactly an extrovert "wild-man-of-rock" type, his manner has grown increasingly retiring of late.

With no new love in his life to replace wife-to-be, as she was, Jerry Hall before her taking up with Mick Jagger, Ferry commutes from his home in Surrey to a flat in the Chelsea area, spending time with his few close friends.

On one such visit last Wednesday the Roxy majordomo actually played some tapes from the projected "next album", including a few stray items — principally a remarkably haunting piece reminiscent of 'Chance Meeting' which may or may not end up on the 'Manifesto' sequel.

After some discourse Ferry decided to grant his world-weary self a breather and slip into the arms of Morpheus. *(Ferry went to bed: Ed.)*

But if what I heard in albeit half-completed form is anything to go by, the next Roxy album will show the kind of power and perception that his best work has always possessed.

The Eighties will find Ferry and the Roxy troops in fine fettle.

NICK KENT

THRILLS

Gang Of Four

Mindless Violence

SEVERAL dates of The Gang Of Four's current British tour had to be cancelled last week after guitarist Andy Gill and singer Jon King were injured in a scuffle at a Leeds nightclub.

The band, with a small group of friends, were dancing at The Stairway Club when three youths approached Gill, claimed that he'd jostled them and said they'd be waiting for him outside. Gill tried to apologise and cool things down but when he later left the club he was attacked by the youths who chased him into the carpark and punched him about the head. King, who went to his assistance, was kicked repeatedly in the face.

One of the youths was arrested the same night and charged with several offences, including Grievous Bodily Harm.

There appears to have been no motive for the attack and it is thought that their assailants did not even know Gill and King were in a rock band. There are also reports that the three youths had been ejected from other nightclubs earlier that evening.

King was badly hurt. His cheekbone was smashed in three places and he was taken to hospital for an immediate operation to restructure the right side of his face, which had been literally flattened. His sinuses and nerves were damaged and it is not known if he will ever regain any feeling on that side of his face.

Gill suffered the comparatively lesser injury of a broken nose.

Both men were due to take medical advice last Monday, but it seems unlikely that they will be able to recommence the tour for at least another week. The group stress that every attempt will be made to reschedule the cancelled dates in the near future, even though this means that audiences will be treated to the unusual sight of a lead guitarist with his nose in plaster and a singer wearing protective headgear.

Jon King, Andy Gill. Pic: Pennie Smith

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

Poison Girls

Right Wing Violence

RIGHT-WING violence erupted again last week when a group of National Front skinheads broke up a benefit gig which Poison Girls and Rubella Ballet were playing for The Theatre Royal, Stratford, a community theatre.

According to Poison Girl guitarist Richard Famous, the skinheads appeared to be acting under instructions from a group of older men and had been causing trouble throughout the evening. The flashpoint came when Poison Girls began their 'Bremen Song', which is about the slaughter of Jews in Nazi Germany.

The skinheads invaded the stage, attacked the band and overturned the PA. In the ensuing melee, over £1000's worth of damage was done to the theatre. One member of Rubella Ballet was later taken to hospital for treatment.

Security, which had been organised by The Theatre Royal itself, was minimal because no-one had been expecting trouble at a 'non-political' benefit at a rather inaccessible venue. In those circumstances, said Famous, there was no way the situation could have been contained.

Famous said that there had been an NF march in the afternoon and speculated that many members had stayed on for the gig in the hope of a confrontation with the SWP or ANL. He thought they were particularly incensed by 'Bremen Song' as the NF is currently engaged in a campaign to suppress the facts about Jewish persecution under the Third Reich.

Poison Girls, despite their radical politics, have a number of NF and BM followers and have been heavily criticised by Left-wing groups for refusing to exclude these people from their gigs. The band said they would now have to reconsider their position and later issued a lengthy press statement which blamed trouble at gigs on male violence and power games.

The statement concluded: "OK we are vulnerable to hooligans, OK we need support. Can the Left offer us support which is an alternative to patriarchal authoritarian tactics? Because unless they can, they are farting in the wind. If our brothers in the Male-Dominated-Left could dare to withdraw support from the big Pa instead of trying to emulate him, we could yet be part of a true revolution. How about it, brothers?"

Thrills would be interested in hearing suggestions as to how to ensure personal safety at gigs without the presence of heavy macho bouncers. Rock Against Sexism, for example, have talked of using women self-defence experts as stewards. Er . . . how about it, punters?

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

Lowry

The Jam

Bouncer violence

THE SECRET Jam gig at The Marquee last Friday became soured before it had even begun with fracas between bouncers and skinheads, which each group, blamed the other for starting.

Immediately after the gig all hell broke loose as a gang of skinheads, apparantly consisting of some already gathered outside and others rallied from the nearby Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall, stormed and demolished The Marquee's glass front doors armed with planks, bricks and bits of rubble.

The police arrived five minutes later, and arrested a few fringe spectators with short hair, who as far as I could see, had not been involved in the main bombardment, the protagonists having long since legged it at the first sound of a siren.

It would seem the trouble had started because skinheads were banned from the gig, although eight or ten were allowed in as they were on the guest list.

According to The Marquee, however, these few would not move away from the main doors, and when asked to step inside allegedly leapt upon one bouncer and beat him up, "smashing his nose in and generally knocking him about", at which point the police arrested four of "the offenders".

According to some skinheads outside the club, however, the attack later on in the evening was retribution for the bouncers beating up the skinheads, and then having the skins arrested for it. "They didn't want any skinheads in there in the first place," one said.

Marquee management admitted that the trouble may have initiated because certain people were banned, but maintain that this was a necessary move to prevent trouble inside the club. Their policy is, they state, "to ban anyone who looks like a trouble-maker."

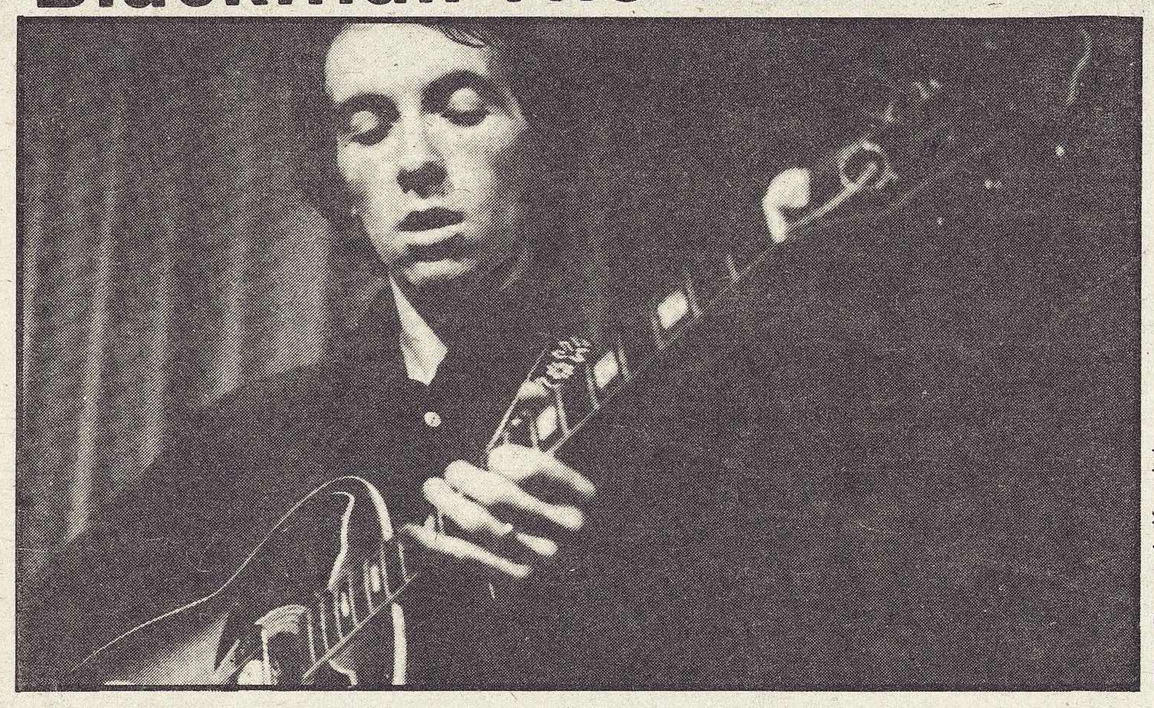
For this reason some punks were banned from The Pretenders gig the week before, because, according to The Marquee, The Pretenders were not a punk band, and therefore punks were only out for trouble.

Likewise The Jam are not a skinhead band and therefore skinheads were only out for trouble.

DEANNE PEARSON

THRILLS

Blackmail The Bozo



Pic: Peter J. Kerslake

WHAT A portrait of sheer artistry!

Obviously such a study in manifest sincerity could not remain long unrecognised by the population of planet earth as a prophet, as a visionary, as a man capable of leading his people out of the wilderness to a new age and a new time.

This picture was taken back in 1975, though well before anyone had yet heard of our subject.

But who is this man with eyes like sawn-off pingpong balls and a look of craggy-faced integrity?

A highly desirable vinyl rarity by the artiste himself to the first person who can name him and the band he was then with. Answers to: Blackmail The Bozo, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

Everybody's Greatest Hits

CHRISTMAS was once viewed as the ideal period for every major artist to release an album of new material. The theory was that with so much more mad-money in circulation, it was a good time for fleecing.

But attitudes have changed. More artists than ever before, aware that due to the head-start gained by the likes of Fleetwood Mac, The Eagles, et al, they may be unable to reach the very top of the best-sellers, have resorted to running on a nostalgia ticket by reparcelling their personal contributions to the late-'70s in the shape of 'Greatest Hits' anthologies: better to peak in the lower-half of the Top 20 with second-hand goods than with a brand new model.

So far well over two dozen retrospectives (with more to come) ranging from The Bee Gees, Donna Summer, Rod Stewart and Chic right through to Abba, ELP, ELO, Herbie Hancock and Miles Davis are currently on sale.

Alternatives to just stringing together a bunch of old chart hits have been implemented by labels whose artists have either moved on to more artistically lucrative pastures, disbanded or hit the skids. The CBS/Epic consortium has been particularly industrious in this field. So far, they've repackaged the highlights from the cut-out back catalogues of both Ian Hunter and Mott The Hoople in a double volume, shoved out a couple of abortions entitled 'Having A Party With Southside Johnny' and 'The Byrds Play Dylan', and, in the case of Sly Stone, gone so far as to re-record some of the backing tracks to his former innovative glories.

To extract whatever mileage remains from the turgrid outfit an Emerson, Laker & Palmer epitaph is presented in concert form whilst that of Lynyrd Skynyrd goes under the highly imaginative title, 'Golden Platinum'. And, for the umpteenth time, UA will dust off Jan & Deans's legacy under the heading 'Dead Man's Curve.' It seems, that the only artist not competing is Elvis Presley.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

Hark! A US Hell's Angel Sings

AFTER years of trying, San Francisco police have finally assembled some criminal charges to stick on the infamous Hells Angels.

Currently appearing in court are Sonny Barger, the Angels' founding father, now 41, and 18 others.

The prosecution allege that for years the Angels ran an extensive drug business.

The prosecution case stumbled in the trial's early stages when two witnesses, former Angels Charlie Pruner and Doug Bontempi refused to testify against their old buddies.

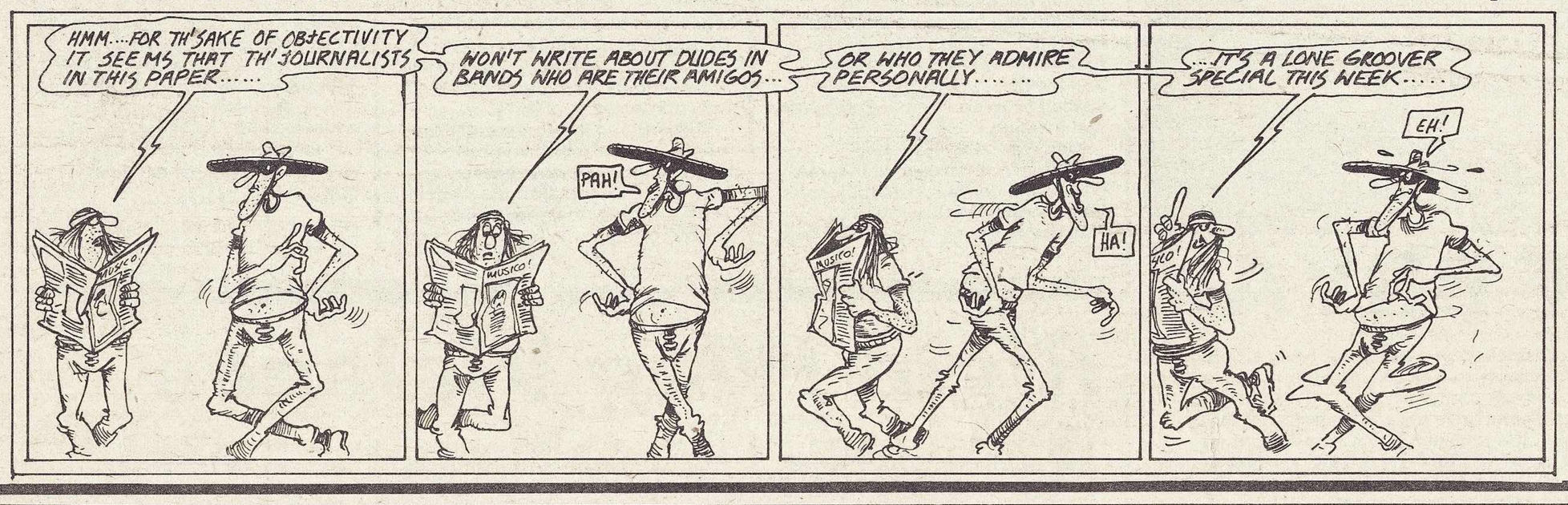
However, chief prosecution witness Donald Mohr, a former photographer and peripheral Angel member, suffers no such qualms. He has told the court that he received quantities of dope and paid for them in guns and cars.

The government says Angel by-laws require members to sell drugs. But defence lawyer Ray Archula argues that Mohr, as an "honorary member", wasn't, isn't competent to say what regular members were required to do. When asked what qualifications were needed, however, Archula replied: "Be white, 21 and ride a motorcycle."

ANDY McCONNELL

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — Benyon



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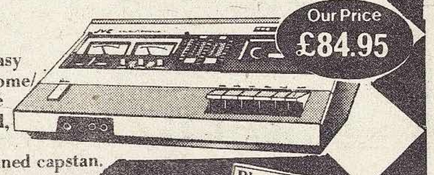

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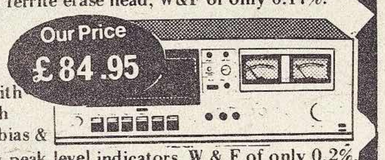

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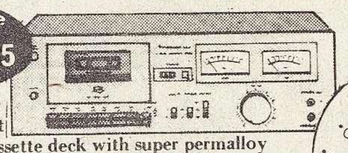

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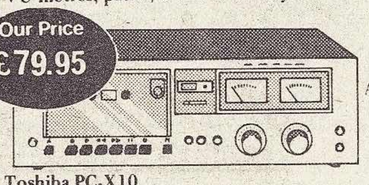

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Wavis gets his girl!

THE GODDESS of the small screen (© Daily Mail) finally met her No. 1 fan last week. World famous recording star Wavis O'Shave, creator of the Sidney James tribute 'Sid Is Dead', happened to be loitering near the ITN studios on Hallowe'en night *(You call waiting outside for three hours because the security guys wouldn't let him into reception 'loitering'? — Ed.)* armed only with his false nose, fig rolls and an advance copy of his Anti Pop Records album 'Anna Ford's Bum', when who should emerge after a heavy session with Reggie on *News At Ten,* but the nation's most vivacious auto-cue reader herself, the aforedeified Ms Ford.

"Why, Wavis!" she cried, sighting the celebrated proboscis of the self-styled South Shields Gangster Of Love. "I've been literally dying to meet you ever since I read about you in *Thrills* last month. Take me with you to South Shields, away from all this grime and squalor and the *Daily Mail!* Wavis —" *(now cut that out and give us the truth — Ed.)*

Oh, all right. Seems Wavis and his wily manager Arthur 2 Stroke cornered the lovely Anna in the ITN carpark, where she willingly agreed to get her snook snapped for posterity (unlike Kenny Everett, who got pounced on by the Anti Pop mafia and ignominiously fled, trailing his madcap credibility behind him). Wavis took the opportunity to propose — to Anna, who d'ya think? — but Anna would only commit herself to the comment "to change from Miss Ford to Mrs O'Shave would be a big step."

Wavis stated later that he had tried to kiss Ms Ford but his nose kept getting in the way. The course of true love never runs smooth. This is Jon Snow, *News At Ten,* ITN car park.

DANGEROUS VISIONS

WHAT IS this obsession that all historical serials have with childbirth? Why is it so absolutely *de rigeur* for our heroine to give birth in such a long, hysterical and intricately recorded frenzy?

Last Friday *Penmarric* (by *Poldark* out of *A Horseman Riding By)* faithfully followed the well-trodden path with local-girl-made-good Janna effin' and blindin' away as the long awaited first-born made its entry into the world.

I have no principled objections, you understand, to childbirth being shown but since *A Horesman Riding By's* tour de force on the subject with hysterical heroine, thunderstorm outside, drunken doctor supervising and murdering maniac wandering the outside fields with a well-bloodied sickle everything else seems somewhat tame. Still, *Penmarric* did excel in one field with our heroine dropping no fewer than four sprogs in one instalment and losing two of them. (Surely a record, this.)

Mind you, as up-market soap operas go, *The Camerons* could run it pretty close in this department with progeny appearing at breath-taking speed throughout the earlier instalments. *The Camerons* can only be called up-market in that it was on BBC 2 and lasted for more than half an hour at a time. Apart from that it was a pitifully, often hilariously, inept attempt to follow *When The Boat Comes In,* with the Fife mining village of Pitmungoe simply teeming with wild-eyed socialists, strong, silent miners and people with missing limbs but without Scottish accents.

In a mining saga one has come to accept uncomplainingly the odd crippled father or two but with so few of the cast left sound in wind and limb by the end this owed more to *Monty Python* than *When The Boat Comes In.* Those who haven't seen *The Camerons* have my sympathy for it has now finished and only a brainstorm in BBC Control could guarantee its return.

The Beeb is, of course, prone to such brainstorms. Why else would they allow bozos like Harold Wilson and Tim Rice to host a show like *Friday Night . . . Saturday Morning?* In comparison to Wilson, Rice was a natural but it was elderly ex-Beatles producer George Martin who stole the show. George never liked punk music — all three chord tricks and a lot of shouting, he told us — but when Rice asked the pertinent question — was George getting old — George was vehement in his denials. Bending over backwards to be fair, George ventured that some good things had come out of punk, like The Police(!?). Anyone knowing of any band less related to punk than The Police forward their answers to old George.

After a moderately successful start, *Friday Night . . .* now fails on as many levels as ITV's *Saturday Night People* succeeds. Russell Harty, Janet Street-Porter and Clive James are certainly not everyone's cup of tea, but at least they are relaxed, informative and sharp, in that order.

Where James fell down though was in his analysis of John Pilger's hour long special on Cambodia, shown earlier in the week. When Pilger, arguably Britain's finest journalist, puts together some of his greatest work, it is hideously depressing to see intelligent people moved not to anger or to praise but only to carping criticism of Pilger's 'soft' approach to the Vietnamese. Pilger has not tried to suggest Vietnam is perfect, he has simply given credit where it's due to redress the balance of the media's anti-Vietnamese stance. The very basic point is that had the Vietnamese not 'invaded' Cambodia the Pol Pot regime would still be in power and even the inadequate aid now arriving there would not be arriving at all. No doubt if the Americans had done the same thing they'd have been 'liberators'.

And now for *Something Else.* A programme made by teenagers is an admirable idea which has unfortunately turned out to be dull, worthy and a little embarrassing.

When a whole stream of participants tell me they have nothing to do and no money I do not doubt it for a second. I do doubt that it makes for interesting television.

Still, one joyful moment came with one Greg Van Dyke, a singer who would probably rather be called a composer. If you thought Gary Numan was just a Bowie impersonator, Greg takes things a stage further. He's a Numan impersonator. Appropriately enough he did a number called 'Clone'. If I was being charitable, I'd say it was all a clever piss-take . . . if I was being charitable.

And finally, a must for all late '60s freaks is *Quatermass* which seems to consist of spaced-out hippies congregating in fields and raising their hands to the sky, (Ah, those were the days!) and John Mills being a bit too convincing about not knowing what's going on. He's not as young as he was. Presumably, civilisation as we know it is in peril. C'mon now, what harm can a bunch of spaced-out old hippies do?

STUART JOHNSTON

PRETENDERS

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Brixton: If you want trouble, ask a policeman

AT ABOUT 3.15 on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 17th, about twelve policemen, some uniformed and some in plain clothes, rushed the derelict house on the corner of Dexter Road and Railton Road in Brixton, on which the Railton Housing Association was working.

The Railton Housing Association was begun by two members of the Railton Youth Club, Vivian Weathers (as in Island Recording Artist Vivian Weathers . . .) and Donald Lewis, with the intention of providing employment and training opportunities for unemployed youth club members. With the wages of the workers paid by the Government's Inner City Partnership scheme the Housing Association renovates old houses.

The Brixton police force's ill treatment of the area's black community has long been notorious. Always able to fall back on the iniquitous "Sus" law their operations frequently take on the air of para-military operations. Periodically parts of the district are closed off because of "bomb scares" that appear to be thinly disguised excuses to permit the force to go on manoeuvres replete with helicopter back-up assistance.

The police behaviour on October 17th was no better and no worse than usual. With one Sergeant 64L in charge they subjected the Housing Association workers to their standard methods of intimidation: they were pushed around, abused, made to take clothes off and were searched. Why? Well, of course, no-one knows.

Indeed, when two youth club Action Committee members, Winston Curniffe and Linton Johnson, realised what was going on and went to find out about it they were subjected to the same treatment.

This incident is described in the first edition of *Action Line*, the witty, hard and professional newly instigated monthly newsletter of the Railton Youth Club Action Committee. Much of the writing contained within it suggests that it comes from the fluid typewriter of the club's best-known member, Linton Johnson.

Under the headline of "A Di Membahs A Carry Di Swing" a potted history of the Youth Club is offered, describing the twelve week sit-in that resulted from the Methodist Church Authorities' attempt to close the club right up to the reinstatement last month of Ivan Madray, the senior youth worker who was suspended by the Inner London Education Authority following the sit-in.

The sit-in was a total success. As the news letter's final line concludes, *"Action Line* say forward to a stronger and better club. Forwards to members and parent power."

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS

Linton Kwesi Johnson: Youth Club Leader extraordinaire. Pic: Pennie Smith.

Tyger Records: Youth Clubs Can Be Fun

OTHER Youth Clubs apart from Railton Road appear to be doing their best to dispel the popular image of them as avuncular, rather self-righteous institutions.

Why, over in Uxbridge, just to the west of the capital city, the London Borough of Hillingdon even has a Youth Club-run Small Label.

Tyger Records, which owes its existence largely to the energetic attentions of Youth and Community Social Workers Lorraine Morgan and Peter Kent, has now put out four 45's since I Jog And The Tracksuits' first single, 'Red Box.'

Distributed by the able Spartan network (see below) the discs have all so far sold out the 2,000 pressing they've each cut. With the exception of their second release, Leeds band Agony Column's '(I Had It) All Worked Out', all of the musicians — the other two acts have been The Rhythm Cats and The Statistics — have had connections with the Youth Club.

All the way along Tyger has been self-financed. Hillingdon Council, a Tory council these days who apparently have vague visions of the label fitting into the Wonderful Boadicea's concept of Self-help, have given murmurs of encouragement but no money. The cash has come instead from the regular Friday night gigs that the Club holds and as a result of which Lorraine Morgan and Peter Kent have now been able to afford, at a total cost of about £3,000, to instal both a rehearsal and a four-track recording studio.

A full-time engineer is shortly to be employed to operate the studio equipment and when this has happened the stufio will operate on a commercial basis, being rented out to whoever wishes to pay its modest three or four pounds an hour.

In addition, the club serves as a meeting place to bring together all of the rock musicians in the Uxbridge area. Every Tuesday night there is a "Feedback" evening at which films are shown, instrument clinics are operated, and people are taught how to operate studio equipment.

Tyger began because Peter Kent was appalled at the way in which it seems impossible for new bands to break through.

"At least after they'd played at our club they could mention that and it might help a little," he says, "and the same thing applies to the label. It is so difficult to get big labels interested in you. I've seen how bands have tried to get A & R men to come down to our gigs and they never turn up."

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS

A Spartan Existence

ALTHOUGH the coroner's report is not yet in, the demise of Radar Records comes as a timely reminder of how few genuinely independent record companies there are.

Without pushing a simple-minded big-equals-bad line, it would seem to the starry-eyed outsider that if such links with mammon could be avoided, it would be A Good Thing.

Having seen how independent distribution appealed to the rash of emergent little labels Tom McDonald and Dave Thomas, two hard-headed industry insiders, founded Spartan Records in mid-1978 and claim they have never approached a major company or label. Surely, I asked Tom McDonald, some initial touting was necessary?

"No . . . to a degree it was a street buzz. We did 2,000 of the first single and it carried on from there."

He doesn't think there is a firm comparable to Spartan and the facts bear him out. They handle independents exclusively and are the only nationwide concern to eschew such sidelines as imports, deletions and cut-outs.

They have about 2,500 accounts, all with access to a catalogue drawing on some 100 labels and 80 companies. Handling a large booming independent is ruled out, however, as the smaller fry would suffer.

Rough Trade are considered manageable and Charly were welcomed when they ditched Pye in Spartan's favour. What's more, their claims to speedy, efficient service are supported by Richard Scott of Rough Trade, who need Spartan to reach beyond their regular circuit.

"Spartan get involved when something takes off, like Stiff Little Fingers album. When Chrysalis picked up The Specials' single, it was a race between Phonodisc, Spartan and us to get the record in the shops. Spartan won easily."

Look, Spartan are no charity, nor are they the only ones to handle independents, but they'll get your record places beyond the reach of the best-run small-scale operation, without the usually inevitable strings. That should give all you embryo skifflers pause for thought — at the very least — before you resign yourselves to signing for the cameras amid the potted plants and chilled white wine.

HARRY GEORGE

THRILLS

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NOVEMBER	5th	-	PLYMOUTH CLONES
NOVEMBER	6th	-	EXETER ROUTES
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NOVEMBER	8th	-	PORT TALBOT TROUBADOR
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INF 2007

RAR—conference

AFTER seemingly trying every building that the Polytechnic of Central London possesses, your intrepid reporter finally tracked down the RAR Remix Conference Nov '79 to a small lecture theatre in PCL's Cavendish St. lump of concrete.

Upon arrival discussion on RAR'S Dance and Defend gigs, in support of the Southall, Leicester and West Bromwich Defence Funds, had begun, though many of the delegates had apparently left their brains cosily wrapped up in bed. Delegates from Manchester, Bradford, Tyneside, Wales and other distant points had risen at the ungodly hour of 6 am to get there.

It showed, with pre-lunch discussion on RAR records (from Stevenage, Tyneside, Glasgow, all reportedly selling well); a RAR compilation LP (with Gang of 4, Mekons, Misty, Ruts, Aswad, Elvis Costello, Steel Pulse (?), and others. Expected Feb '80.); and a very professional looking RAR band contract (to be used at future gigs) all meeting murmurs of approval.

Further pre-lunch discussions covered the BM threat, with RAR Central able to report some success at persuading commercial venues to take measures to prevent Tufty violence, and greater co-ordination at London RAR gigs.

The effects of a liquid lunch were soon apparent in the afternoon session, with 3½ hours of lively debate. Temporary Hoarding, RAR's bi-monthly (quarterly, annual?) paper came in for some heavy salvos. Too much politics, not enough music, with one lady from Manchester taking great exception to the latest cover, and many complaints that when it did come out everything in it was out of date. But the detractors were suitably subdued when made aware of the problems facing TH editorial. No nice office, no money and not enough workers.

The conference wound to a close with a motion of strongest support for the Campaign Against the Immigration laws (Demonstration on Nov 25th). RAR hopes to provide music all the way for a planned march to London by Bradford Asian youth (that'll be a long gig). And all those Rock Against Thatcher badges you've been seeing since the iron housewife took office aren't just a Bettabadges rip-off, but advance publicity for a planned mass demo and open-air gig next spring Bank Holiday.

RAR's first quarterly Remix conference finished, leaving the impression that RAR is no longer a Mickey Mouse organisation hobbling around in one of the most cut-throat industries in the West. They're here to stay and they mean it, man. And woman.

TONY SMART

THRILLS

Stairway To Heaven

BIZARRE happenings still plague Led Zeppelin.

Philip Churchill Hale, a 22-year-old photographer, was found dead in one of the beds at Jimmy Page's country home at Plumpton Place in Sussex the week before last. Hale, who graduated from the Royal College of Art with a photography degree this year, ran his own photographic business in nearby Plumpton.

Jimmy Page, who also owns occultist Aleister Crowley's former home on the shores of Loch Ness, and others present at Plumpton Place were interviewed by police after the body was discovered last Wednesday.

There were no signs of violence on Hale's body and foul play has been ruled out.

Hale, an only child, lived with his parents in Ditchling in Sussex. According to his mother, Mrs Penelope Hale, "My son and Jimmy were great friends. They met some years ago when we were neighbours. Jimmy is shattered by Philip's death."

After examining a pathologist's report the Sussex coroner ordered that an inquest should be held on Hale. It will take place in Hope on November 28.

KENNETH ANGER

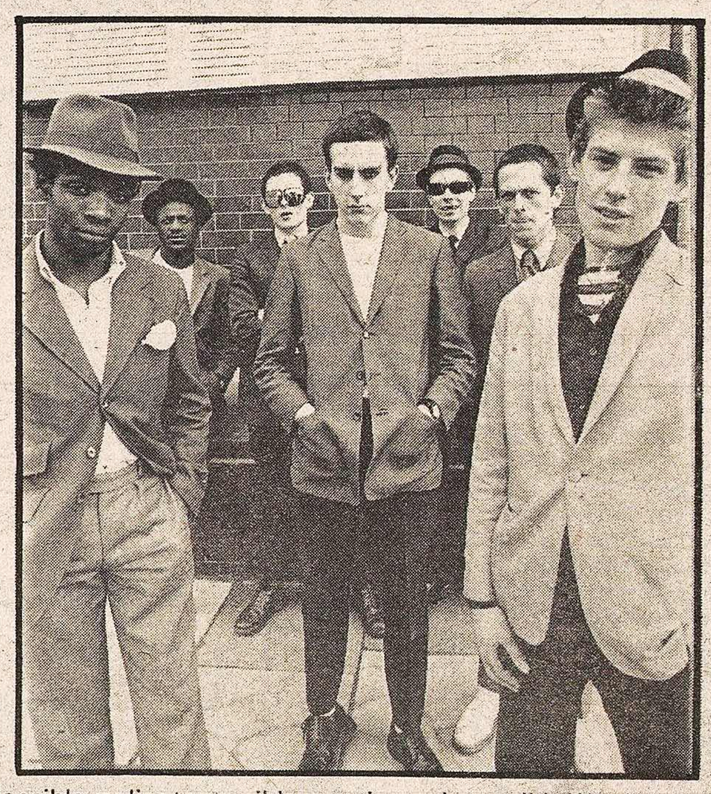
THRILLS

Feat Don't Fail Us Now

FURTHER to last week's *Thrills* tale of the expected release this week of 'Down On The Farm', the final Little Feat album, we have received the appalling news that the LP's release date has now been shelved indefinitely due to a decision to re-mix the record so that George's guitar parts are less prominent.

Though these are all the available details of this strange and heretical act *Thrills* has managed to come by the Neon Park-designed cover of the record.

Specials Comp Results



Sensible replies to sensible questions win sensible Warrington lass Specials Night-Out for her and three of her friends. 16-year old Deana Emson was one of many who supplied the correct answers to our Special Two-Tone competition (Oct 20, '79). However, when it came to the all-important tie-breaker it was Deana who came out on top. She and the three friends of her choice will be guests of The Specials and Two Tone/Chrysalis when the tour that's shakin' the nation to the foundation skanks into Liverpool on November 21, when they will be showered with Specials albums and promo booty. Here are the correct answers to the six questions posed: (1) Two Tone is a clothing material. (2) Fred Perry is a sportsman. (3) Dandy Livingstone waxed the original version of 'Message To You Rudy'. (4) Likewise, 'Monkey Man' was an old Toots & The Maytals high-stepper. (5) 'Gangsters' was produced by The Specials themselves. (6) 'Do The Dog' was one of Georgie Fame's show-stoppers. The 21 runners-up who each score the inevitable poke in the eye with a Crackerjack pencil and a copy of *The Specials'* debut Two Tone album are, left to right: *'Naughty' Jonny Prize,* Leeds 6; *Carol Sloman,* Paddington, London W.2.; *Robert Hurst,* Bulwell, Nottingham; *Terry Dempster,* Streatham, London S.W.16; *Mark Adams,* Kenton, Harrow; *Robert Hollier,* Oxford; *Bridget Clay,* Bethnal Green, London E.2; *Craig Lilly,* Claverdon, Warwick; *Simon Murphy,* Cardiff, South Wales; *P.L.G. Way,* Portsmouth; *George McKay,* Norwich; *Richard Bull,* Earley, Reading; *Cathrine Booth,* London W.2; *Russ Beeching,* Nottingham; *Rob Bishop,* Solihull; *Nick Appleton,* Whitstable, Kent; *Alan Hussey,* Woolton, Liverpool; *Andrew Southworth,* Aigburth, Liverpool; *Alan Burgess,* South Ascot, Berks; *Gary Price-Hunt,* Halesowen, West Midlands; *R. Hodgens,* Glasgow, Scotland.

THE NEW PORTABLE SOUND STUDIO

This Philips N2233 automatic recorder looks simple enough.

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The Philips N2233 has a cue and revue capability too. This enables you to put together your own selection of music. It also lets you play back material the moment you have recorded it. Watch out Kid Jensen!

You'll agree that such a sophisticated piece of equipment as the Philips N2233 shouldn't be called simply a cassette recorder.

The portable sound studio is much more flattering.

PHILIPS

Simply years ahead.

Recording and playback of material may require consent – see Copyright Act 1956 and the Performer's Protection Act 1958–1972.

PHILIPS

Front Filth

LAST WEEK Martin Webster, national activities organiser of the National Front, was found guilty on two charges of inciting racial hatred through articles in the *National Front News.*

Though sentenced to six months in prison on each charge the sentences were suspended for two years by Judge Arthur Figgis who told Webster "I do not want to make a martyr of you". Webster was also fined £150 and ordered to pay costs up to £530.

The articles in the *National Front News,* most of which were written by Webster himself, listed crimes committed by coloured immigrants and said that coloured people were corrupt and violent, indulged in bizarre rites and carried tuberculosis and typhoid.

When, after the jury had returned its unanimous verdict, Webster's defending counsel rose to speak before sentence was passed Judge Figgis remarked: "This is the first time that I have known counsel to rise to plead mitigation for a client who has himself advocated in the witness box tougher penalties for criminals."

Webster is to pay his fine and costs at the rate of £10 a week.

J.TYNDALL

THRILLS

I'm Maharishi . . . Fly Me!

UNHOLY squabbling is breaking out on the astral plane.

There is a large amount of disharmony and a lack of cosmic unity round at The Guru-Of-The-Month Club.

Chaps are cross with the claims of other chaps.

Famous late sixties' rock star the Maharishi Mahesh Yoga (World President of Transcendental Meditation Industries, Inc.) was unhappy when a writ for £500,000 was slapped on him by fellow Doctor Of The Soul Swami Vishnu Davanandax for falsely advertising that he could teach people to fly.

The Swami claimed that India's ancient religions were being brought into disrepute by the Maharishi's Babylonian actions. The Big Mash ignored the Swami's writ, however. Eventually, after the Swami had spent £20,000 in legal fees, he dropped his lawsuit.

Instead, the Swami is now offering £5,000 to anyone who will demonstrate levitation under laboratory conditions. He totally disputes the claims of the TM'ers. "All the photos," he says, "you see of people hovering in the air are fakes. If he can teach people to fly, he must prove it."

Levitaters should land at the Swami's headquarters at 33 Albany Street, Regents Park, London.

Buddy, can you spare me a mantra?

SRI CHINMOY

THRILLS

Decca-ying

THE WEEK following the announcement of EMI's astonishing lack of profits in their last financial year EMI Records Managing Director Ramon Lopez was asked by *Thrills* whether he expected other major record companies to be shortly as troubled as his own.

Yes, he replied. EMI were the largest company and therefore it was inevitable that they would be the first to be hit. Equally inevitably, he said, other companies would shortly be equally stricken.

It should come as no surprise then that Decca Records, for long considered with derisive contempt by certain sections of the music business, is being sold off by its parent company, who appear more successful in making profits from the manufacture of missiles than from selling records.

The majority of Decca's recording and publishing interests have been picked up by the US Polygram concern which operates in this country through Polydor and Phonogram. These interests include, presumably, the entire output of the Rolling Stones during the band's days with the label plus a wealth of sixties classic soul and rock.

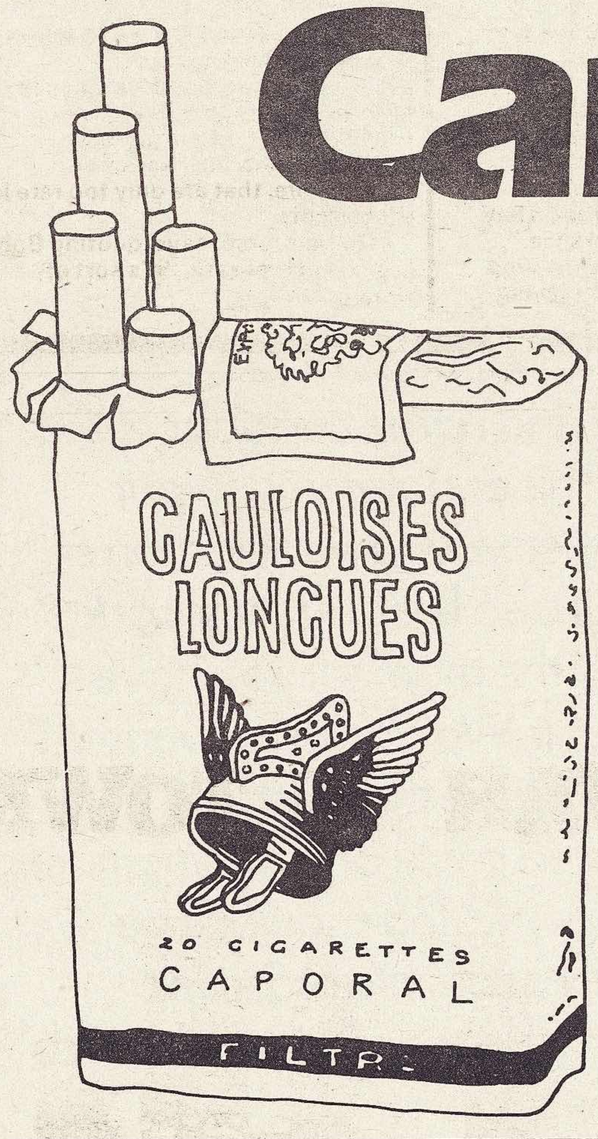
In its last financial year Decca Records lost £1,600,000.

More of this sort of thing, please.

SIR KEITH JOSEPH

THRILLS

What Crewe has in common with Cannes.



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Gauloises Longues

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COME ON OUT AND DO THE SEXUAL DANCE

The Au Pairs talk about faking orgasms. Graham Lock takes notes

Au Pairs (L-R): Paul Foad, Pete Hammond, Jane Munroe and Lesley Woods. Pic: Chris Horler.

IN THE DARKENED hall, everyone is frantically dancing. A hard, lashing new wave music fills the air; a joyous, abrasive noise that staunchly evinces the visceral rush of great rock 'n' roll. 'Kerb Crawler' shudders to a halt and, onstage, The Au Pairs slip quickly into their next number.

Lesley Woods strums a chord, eyes up the audience and announces: "This one is about faking orgasms". Then they're slamming out another compulsively danceable group original. The Au Pairs, you understand, are determined that people will enjoy their gigs on the basic toe-tapping, hip-shaking level even while their lyrics take issue with the more problematic aspects of sexual politics.

They all agree on this; as they do with Woods' opinion that 'Come Again' — the song in question — is the most important in their repertoire.

"I think it's important because no one has written a song like it before," she explains. "It's like, you know all this stuff you get in *Cosmopolitan* about how women ought to have orgasms, and the song's about this guy thinking he's got to give her an orgasm and she knows he's thinking that, so there's a lot of pressure on them both and she ends up faking it."

Martin Culverwell, the group's friend-cum-manager, chips in: "In the early '70s you had a recognition of female sexuality which you hadn't had before — that women had orgasms, especially — and 'Come Again' is about the way in which that's been re-taken, redefined, in male terms, so that giving a woman an orgasm has become a new standard for male performance in sex. And then it's no longer female sexuality; and the pressure is on the woman to please the man by faking it."

Paul Foad who, with Woods, handles the group's guitars and vocals, adds that the song is quite demoralising for both sexes. "I mean, where do you go from there? But then, it's a place that people do get into."

Drummer Pete Hammond brings the discussion back to basics. "It's heavy in some ways," he says, but it's also the most *danceable* song we've got."

THE AU PAIRS — Woods, Foad, Hammond and bassist Jane Munroe — have been together for nearly a year. They live in Birmingham which, except for Woods who hails from Stevenage, is where they were born. Their three-track single, comprising 'You', 'Kerb Crawler' and 'Domestic Departure', was released on 021 Records a few months ago. A spikey, attractive debut, it doesn't quite convey the sheer boppy ferocity of their live act but was good enough to win them a John Peel session and offers of London gigs. It was on their latest visit to the capital, to play two Rock Against Sexism gigs prior to joining the Gang Of Four tour, that I took the chance to talk to them.

In contrast to their forceful stage presence, the group are softly-spoken and often hesitant in expressing themselves. Nonetheless, The Au Pairs have a firm grasp of what they're about.

Foad: "I'd say the group was about sexual politics in a broad way. And that's something I've only started thinking about in the last two years, through meeting people who've made me aware of the stereotypical roles society puts on people.

"Pete and I used to be in the same band just after we left school and it was yer typical hard-rock all-lads-together thing. I mean, I didn't take women musicians seriously at all. But then I met Lesley, and new wave was starting, and RAR, and I began to see that music was an important way of getting across to people."

Woods: "I think what we do is put across issues on quite a simple level. We make it very accessible, not heavy or difficult. We're just making the point that people are stereotyped and showing how that effects men and women, but also showing how it effects them *differently*."

Au Pair songs do achieve this simple incisiveness. 'Kerb Crawler', 'Ideal Woman' and 'Monogamy (Oh What You Do To Me)' are self-explanatory; 'You' is about police harassment of prostitutes; 'Jenny And Her Boyfriend Jim' about the pressures on a teenage boy to assert his 'manhood' by screwing his girlfriend and the pressures on her to comply.

Woods: "I mean, there's not just one area. We don't pick on one big issue. We're picking on lots of small things that come out of everybody's everyday experience."

Hammond: "A lot of people probably haven't got a clue what we're singing about cos they can't hear the lyrics; they just like the music cos we make it easy to dance to. And you just hope that it eventually gets across. I think that's all you can hope for, that people will think about what you're trying to say."

It's because of this limitation that The Au Pairs place a great emphasis on their stage presentation.

Woods: "It was important from the beginning that there were two women in the group. For me, anyway."

Foad: "Lesley said she wanted another woman and we agreed because one of the things the band wanted to do was break down the way the music media treat women in bands."

Hammond: "Yeah, and the way most women in bands turn themselves into sex objects and all the guys at the front are shouting 'get 'em off' or 'show us yer tits' and that crap. We haven't had that because Lesley and Jane don't portray themselves like that. They take a more aggressive stance."

This is less true of Munroe, who simply stands at the back playing bass, than of Wood's tough, sardonic and utterly confident fronting of the band. I ask if this is a role she's deliberately adopted.

"No, I don't think I *force* myself into being like that. Do you mean being strong or being aggressive? It depends, I suppose. If there's a load of skinheads shouting 'where's yer bra?' then, yeah, I get aggressive. But I don't think we're heavy onstage. We make a conscious effort to be accessible, to inject humour."

The Au Pairs don't need to worry; they're the most exciting, provocative new band I've seen for months. And their songs have an urgent intelligence, a mature sympathy with the hassles of ordinary life, that are only too rare in the rock biz.

Like Hammond says, quoting Bob Last's catch-phrase, "it's sort of serious fun".

Reasons to be Cheerful [part 4]

If you want to buy Hi-Fi that really does justice to your record collection there have probably been a couple of things holding you back.

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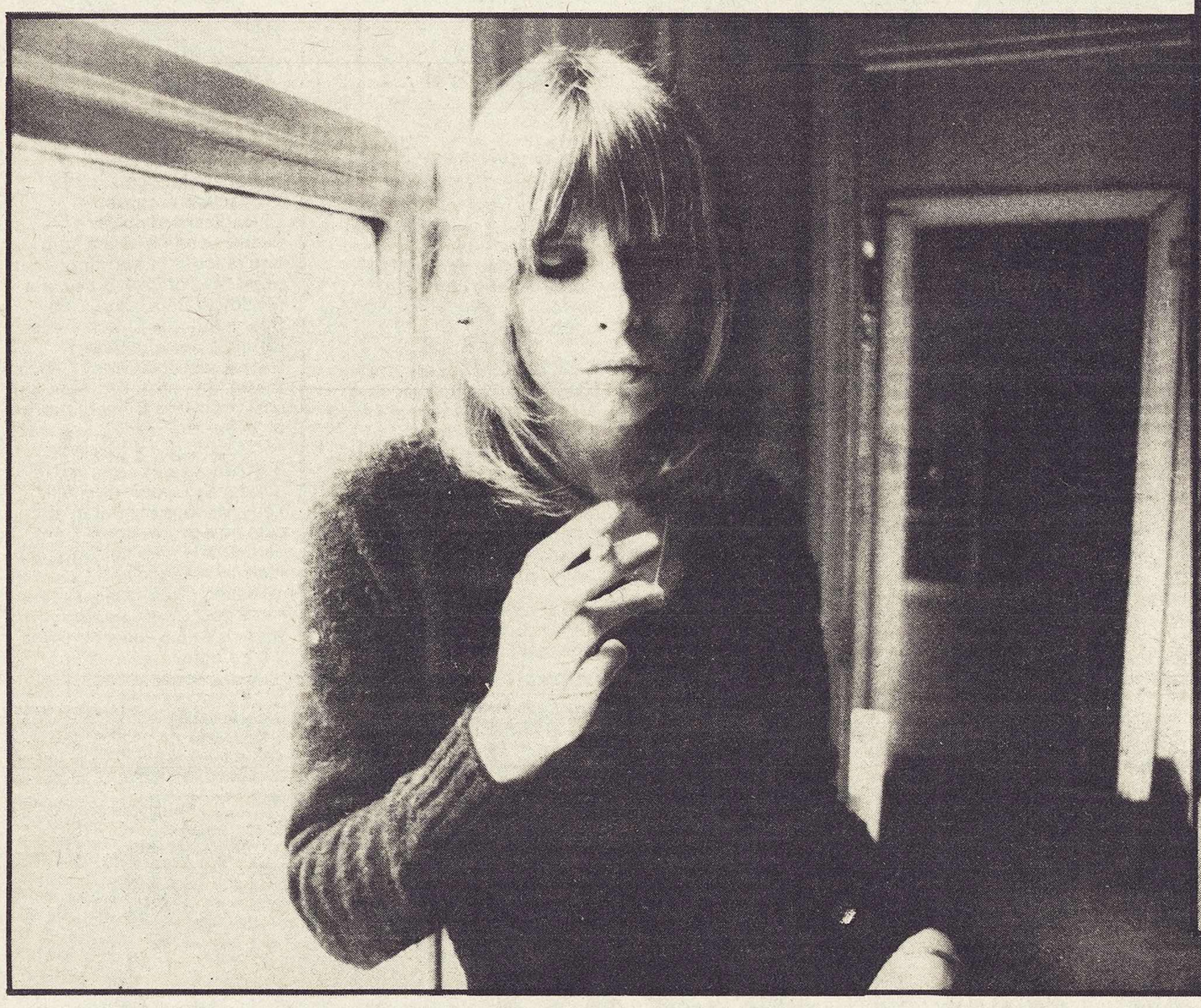
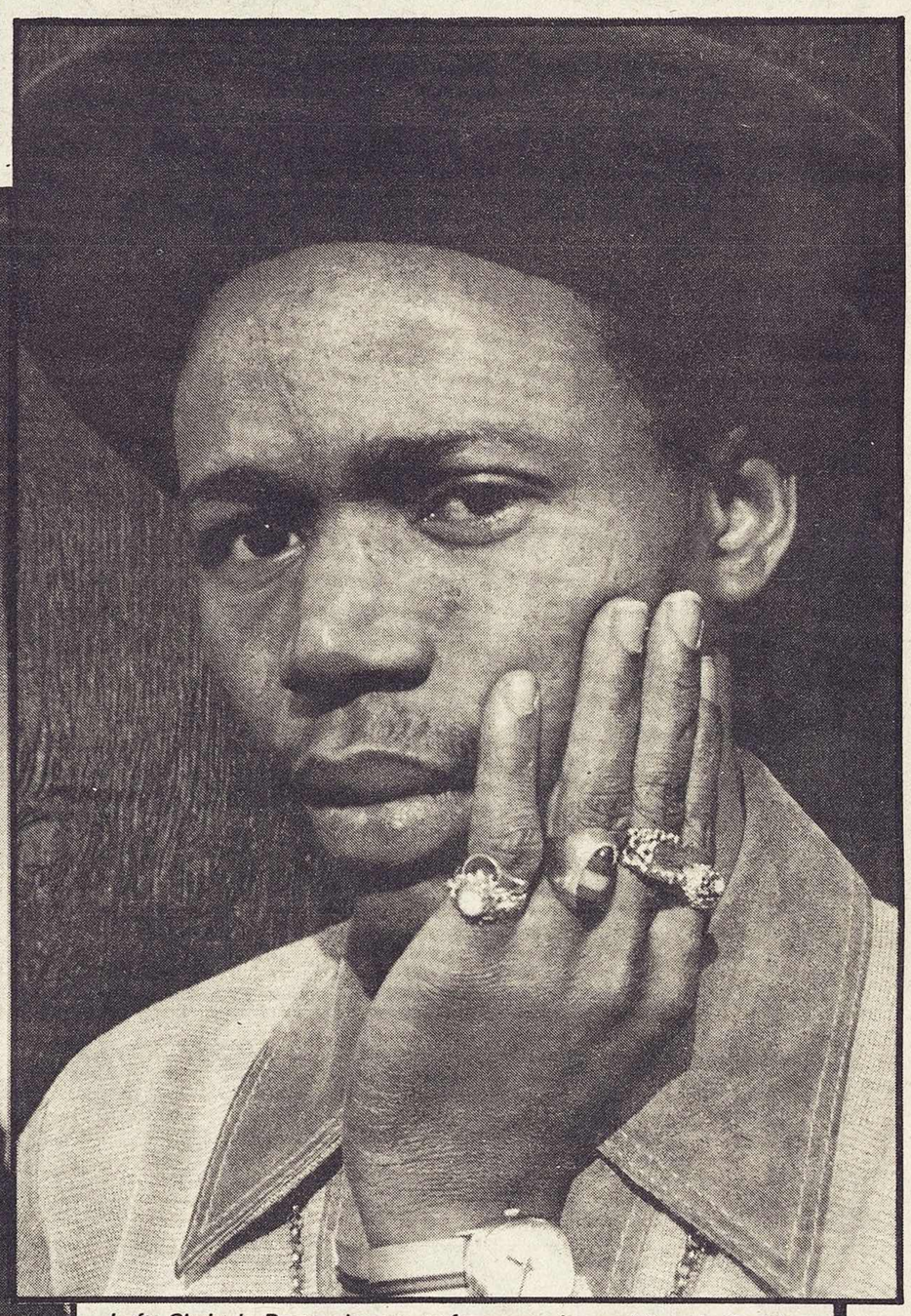
SINGLES





Left: Chrissie Pretender pouts for posterity and Pennie Smith.
Above: Erroll of The Dunkleys flashes a fistful of flash.
Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez.

There's More Than One Way To Skin A Cat

● ***SINGLES OF THE WEEK***

THE PRETENDERS: Brass In Pocket (Real). Despite the success of 'Stop Your Sobbing' and 'Kid', your present writer has kept The Pretenders in his 'pending' file. 'Brass In Pocket' moves them straight into the 'in' tray and — all else being equal — will give Chrissie and her cohorts that major convincing hit. It's the best kind of derivative, egocentric rock single: it insists *'I'm special, give me your attention'* in a plangent, pleading manner, provides enough rhythmic poke to qualify as a dance record while still remaining smooth enough for continuous application, it blends '60s guitar and '70s drums with an exquisite kitten of a melody . . . it's your basic nice record for middlebrows.

Sure The Pretenders are stewing up leftovers, but they've got their hands on Grade A ingredients and — to push the metaphor a little further — they've got a good recipe. 'Brass In Pocket' also gains points because of the effectiveness with which it demonstrates that a record can positively bristle with hooks without getting all cluttered up with superfluous cattle wasteproducts. Not a record to kill for, but one to inspire great fondness.

SNAKEFINGER: Kill The Great Raven (Virgin). Actually, this record is dreadful. I've only made it a single of the week because I'm a spineless elitist. MALFUNCTION! I'm sorry. Where were we? In fact, 'Kill The Great Raven' is the funniest record of the current seven-day period, a late-night collision between Gary Glitter, dub and heavy metal with hippie joke lyrics. Snakefinger is — of course — pleasant old hippie Phil Lithman and The Residents are involved and you will probably never hear it anywhere except on the Peel show and will therefore never have the faintest idea of what I'm talking about. To be honest with you, *I* haven't the faintest idea of what I'm talking about. Next!

ERROLL DUNKLEY: A Little Way Different (Arawak). Rule Number One: anyone who's just had a hit is therefore in a position to have another one. If we're lucky it'll be with a better record, if not, with a worse one. Erroll Dunkley just got four lemons in a row with 'OK Fred' and therefore one would desire a speedy repetition of this feat with 'A Little Way Different', which is a much better record. A powerful hypnotic administered by Dennis Bovell (who also gets his name on another totally soppy Marie Pierre single this week), it gently but forcefully makes the point that a pluralistic society is the only functional way for human beings to coexist, sounds vast and spacious and edges casually into dub (at the end of the 12-inch). There's some lovely mouth-harp on the Version (izzat you, Julio?).

● ***REISSUES OF THE WEEK***

JAMES BROWN: Papa's Got A Brand New Bag (Polydor). Three agile, raucous slices of Proper Soul Music ('I Got You (I Feel Good)' and "Out Of Sight' crop up on the B-side) packaged with exquisite visual taste and a Cliff White sleeve-note . . . can we have a rousing chorus of "Is this excellent value for money or what?" please? Chorus: "Is this exquisite value for money or what?")

Thank you! It also provides great pleasure to be able to note that all three tracks appear to have been remastered with great care by the engineers responsible so that the tracks just leap out of the grooves. On Polydor's '30 Great Hits/21 Golden Years' double, you have to mess with your amp to get the tracks sounding right on account of they're all compressed to fit them in, but on this single it sounds just like singles ought to. Get hip to this: it'd be a shame if the clientele was limited to the more academically oriented junior moddyboys and oldsters wanting to save wear and tear on their original copies.

PETER TOSH: Stepping Razor/Legalise It (Virgin). All the Peter Tosh tracks I need on one handy portable 7" single released to coincide with the motion picture *Rockers* in which both these tracks are featured. One paean to the joys of being a hard man with a short temper (marred only by some incongruous rock lead guitar) and an ode to the pleasures of consuming vast quantities of pot. This reissue is a ploy calculated to irritate Tosh, EMI and Rolling Stones Records. Let's hope Tosh is too stoned to go round to Virgin and duff 'em all up.

● ***HEADS DOWN, SEE YOU AT THE END***

BOOMTOWN RATS: Diamond Smiles (Ensign). Sigh. The Rats are in an invidious position at this precise moment in time, Jim. If 'Diamond Smiles' makes Number One, then they'll be even huger, and if it doesn't everyone'll think they're finished. Speaking as a person who reckons that he likes The Boomtown Rats but finds their new album for the most part cluttered, fussy and trying too hard to sound important, this new song (yep, more songs about death and women) doesn't sound like a Number One, and — if it was by an unknown act — not even particularly like a hit. It has some crisp drumming, serious rhythm guitar and snappy lead/backing vocal playoffs, but it's drowned in syrupy strings and far too many keyboard overdubs. Overall, not an auspicious start to the second side of the Rats' Greatest Hits album. Wrong string, wrong yoyo.

ALEX HARVEY/THE NEW BAND: Shakin' All Over (RCA). This man does not do things the easy way. Alex's murderous attack on The Pirates' signature tune begins with what sounds like Wilko Johnson playing 'Heart Of Glass' through a dying amplifier and then develops into a runaway express train with the distinctive tones of Glasgow's answer to nuclear attack intoning the hallowed lyrics in a suitably disturbed manner. Later on there's a lengthy and vehement exchange of views between guitar and synthesiser and more vigorous roaring from Harvey, who sounds as splendidly ill-tempered as ever. Not for the squeamish.

THE LURKERS: New Guitar In Town (Beggars Banquet). The Lurkers have improved to the point where they now sound like The Clash on the worst night of their lives. The song sounds like something Strummer and Jones would write and then reject. If it actually was The Clash, it would depress me very thoroughly. As it is, one feels fairly neutral about the whole thing.

THE POINTED STICKS: Out Of Luck (Stiff). Foreign chaps who sound like Elvis Costello at 78rpm. In a parallel universe this could have been the Rats' follow up to 'Looking After Number One', on account of the guitars and drums. It's taken fractionally too fast to be coherent, but time flies when you're having fun, and those words that these tired old ears can catch sound moderately amusing. Entertaining.

BARBRA STREISAND/ DONNA SUMMER: No More Tears (Enough Is Enough) (CBS). Begins exquisitely over lachrymose piano and rent-an-orchestra with Streisand crooning, *"It's raining, it's pouring/My love life is boring/Me to tears"* before Summer enters to commiserate with her and then it goes into a disco section where the keyboard player amuses himself by playing the riff from 'Superstition' ridiculously fast. Our two heroines (seen rubbing shoulders on the cover and trying to outpose each other) then hold a lengthy contest to see who can sound alternatively more dynamic and more sensitive. In the '80s, all records will be marketed like this.

THE RUTS: Jah War (Virgin). In which the road to Babylon is paved with good intentions. No doubt sick to the back teeth with being accused of heavy metal tendencies, The Ruts smash back (ehh?) with a single that ends up doing for Linton Kwesi Johnson what The Police do for Bob Marley. Possibly the most unimaginatively earnest piece of white reggae I've ever heard, it produces an odd sensation in the listener, who taps his foot, approves of the gesture, enjoys the rhythm and the hook . . . and *cringes* at the most embarrassing bit of blackface since the Blues Boom. A better gesture than record, it stimulates the hope that — having gotten it out of their system — The Ruts will be able to assimilate and utilise their influences without mimicking them so slavishly.

BERNIE TORME: All Day And All Of The Night (Parole). HM/new wave crossoverite Bernie Torme takes time off from strenuous Stratstrangling duties with Ian Gillan, records awful version of old Kinks Klassic for obscure indie, deafens to no useful avail, makes prat of self, sells small number of records to rabid collectors of records with stark black and white sleeves.

THE LINES: On The Air (Red). Daffy and charming intervention from the neo-psychedelic wing of Modern Chaps United in the shape of The Lines, who emerge from an intriguingly multicoloured mist with the potpourri of stylistic devices on long-term loan from Marc Bolan and Lou Reed. Not nearly as rickety as it sounds, though heavily outclassed by 'Not Through Windows', the first of the two B-sides. To be encouraged.

SHEILA B. DEVOTION: Spacer (Carrere). The latest in the continuing saga of things produced, arranged, composed, guitared and bassed by Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers on behalf of the Chic Organisation. I'm as fond of Chic's records as anybody can be who can't record a disco record unless it's a 12" single in a soft-porn picture sleeve, but this doesn't boast a particularly dynamic riff or a memorable chune, and Sheila B. is such an emotional, expressive singer

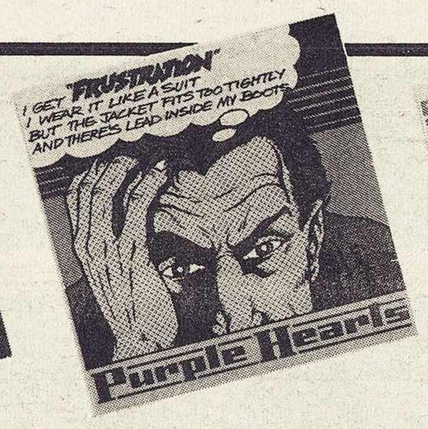
■ *Continues over*

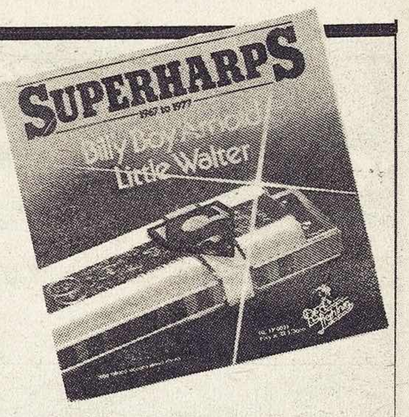
Words of wisdom by Charles Shaar Murray

SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

that she makes the speaking clock sound like Aretha Franklin. Purely in order to hedge my bets, may I add that I haven't heard the 12" and that Danny Baker thinks it's wonderful. That's W–O–N–D–E–R–F–U–L. Me, I think it's boring.
B–O–R–I–N–G.





SLADE: Sign Of The Times (Barn). Mind you, so's this. People are still asking whatever happened to Slade, and — judging by this bewildered Beatley ballad — not a lot has occurred since the last time the question was asked. The saga of Slade should stand as an Awful Warning to successful British bands who are determined to crack the States and keep playing the States until it happens. If it doesn't (as it didn't to Slade), you end up as much of a nonentity in your homeland as you are over there. *That's* what happened to Slade.

THE TOURS: Tourist Information (Virgin). It is vaguely significant that none of the youthful bands whose primary audible influence is that of Roxy Music have not been enormously successful. This is one of those ones. If Virgin's budget will stretch that far, they should buy The Tours a complete set of Gary Numan records and then we'll see them chasing XTC to the toppermost of the poppermost! In the meantime, our staff recommend a rigorous course of cold showers and healthy exercise.

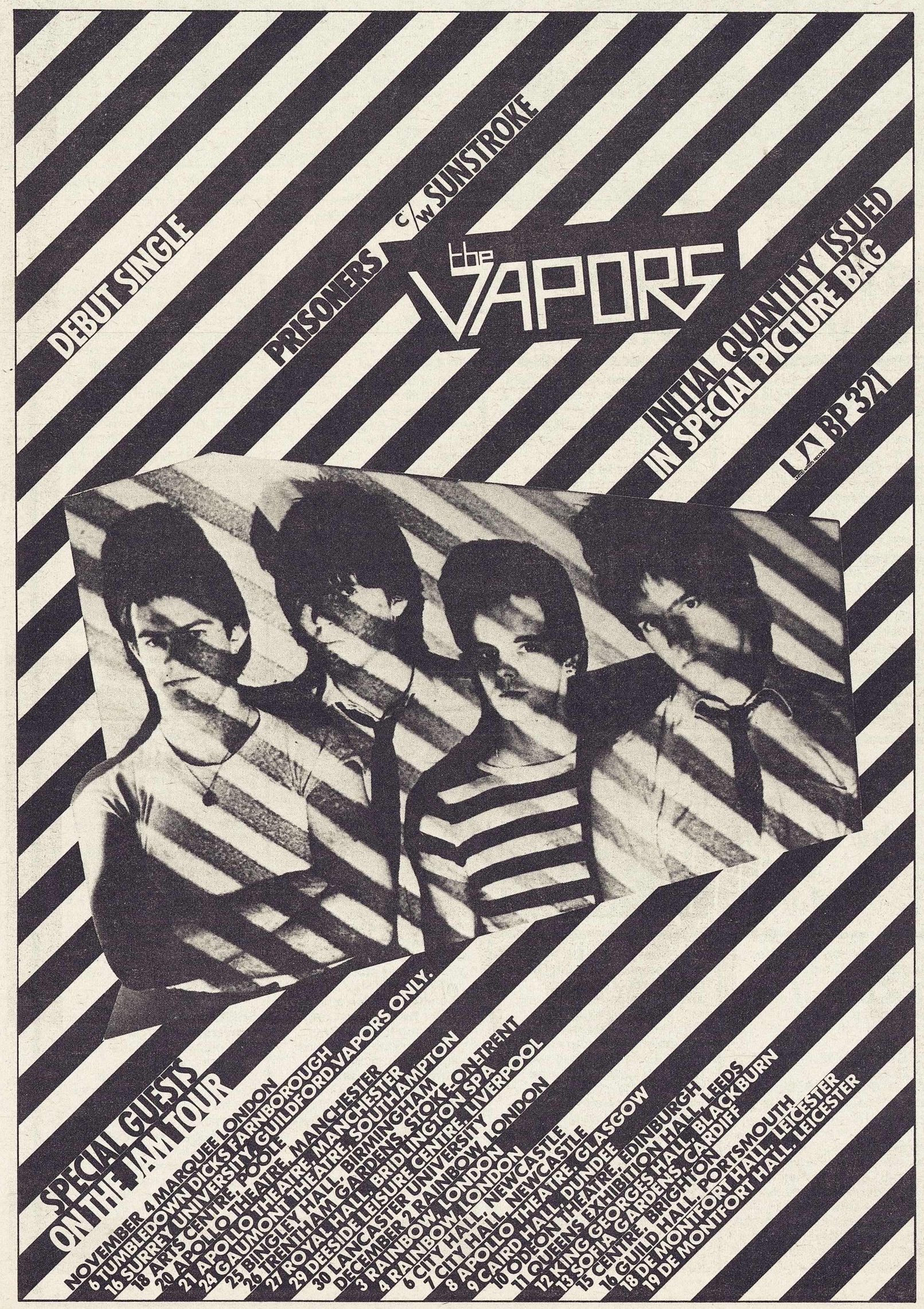
SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS: You're Ready Now (DJM). Hold everything! Get the bondage pants back from the jumble sale! Punk is not dead! Yes, Slaughter And The Dogs are back on DJM Records, where 'Anarchy' is the watchword, and they've done an absolutely godawful cover of an old Four Seasons song which should cause reflexive pogoing amongst every unemployed towerblock dweller who ever sprayed 'SID IS INNOCENT OK' on the front of his local Woolworths. They can't kill punk because it TRULY SPEAKS FOR THE KIDS! Anarchy! Sid! Subs! Crass! Upstarts! The Clash have sold out! Punk will never (etc etc etc). Crappy record.

PHIL DANIELS + THE CROSS: Kill Another Night (RCA). Actor chap joins band, writes songs, sings. The end result is a sort of updated version of the Mike Sarne cheeky-chappie records of the very early '60s (if — as is highly likely — you are too young to twig this reference, count yourself lucky). Chiefly notable for the very excellent pair of red sneakers sported by our hero on the pic sleeve. For populists — and people who can't tell Squeeze, Ian Dury, The Members and The Piranhas apart — only.

THE PURPLE HEARTS: Frustration (Fiction): Allegedly, a mod band: The Purple Hearts have come up with the best piece of beaty-but-dumb teenage whingeing since Eddie And The Hot Rods' epochal 'Teenage Depression' back in '76 or thereabouts (remember Eddie And The Hot Rods? Neither do Island Records). The best line is the one quoted on the cover: *"I get frustration/I wear it like a suit/but the jacket fits too tightly/and there's lead inside my boots."* If Mod ever recovers from the crushing blow dealt it by The Merton Parkas' incredibly uninteresting album, The Purple Hearts could still surface before the whole thing goes under.

SUZI HENDRIX: Zero Zero (Radio). If this ludicrously melodramtic parody of Lene Lovich is supposed to be funny, then it's brilliant. If not, then Suze would be better off getting a haircut, changing her name to Elkie Clapton and getting into mod before many people learn to recognise her in the street.

LITTLE WALTER/BILLY BOY ARNOLD: Superharps EP (Red Lightnin'). A festival of honking from a couple of major practitioners. Little Walter was recorded in Chicago shortly before his death, but despite the loud and raucous supporting presences of Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters (gtrs), Otis Spann (piano), Clifton James (drums), Jerome Green (maraccas) and Buddy Guy (bass), the master sounds well past his prime on recreations of 'Juke' and 'Sad Hours', two of his early blues hits. Billy Boy Arnold was recorded in London two years ago with Tony McPhee on guitar, and puts on a professional if not particularly fiery performance. A well-packaged and revealing piece of blues trivia, and a good footnote to anyone's R&B collection. But is it a single?



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6345789

Pic: Pennie Smith

"The music business then — whitey owned it. We wuz all used, abused and ripped-off . . ."

The Wilson Pickett interview by Nick Kent

IN GUY PEELAERT'S *Rock Dreams* tome of some six autumns back, one of the artist's strongest slices of visualised popular music imagery went under the heading of "soul".

The word itself Peelaert portrayed with the simple but sensuous image of a woman's amply rounded buttocks clothed in a tight-fitting satin clip-joint number with two dark-skinned clutches of lithe fingers caressing said rear quarters as in a lascivious couple slow-dancing in some juke-joint.

Likewise, the artist chose to depict most of soul music's classic acts in sleazily debauched environments. OK, so Aretha Franklin was pictured as a gospel singer, while Smokey Robinson was all doe-eyed and the essence of passionate piety, but the rest were drawn right into a backdrop of oily red light sleazerama.

Peelaert's superb portrayal of Wilson Pickett, especially, was spot on. Set in a dimly-lit pool-hall, Pickett's lean physique and snake-eyed demeanour were perfectly captured in the image of the tough sharp-voiced lady-killer glaring in the foreground, pool-cue aggressively in hand. Lean and lithe of frame, his sharp face a mask of taut resilience, his upper lip curled in half-suspicious half-imperious disdain under a natty moustache, Wilson Pickett was the epitome of the male soul vocalist as high-rolling vicarious pimp. Solomon Burke was the lascivious preacher, Joe Tex was the adrenalin-pumping soul raconteur / house-jester, Otis was the lonesome hard-done-by soul brother with the 24-carat larynx and James Brown was the king of 'em all y'all — all pomp, flash and heavy manner. But Wilson Pickett, with his immaculate mohair two-piece, hair Dixie-peached to perfection, mean ornery-looking visage and that tough, sensuous mule-kick to his music, was the first and arguably the greatest of the soul men as sharp-shooters — amoral, razor-toting, obsessed with style and a devil with the ladies.

Pickett's style would later be transformed into the garish 'superspade' flash of Sly Stone and all his late '60s/early '70s surrogates with their pink cadillacs, leopard-skin upholstery and ludicrous displays of endless palm-slapping camaraderie — but just as Pickett was the first, so arguably he was the best.

It's been well over a decade since the halcyon days of Pickett's collaborations, first with Stax and then Atlantic, but the majesty of his string of greatest hits remains gilt-edged, unbeatable. There are certain moments in soul music's repertoire so vibrant, so vivid that words are incapable of doing them justice. To wit: Steve Cropper's guitar hook on Sam and Dave's 'Soul Man'; the sweet acceleration when Cropper's ascending guitar-lines make a head-on collision with the full thrust of the MGs rhythm section and Muscle Shoals horns at the outset of Eddie Floyd's 'Big Bird'; the shuddering strings on Aretha's 'Natural Woman'; the wild-man drum breaks gratis Al Jackson on Otis' 'Shake' . . . Transcendental moments perfectly backed up by the rest of the performance.

One could, of course, choose a similar stunner of a snippet from one of Wilson Pickett's classic repertoire but, truth to tell, Pickett's greatest works aren't the sort of powerhouse product one can zero in on single aspects of. From the first seconds to the last, you're sucked straight into sumptuous four-wheel drive bump'n'grind music, so hot and steamy sensuous that at one time Pickett even looked close to rolling King James Brown off his ostentatious throne.

"Know what I think of when I hear the name James Brown? James Brown, to me, is strictly small-time — and I mean *small-time*! Just some Georgian kid workin' in some cramped sweaty bar where the stage is so damn small ther's only room for him and the drummer. Guitar player's workin' his lips in the bathroom (laughs), sweat drippin' off the walls, ha! Yup, that's how James Brown started and that's how I always think of him."

Good humoured whilst at the same time swamping his raps with a reservoir of libels, condemnations and accusations, Wilson Pickett — the 1979 model, that is — appears to have lost none of the drive and ferocity that, when mated to the right groove in the right place and the right time, could turn a church full of earnest soul survivors onto all manners of hedonistic god-forsaken activity. For if the likes of 'Don't Fight It', '6345789', and the original untouchable 'Land Of A Thousand Dances' are quintessential dance music aimed at the hips and crotch, then 'In The Midnight Hour' and, particularly, 'Mustang Sally', make for definite crutch music.

Mind you, it's been a fair old while since the 'Wicked' Pickett last hoisted himself into the commercial echelons of the national charts. A long, slow decline saw him ultimately leaving Atlantic in the early '70s and signing up with RCA, under whose banner he went on to create a wretchedly scrappy set of albums. After the RCA snafu, Pickett went on recently to sign up with American EMI (United Artists in this country) and his first UA album 'I Want You' is released here at the beginning of December. Preceded by his new single 'Groove City — not a total return to form, but certainly in a different class to his RCA product — the album has Pickett teamed up with producer Andre Perry and arranger Jean Roussell, and features seven cuts, diluting the original mighty Pickett bite amidst a sea of lengthy quasi-disco work-outs.

Pickett, true to his candid self, isn't over-enamoured with disco. "It's a wretched, puny form of music but it's the contemporary sound, dig, so I decided to take — uh some of the stronger aspects of the whole sound and jes' add my own thang to it."

Most telling is the photo of Pickett on the back cover of 'I Want You'. Whereas in his glory days Pickett's style was all dagger-sharp mohair suits and florid purple blouses, now he chooses to dress in some U.S. equivalent of C&A man's casual wear with some nondescript woollen polo-neck covering a torso that, though it's lost its skinny-jimsharpness, is still agreeably trim. (In fact, the photo makes Pickett look like a negroid Roddy McMillan).

IN THE FLESH, Pickett retains the style of 'casual' dress that he showcases on the new album sleeve. A polo-neck is covered by a suit — nothing fancy whatsoever — and although the moustache remains, the Dixie peach has long since been discarded in favour of a conservatively trimmed nappy-headed Afro. The only signs of ostentation are the fingers, which glitter with gold rings encrusted with diamonds. Wilson Pickett circa late '79 is a study in amenability, though his conversation is strafed with bouts of verbal candour that others in his position would never dare pursue.

Noticing the jewellery, I enquire after the extent of Pickett's own material wealth.

"We-e-ell," he remarks, "I can't say I'm hurtin' for money. I've been smart there. Course, that's not to say I couldn't do with some extra dollars."

Money and rip-offs in the music business are subjects close to Pickett's train of thought. Recalling the days when he was lead singer of The Falcons, he remembers that the band's manager, one Robert West, was once hustled by a desparate and impoverished Berry Gordy for a loan with which to press more copies of The Miracles' 'Shop Around'.

"Ha, can you believe that? Berry Gordy was just a two-bit nobody out in Dee-troit and it was that single that kicked off Motown."

Suddenly Pickett is up and steaming, pouring out a massive stream of unprintable accusations against numerous American soul figures. In particular, he fires off at one well-respected white soulman who, he claims bitterly, ripped him off.

"That was the music business *then*. Whitey owned it, whitey called the shots and we wuz all used, abused and ripped-off by the motherfuckers."

Prior to his solo shots, Pickett as a Falcon had recorded both 'I Found A Love' and 'If You Need Me' amongst others, the latter being covered by The Rolling Stones. Although Pickett has only meagre regard for the group led by "that Jagger schmuck", his one regret regarding cover versions is simply "that The Beatles never done one of my toons. *Then* I'd be a rich man."

Mention of the Stones ("Man, their last

■ *Continues over*

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■ *From previous page*

fuckin' album sold eight million") nudges him to continue his railing against "Whitey" 's regime of the business, particularly with regard to Atlantic Records.

"That company, man — they mostly just chewed up black artists and spat 'em out, bankrupt and all messed up. Man, can you believe this? Black performers like myself were allowed two or three days to cut something like twenty cuts, mixes 'n' all, while a band like The Young Rascals were allowed unlimited time — a whole month, two maybe — for their album. See, Atlantic has this image for being real benefactors to black music but hey, there's only four artistes who walked out of that company, contract-free with a few dollars in their pocket! That's me, Aretha, Roberta Flack and . . . uh, man, I forgotten the other one. (Pause). Maybe there wasn't a fourth.

"See, they latched onto all these British rock bands — Led Zeppelin, The Rolling Stones and all of them dudes — and they saw dollar signs flyin' everywhich way. So, once again, whitey makes all the money, gets all the hand-outs — unlimited studio time, good royalty deals, you name it — and Atlantic just 'bout forgot all about us other cats."

So, Pickett packed his bags and moseyed over to RCA. Unfortunately though the human chemistry that produced gems of the calibre of '6345789', 'Don't Fight It' and 'Mustang Sally', was sadly lacking, as albums such as the awful 'Miss Lena's Boy' readily testify.

Pickett now concurs willingly with the view that the music he made during those years was bad. Things however have changed with the UA deal and he feels 'I Want You' to be . . . well, not a return to the old thrust of old, but a reasonable compromise.

"Y'see," he states, his words half-assertive, half-tinged with melancholy, "you jus' can't get that sound no more. It's as simple as that. It's all to do with this new equipment they've got in the studios. It cleans up the sound, makes it real, uh . . . " Bland? "Yeah, I guess that's the word. 'Cos you sure can't get that ole gritty sound, that dirty, raunchy, punchy kind of sound that we got on those old sides."

Asked about the origins of his own particular style, Pickett cites singing gospel in community chapel meetings.

"When I was a young 'un, you'd see these big ole girls just gettin' carried away by it all and hollerin', lettin' it all loose. I used to watch 'em, then I joined in and then I got the sound that I would use as the basis for my whole style of vocalising. I used that wild, abandoned style of singin' and put it into the context of soul.

"Hey, and damn right I'm proud of my old stuff. The groove on those cuts is untouchable and nobody's gonna be able to get close to that ever again. Al Green? Mmmm, he's OK. Sly Stone? He had something but he blew it so bad that I can't have respect for a man like that."

And Wilson Pickett?

"Well, I'm not hurtin' none. You asked me earlier, right, you said, hey Pickett, The Blues Brothers done got a No. 1 album from resurrecting that whole '60s soul sound — that bag you, Sam and Dave, Otis and all originated. So maybe the kids are gettin' tired of disco and want the real thing. But, those guys in The Blues Brothers — they're comedians, man." (John Belushi and Dan Akroyd are indeed comics whose regular spot on America's *Saturday Night Live* was a massive reason for The BBs album take-off). "And their album was just vaudeville. It wasn't the real thing and the kids aren't ready for a resurrection of that sound.

"And even if they were, like I said earlier, that sound just couldn't be duplicated. It's a gone dead era and it's down to artistes like me to find new directions."

There's a sort of sadness in Pickett's words. Many considered The Blues Bros' success would preface a return to '60s soul taking over from disco. But Sam and Dave are still playing sleazy clubs and Eddie Floyd is stuck on the circular circulation of the cabaret scene.

Pickett reminisces about the boundless camaraderie he shared with Solomon Burke and Otis Redding and how they were all so naive during their halcyon days that "when someone mentioned the word star we'd look up in the sky thinking they wuz talkin' about the cosmos or somethin'."

Suddenly, time is tight. Pickett is a hungry man and he wants to get going to check London restaurants for a decent 'soul food' diner. I ask him how secure he feels currently, particularly in relation to his peers.

"Well, Otis is dead, James Brown is *out there,* Sam and Dave and Eddie Floyd are scratchin' out a livin on the chittlin circuit . . . Wilson Pickett? Ah, he ain't doin' too bad!"

He grins broadly, mischievously. The 'wicked' Pickett lives on in the corners of that smile.

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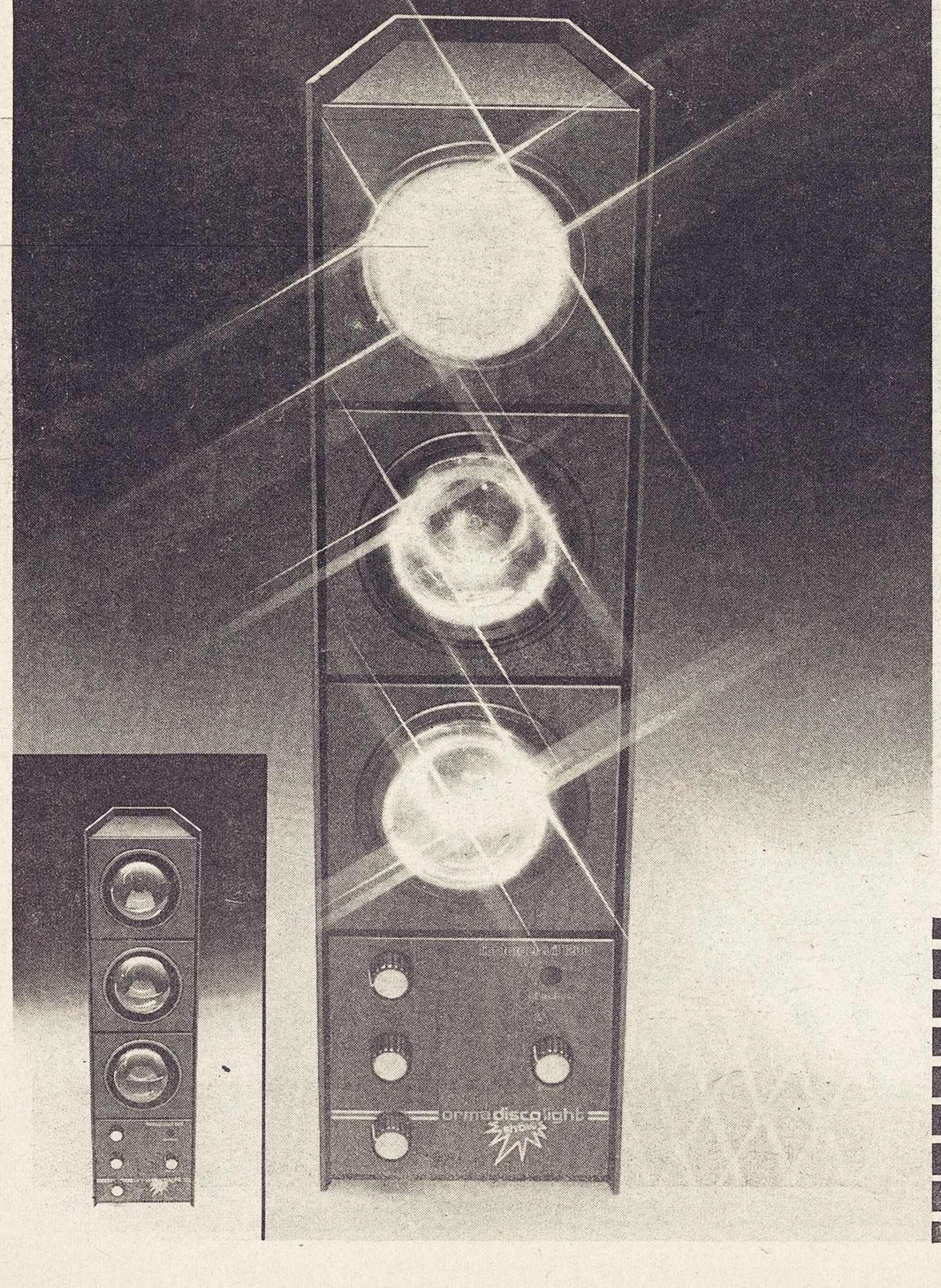

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Arturo's amp. A love story.

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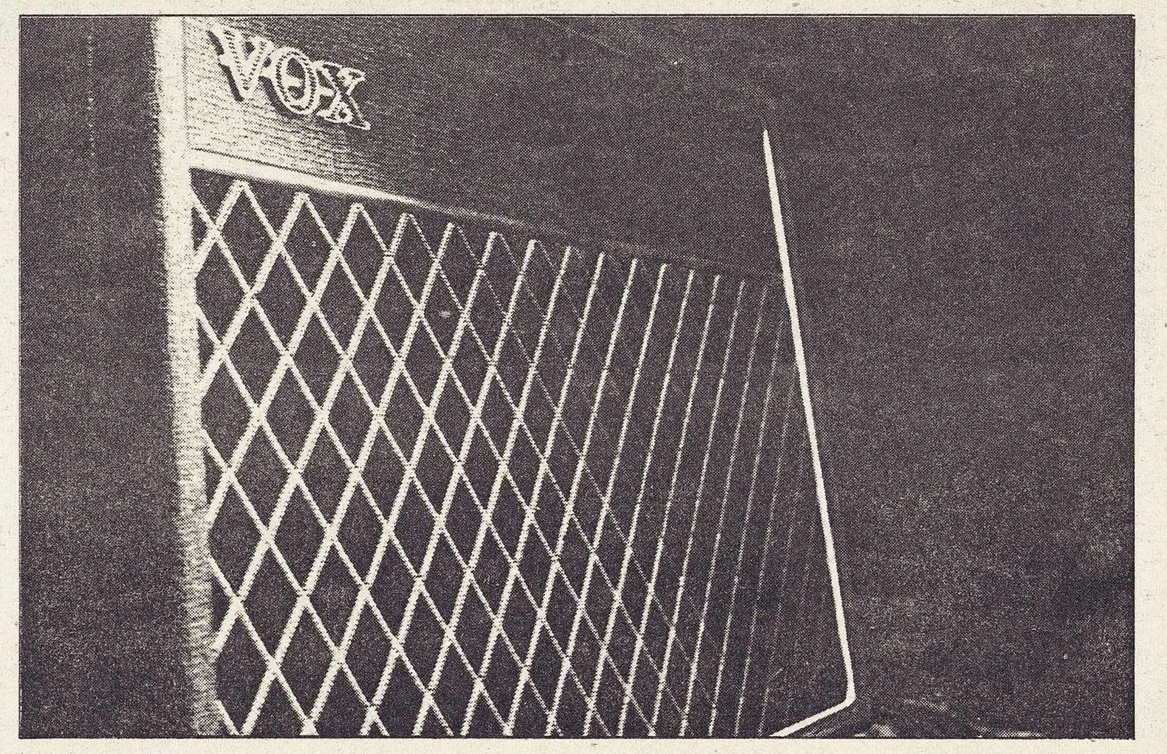
was that the first time you'd set up with it..? yeah...yeah it was... I was really pleased with the sound... really punchy... I use a Gretsch Roc Jet which is really an old guitar as well and it sounds really good... I think too many people are using the same guitar and amp setup and the sound is too similar in a lot of groups... the thing about an AC30 as well is that it's small... you don't get as much spread so the vocal mike and the drum mike don't pick up as much... the overall sound's not as mushy as it used to be...

how do you find working in the studio?... depends on the producer... you can hear every single beat... every single note... the first time you're in a studio is the first time you really hear yourself... there's no way though you can sound as raw in a studio as you do live... no way... *

what's the most frustrating thing about playing live... touring?... getting to a gig at five and not going on stage 'til midnight... and having to kill time in a town you don't know with no money... most of mine goes on the motorway services... eating sometimes and playing Space Invaders...

when you were doing the tour with the Members did you have any hassles?... None at all... we had a really great time... I think that the people who you do get like that... they think you don't deserve a soundcheck or whatever... have something seriously wrong with them... it's silly... everyone's a support band sometime....



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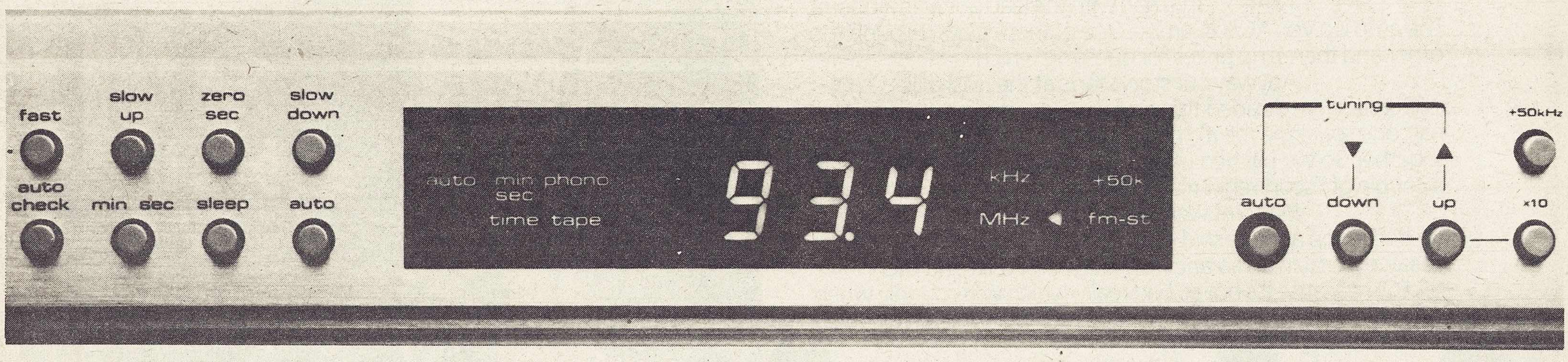

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We are poor little lambs who have gone astray

Pix: Kel Edge

Words: Deanne Pearson

Baaa! Baaa! Baaa!

I to r, Below Rachel Hester Debsey

"WE'LL probably hear them giggling somewhere if we listen," Phil said, holding up his hand abruptly and halting our mad dash around the empty corridors of the London School of Economics.

Phil is the manager of the Dolly Mixtures, a three-piece all girl band from Cambridge, just arrived in London, who are already causing quite a stir amongst avaricious A&R men. It was the Dollies themselves we were rather aimlessly searching for.

"I can't understand it," Phil fretted, "they were right here five minutes ago, I can't think where they've shot off to."

Ten minutes later they passed me in the main hall, giggled and ran off "looking and sounding like three little girls dressed up in high heels and make-up," — or at least that's what I'm supposed to think. They in fact looked more like three girls in their late teens dressed down in cutesy cotton frocks, short skirts and ankle socks.

But that's the cynical hack talking. You, dear readers, may just believe drummer Hester (no surnames — "they're revolting, really,") when she throws up her hands in horror at my opinion and says "Oh no, that's awful, that's absolutely against what we're trying to do, honest, please believe me."

What they *are* trying to do, they explain, is just be themselves, and not be afraid of

THE DOLLY MIXTURES Sugary Sweets Can Cause Youth Decay

admitting that they are girls — yes, female musicians that are neither Tomboys nor sex symbols.

My suggestion that they are merely exploiting their sexuality in another way, by trying to come over as young, sweet, innocent little girlies, prompts an unconvincing outcry from bassist Debsey: "Honestly, we don't put that on, that's absolutely what we are and what we feel, and, and . . ." she stutters falteringly over her under-rehearsed lines, ". . . and this is my favourite dress." She lifts her short polka-dot dress by the hem and pouts, "and I'm going to wear it".

There are helpless sighs and troubled looks all round, and Hester says if that's the sort of image they're putting across they'd better do something about it, but they are nevertheless reluctant to reveal their ages. They tell me, again amid much giggling, that most people think they're about 14. They seem rather deflated when I say they look more like 18 to me — which they are.

"But if we tell people that they think we should be better (musicians) than we are," Hester explains.

So they should.

Their music, which Hester terms 'Dolly Rock', is a crude blend of new mod-angled pop, with an overlay of Ronettes/Marvelettes vocal trill and lyrical style. Titles such as 'He's So Frisky', 'Will He Kiss Me Tonight' and 'Shakerella' illustrating this perfectly.

They all predictably quote '60s Motown as favourite listening and influence, and mention Madness and Secret Affair as present day favourites, along with Squire, to whom they liken their own music.

ON STAGE, they are corny immature and under-rehearsed. Between numbers there are shy thanks, bashful smiles — you almost expect a curtsey — and a pigeon-toed 1234 countdown before they trip clumsily into the next number.

The Dolly Mixtures are right when they say their personal image complements their music. They just want to communicate with their audience, they plead, and be a happy, boppy band.

"But there is a serious side to us", Debsey tells me, interrupting Hester's happy-go-lucky monologue. "We do want to work at improving our music, and think about making records, although we don't intend throwing our souls away for music — because we like them."

She simpers, and I cringe. How long can they keep this up?

The Dolly Mixtures formed in February last year, after Hester and Debsey got a taste of performing, from singing back-up vocals in a band which did one gig and then broke up.

Debsey gestures excitedly, "We were *ab - so - lutley* chronic, and Hester and I decided we wanted to play our own instruments and have our own band. Rachel's brother, (she's the guitarist and lead vocalist) was in a band, and he taught us basic beats and so on."

Their first gig was in April, and they hadn't done more than a couple of dozen, all in and around Cambridge, when John Peel picked up on them through a local fanzine (the girls presume) 'phoned them and asked them to play at a roadshow in Norwich. After this they did a session for the John Peel show, "and, er, that was the end of John Peel," Debsey laughs.

They've now played about eight London gigs to date ("They've all been *so* exciting," Debsey proclaims) — exciting being one of their favourite adjectives. And now, according to Phil, record companies are queueing to sign them up. The Dolly Mixtures, he says, "are like three little lambs staked out and waiting for the vultures to descend."

But the girls want to wait a few months yet, till their name gets around and a suitable deal comes along. They have already been offered a one-off with Beggars Banquet, but would rather sign long term. "We don't want to sell 5000 or something and then, nothing, back to square one," Debsey explains.

Hester says there are lots of things they want to do in the meantime, including finding a good and sympathetic producer to do some demos with.

She is no longer giggling though, her face is clouded with anxiety. "Oh do you really think we're just three silly little girls," she finally blurts out. Reassured by my denial she says, "you see, the trouble with a lot of these music business people is that they think we're just three dumb chicks."

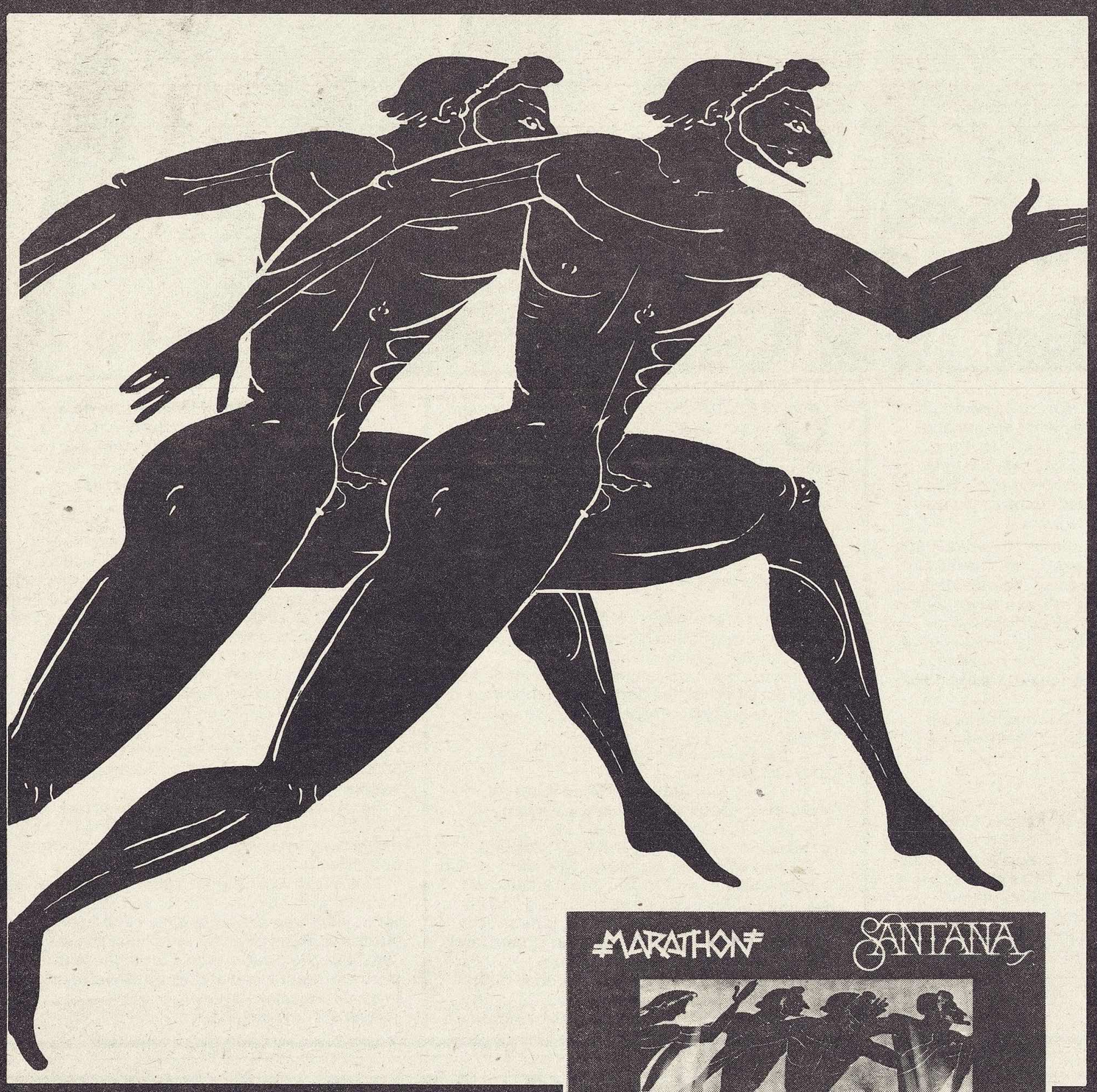
Now *that's* more like it.

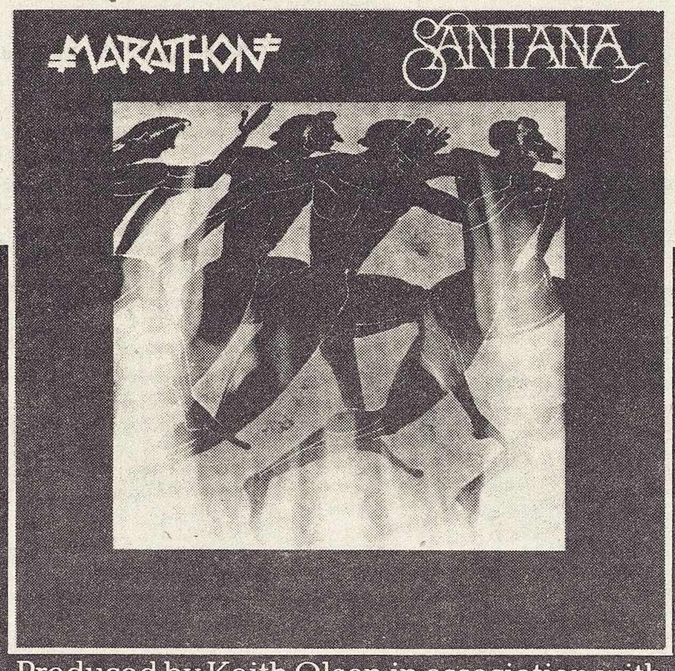
Running into the next decade

SANTANA

Their new album

MARATHON





After 10 years of chart albums and headline tours around the world, Santana are still out in front.
Their new album "Marathon" bears the unmistakable Santana sound and ten brilliant tracks, including the single 'You Know That I Love You'.

Marathon leads the way

Produced by Keith Olsen in association with Santana and David De Vore.

CBS

Album: 'Marathon' CBS 86098
Cassette: CBS 40-86098

Silver Screen

Tattooed Tears

Directed by Nick Broomfield and Joan Churchill
(Contemporary)

THE Youth Training School in California is a kind of borstal for 17 to 21-year-olds. It was originally set up, with an abundance of good intentions, as a rehabilitation centre. It failed in this purpose and, as relations between staff and inmates deteriorated, became just another institution where offenders were punished, often under circumstances of considerable degradation. Once the liberal principles had been undermined, the system became more repressive than it might otherwise have been.

The disillusioned director resigned, but before departing he allowed Churchill and Broomfield access to the establishment, so that the outside world would learn what kind of institution concealed itself behind the euphemism Youth Training School.

Churchill and Broomfield were given pass keys to all parts of the buildings, and allowed to spend three months filming there. Because they were given the opportunity to become what was virtually another facet of the prison routine, the fly-on-the-wall documentary technique of *Tattooed Tears* carries, pardon the pun, total conviction.

Although some of the elements of the daily round are illustrated (most memorable of which is a chapel service with an Elmer Gantry hellfire preacher, the only genuinely crazy person on show), the film concentrates on the tantrums, aggressiveness and hostility that are bred in the unsympathetic environment. Brian, one inmate, warns the authorities: "The longer you keep me here, the more frustrated I'm gonna get. I've got a lot of goals I want to achieve, but I can't do them in here."

The tears of the title are streaming from the left eye of one offender, first committed for glue-sniffing, who treats his face like other people treat bog walls. For every year he spends inside, he tattoos an extra tear.

The film's a kind of US *Midnight Express* although that was cheapened by the director's seething imagination. *Tattooed Tears* we accept to be the whole harrowing truth, and nothing less.

Bob Woffinden

***(Tattooed Tears** is included in a series of films by Nick Broomfield and Joan Churchill showing at London's Electric Cinema Club for two weeks from November 12. It is also being screened at London's Scala cinema on November 26, with the nearly-banned **Juvenile Liaison**)*

On The Box

NME's guide to films on television

Friday November 9
I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT'S'ISNAME: Silly, overbearing flashiness from Michael Winner, as usual (this one circa 1967), but worth a look for the sheer pretension. Podgy Olly Reed and even podgier Orson Welles are the lads dissecting the ad industry with illustrious support from Harry Andrews, Carol White, Michael Hordern, Wendy Craig and, er, Marianne Faithfull. **(BBC 1)**

FRIDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY MORNING: Well-known, well-meaning wet Tim Rice chairs a discussion on M. Python's *Life Of Brian*. Taking part: Cleese and Palin v. Muggeridge and the Bishop of Southwark. **(BBC 2)**

Saturday November 10
SAN FRANCISCO: Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Jeanette McDonald in a superior soap opera filmed 30 years after the 1906 earthquake. Directed by W.S. Van Dyke II — no wonder he never got his name above the title. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday November 11
DOWN ARGENTINE WAY: No goals in this 1940 Irving Cummings musical. The legs are Betty Grable's. **(BBC 2)**

A BLACK VEIL FOR LISA: A dodgy dope drama directed by the great Italian film-maker Massimo Dallamano in 1968. Stars John *Quatermass* Mills in Hamburg. **(ITV)**

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS: Alan Arkin's talent wasted in a feeble 1972 film version of Neil Simon's play. Sally Kellerman and Paula Prentiss also feature in Gene Saks' sad debacle. **(BBC 2)**

Monday November 12
THE LOVE MACHINE: Jacqueline Susann slop turned into celluloid sludge by one Jack Haley Jr. Apparently, he hasn't made a movie since — surprise, surprise! Trying to keep straight faces: John Phillip Law, Dyan Cannon and David Hemmings. **(ITV)**

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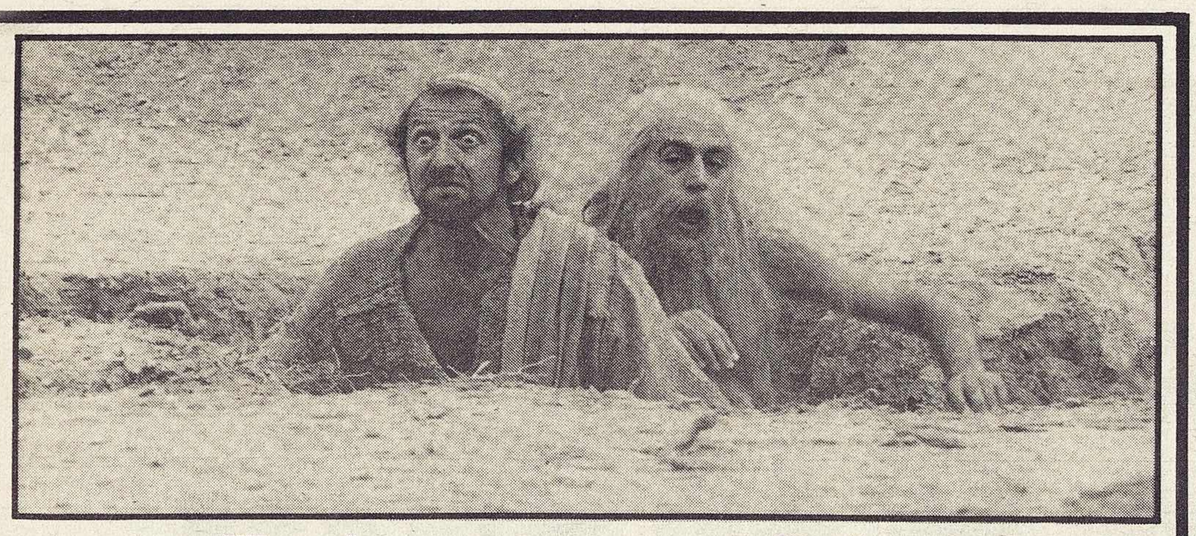
VS 307



Truly, you are a Brian

Life Of Brian

Directed by Terry Jones
Starring the Monty Python mob
(CIC)

THESE days you can watch love movies that make *Brief Encounters* look like *Patton,* see horror without cameras panning to the ceiling during the good bits, see thrillers so complex that though they get solved at the matinee the culprit gets away on the evening show — you've got war movies packing shellshock, disasters without limit, into space with no strings, gangs, guns, war and unflinching gore so real you're supplied with a surgical mask on entering the theatre.

Why can't anyone give bigg laffs no more? OK, so Woody can still crease with the odd all-out gag that he feels won't spoil his overall seriousness but he seems to have fallen foul of the great comedians' pitfall in feeling ashamed of the 'pettiness' in his genius, in awe of the heavier heroes. Technicalities aside, *Take The Money And Run* was every bit as mighty as *Manhattan* though Allen knew, like Groucho Marx observed, that "The public have no respect for comedy . . . they think it's easy." Or maybe as he said in *Annie Hall,* "How much can an audience laff? They're all laffed out." Mel Brooks' latter works still have their moments, but I remember *Blazing Saddles* nearly put me in hospital. Otherwise all the funnies come in spurts and sketches on TV, and comedy has reached a sad pass when you've gotta be in the right place at the right time in order to catch a good wheeze.

Monty Python realised the suffocation of conveyor belt TV almost in time. They were surely the last great comedy movement/outfit that either wireless — and, Jesus, radio comedy is enough to make *Mind Your Language* riveting — or the gogglebox produced. Their first proper movie, *Holy Grail,* perhaps came too soon after their recession and coupled with filming conditions that almost killed off half the crew it was sprawling, half baked and forced, even if occasionally glorious.

And so to *Life Of Brian,* a movie that has brought about the wrath of every single church group known to the United States, has caused Mrs Whitehouse to poke her bugle in, and is awaiting the obligatory blasphemy trail e'en as we speak. If the team had stuck with the original working title of *Jesus Christ — Lust For Glory* I doubt whether we'd have seen it at all. Anyrate, I've seen it now and I'm going to tell you to do the same. *Life Of Brian* is a very funny film.

Originally a series of skits about JC himself, director Terry Jones changed tack on reexamining The Gospels and discovered their subject was "quite a good bloke who didn't deserve what we had in mind." The gags and pieces in *Brian* instead home in on the people and politicians of the old world, the unquestioning gullability of the hordes, the howling parallels of the underground movements of the times and similar splinter groups that occupy and embarrass today's left wing.

John Cleese plays the leader of the Judean People's Front, an organisation hell bent on the downfall of the Romans only slightly less than they are on the destruction of their real enemies, The People's Front Of Judea. Also there's The Campaign For Free Galilee and two or three others tripping each other up and forever frothing policies and standpoints around endless secret meetings.

Of course, the main character is Brian Cohen (Graham Chapman). Brian gets born in the stable opposite from Our Lord and in the confusion — well, that much is obvious. Elsewhere in the film there are very few out and out biblical send ups, and the fuss that the religious groups have drummed up can only underline their blinkered uselessness and total lack of chuckle in the ranks. Like I said, Brian never claims to be anything more than a half assed bumbler with a domineering mum called Mandy, but it's the inhabitants of Judea that won't let him be. He repeatedly tries to put the hordes wise, but they won't hear of it.

Before I give in to the urge to reveal some of the countless thigh-slappers there are in this movie, let me just simply state that *Life Of Brian* is a dynamite oasis in a growing desert of comedy waste. Maybe we tend to think of the old days as the golden comedy era because the wealth of gems have a large bank to draw from. Maybe year by year the old times weren't so hot and BBC2 makes it all seem so beautiful. I dunno.

But, fact: I know you can laugh at *Life Of Brian.* I may have spoiled it for the people around me because of my enthusiasm and support, but when you see it, act like at a concert. Be open, whoop it up Drink and participate. It's fun-fun-funny, I tell you. Try not to ponder why.

Danny Baker

HandMade Films presents
MONTY PYTHON'S LIFE OF BRIAN AA Written by and starring GRAHAM CHAPMAN JOHN CLEESE
TERRY GILLIAM ERIC IDLE TERRY JONES MICHAEL PALIN
Executive Producers GEORGE HARRISON & DENIS O'BRIEN Produced by JOHN GOLDSTONE
Designed by TERRY GILLIAM Directed by TERRY JONES
"Life of Brian" The new Monty Python Album. also available on Warner Brothers Records & Tapes.
MONTYPYTHON'SCRAPBOOK & MONTY PYTHON'S "LIFE OF BRIAN" available from Eyre Methuen.
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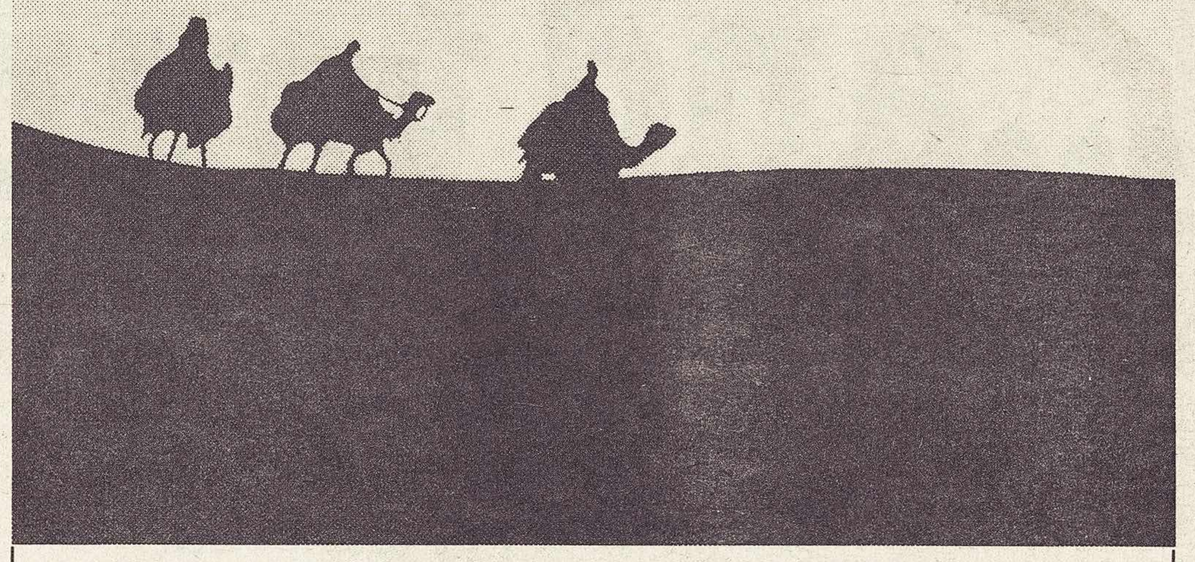

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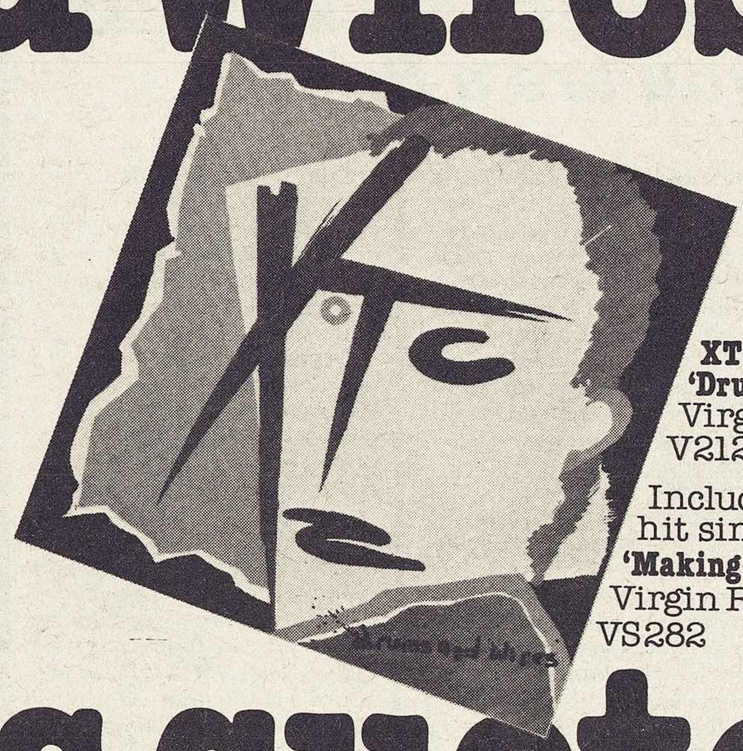
XTC.
Drums and wires...



XTC
'Drums And Wires'
Virgin Records
V2129

Includes the
hit single
'Making Plans For Nigel'
Virgin Records
VS282

...and press quotes...

'They are making multi-layered music of wit and elegance that will make them successful and loved – music that demands new adjectives.'
Paul Morley, NME.

'Once again they present fresh ideas and staggering lyrical breadth.'
Mike Nicholls, Record Mirror.

'XTC will merit a new tag, for they have pushed punk energy forward into a style that is in turn driving, quirky, controlled, witty and gently experimental.'
Robin Denselow, The Guardian.

'This record is so-o-o-o good – a small classic from Britain's most under-rated band. As clever as ever and just as tuneful, humorous and powerful.'
Smash Hits.

'XTC proved they were in the first division ages ago, and this album, their best so far, endorses that.'
Music Week.

...and tour dates.

When and where to see XTC live.
November 23 Nottingham University.
November 24 Birmingham University.
November 25 Reading, Hexagon Suite.
November 26 Canterbury Odeon.
November 27 Norwich, Cromwells.
November 28 Manchester University.
November 30 Slough, Langley College.
December 1 Plymouth Poly.
December 2 Poole Arts Centre.
December 3 Essex University, Colchester.
December 20 Music Machine, London.
December 22 Aylesbury, Friars.
December 23 Swindon, Brunel Room.

Pic: Kevin Cummins

JAMAICAN LION INNA CONCRETE JUNGLE

"Didn't my people before me slave for this country?"

— Bob Marley, 'Crazy Baldheads'.

THE ELECTRIC sign on the pedestrian crossing on Sixth Avenue and 56th Street is flashing *Don't Walk* but Bob Marley keeps stepping anyway. Head back, legs pumping, arms swinging shoulder high, his slight frame moves with a determination and speed that startles even the hardened pavement pounders of busy midtown Manhattan.

Worse still for the surprised native New Yorkers, Marley's trailing a whole gaggle of stepping dreads behind him, half a dozen of them laughing and lurching round the sidewalk real *dangerously* in their attempts to match pace with the leader without actually breaking into a run. Two blocks back Jacob Miller — for he is among this company — almost took out a woman and pushchair on a blind corner.

Upfront Marley, wearing a mischievous deadpan face, jeans, trucking boots, quilted jacket and enormous woolly hat, shows no signs of slackening the pace. He's enjoying the confusion in his wake, his zen lesson. He's on business here so just walk these ten blocks or so from his hotel on Central Park to the rehearsal studio as quickly as possible, seen.

We hit the studios in about five minutes flat. Here The Wailers are to go through their paces in readiness for the seven shows they will play at Harlem's celebrated Apollo Theatre over the next four days. The buzz on the gigs is already around town and no sooner have we arrived than Marley's giving his first TV interview of the tour, sitting on stage with his red Les Paul draped round his neck while guys the size of elevators shovel cameras and lights around and an elegant black American lady shows Bob her teeth and asks questions like: "But tell me, where does your wonderful charisma come from?"

Bob looks away and laughs. "I'm serious," persists the lady, flashing her best smile.

Bob looks at the floor and mutters a long unintelligible sentence ending in an abrupt "RASTAFARI" to the camera.

"Well you're not making sense," sighs the TV lady gracefully. "But tell me, why are you playing the Apollo? Is there any significance in that?"

"Well, Marcus (Garvey) was there," begins Bob. An answer and a half later he's calling over the dapper figure of Wailers drummer Carly Barrett and the lurking presence of Jacob Miller to help explain the way it is to the TV lady. The camera and lights all have to be shifted again for this new development while Bob sits there plucking absently on his guitar, looking amused.

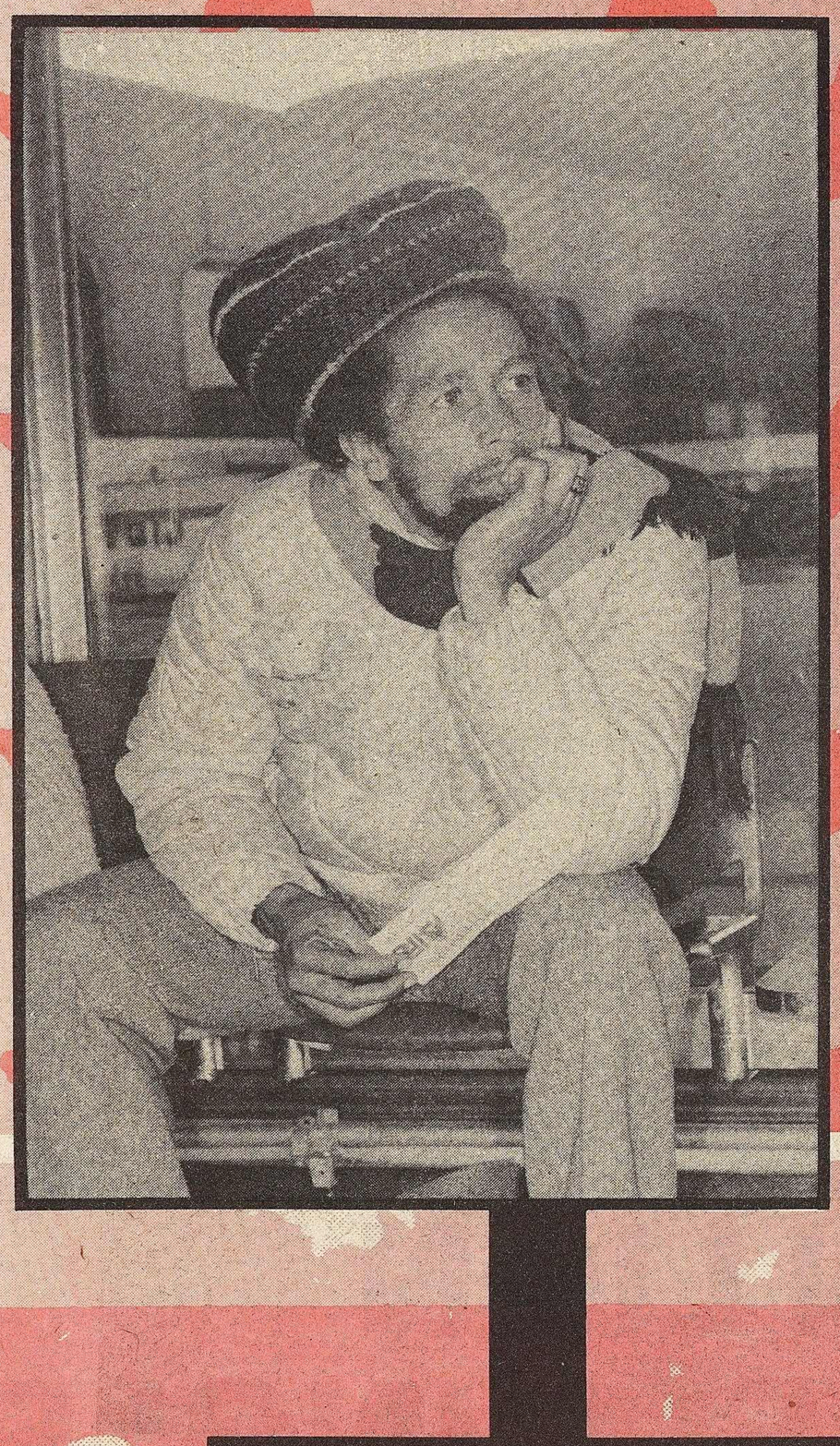
"The Apollo is an important part of our black heritage," says one of the Wailers party later. "I can't think of any major black international star who hasn't played there at one point — Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, right from them people there to all the soul stars, everyone. That's one reason Bob has to play there, to put him in that tradition for people to understand."

The decision to play the Apollo is symbolic of the mood and intentions in the Wailers camp at present: to carry reggae and its message to the estranged soul of black America. In tune with the hard line theme of black unity presented on 'Survival', on this particular round of North Amerikan and Kanadian Babylon by bus (and plane), the group will be aiming not so much at the white rock audience they garnered a few years ago around the time of 'Rastaman Vibration', but

■ *Continues over*

Bob Marley flies the flag for Ras Tafari at the Harlem Apollo. Neil Spencer salutes. Joe Stevens snaps.

"For Marley, this tour is another chapter in a continuing holy crusade, another blast of cultural guerilla warfare."



■ *From previous page*

at the million or so American blacks who have so far shown themselves determinedly resistant to the impressive musical and cultural output of Jamaica.

Beyond a passing and often patronising dalliance with Marley and Peter Tosh and the more obvious aspects of their rebel style — in particular their upfront herbalism — the American rock audience has had little time for reggae anyway. It's been treated by press and punters alike as an exotic cultural titbit rather than lived with, examined, borrowed from and cross-pollinated in the way it has in Britain, with its substantial Jamaican population and long-standing cultural/political/piratical links with the West Indies. Inna UK we have Michael Holding and Cyrille Regis, reggae regularly on the charts, The Cimarons and Sham 69 or Aswad and Clash on the same Rock Against Racism bill, obscure if brilliant Jamaican celebrities being granted full page features in the music press. . .

"Because the theme of 'Survival' is black unity I've been concentrating on black newspapers, radio stations and the rest because they've never covered Bob properly in the past," I'm told by Bernice Sanders, another elegant American black lady who's doing Marley's public relations work on this trip. If the culture gap between Jamaica and white America, even hip white America, is vast, then the gulf between Jamaica and black America, even hip black America, is even more intriguingly wide.

While reggae is firmly founded on the legacy and styles of black American music, particularly '60s R&B, and continues to borrow from it today, black American music hasn't felt much obliged to reverse the process (Taj Mahal aside).

More central still: it's a long way from the sharp strutting, jive talkin', coke sniffin', git down paaarrtty world of popular black American idealisation to the resolute Rastafarian idealism, roots talk and poverty of Kingston 12; a long leap from the cheerful profanity of Richard Pryor to the solemn chants of Big Youth. Or as numerous Americans will tell you: them soul dudes uptown don't wanna *hear* 'bout none o' that jive Jah music shit y'dig?

Maybe things won't be this way always. With black America in something of a cultural cul-de-sac, with the increasing determination of reggae music to become truly international (an attitude found at all levels and stations of the reggae industry/business/operation incidentally, from shop counter to record label to artist to sound system, London, Kingston, New York and Toronto), and with other similar manifestations of this *iwah*, an increasing dialogue between black America and Jamaica seems inevitable.

Certainly it does to Bob Marley. "The more them get it the more them get it," he tells me wryly. "Some people never hear about it yet, but they're beginning to realise what it is. . . must catch on."

"I have a feeling that this tour will be the one to break us here," says Neville Garrick who designs Marley's LP sleeves and who is one of the two dozen or so who make up the Wailers touring party. Add instruments and suchlike paraphernalia and that's some circus to be hauling on a 47-date seven-week tour of everwhere from Seattle to Texas.

For this latest onslaught on the States Marley's armed with his most impressive album in several years. 'Survival' mirrors Marley's determination for and belief in black unity as a divinely willed imperative; "Black man kinda lose himself as the leader and until black man united then the world a run on same ways in wickedness."

For Marley and The Wailers, this latest tour is another chapter in a continuing holy crusade, another blast of cultural guerilla warfare. You may have other ideas but that's how it looks from behind the red gold and green battlements.

"Death to disco mon. I am here to make regg|æ the international music, because disco doesn't have the spiritual potential of reggae. The devil created disco, telling black people to 'get down get down' all the time. But I man seh to black people 'Get up stand up for your rights'."

— Peter Tosh, talking to *Oui* magazine, US tour, September 1979.

NEW YORK isn't America, just as London isn't Britain. New Yorkers are a tough, independent breed who seem to hold the rest of the country in slight scorn, as well they might considering the uniqueness, might, oppression and exhilaration of their city.

No, New York isn't America, which is why you'll hear more reggae on the radio there than anywhere else in the world, and that includes Kingston JA. *"Hi, this is Bob Marley and Survival on WLIB the best of both worlds,"* comes the call jingle and 'One Stop' is given another outing on the airwaves alongside an advert for the Apollo shows. Tune into Radio WLIB anytime between dawn and dusk and you'll hear the likes of Black Uhuru's 'Shine Eye Gal' and Michigan and Smiley's 'Nice Up The Dance' played two to one alongside US sides like The Sugar Hell Band's 'Superman'. Other stations programme reggae shows like WHBI's *Rockers 80* where Earl 'Rootsman' Chin plays heavy duty dub and rockers "from a strictly rootsical perspective".

"The reason black Americans have never picked up on reggae is because it's never been presented properly," Earl tells me. "Now they can hear it the right way. I have a phone-in show too and I know from that there's all sorts of people, all races, picking up on what I'm playing."

On the other end of the city's transistor sets is a mixed audience of interested white and black Americans, and a whole colony of Jamaicans living mostly out in Brooklyn and the Bronx. New York's expanding West Indian community — one of a score of ethnic groups that contribute to New York's decaying post-industrial new world ambience — is a phenomenon beginning to make everyone from the radio stations to the *New York Times* sit up and pay attention.

Already New York, or at least Brooklyn, has spawned home-grown reggae labels like Clocktower Records, home grown bands like New Breed or Manyaka who pretty much resemble their British counterparts give or take a soulish slickness and in one case a distinct soul brother accent intoning *"Ya gotta check on Jah Jah ya'll, ya gotta get behind Jah"* from the stage. There are reggae shops, a reggae club circuit which means you can see Israel Vibration up from yard playing in Long Island, or a local group play downtown at The Ones midweek or at Max's on a Sunday night, atmospheres which have more in common with Peckham and Soho than Harlem.

In any case the West Indies is surfacing in New York, and it's not just Jamaica and reggae either; it's Trinidad, Barbados and the rest, bringing with them calypso and jump up music that's likewise featured on the airwaves and in the clubs. Linton Kwesi Johnson certainly seems to have stirred up interest here on his recent visit, coinciding as it did with the West Indian Carnival in Brooklyn which attracted around a million people.

After all, why emigrate to jobless uptight Britain when you can earn good money as an electrician up in Brooklyn? It's not exactly cricket in Central Park yet, but that can't be far away.

"What has to happen — bad as we hate to say it — is that you got to open up the farms again and put black people back to work with what they can work with — their hands. What else we gonna do? Be stupid and then walk round and tear up the town? The best thing for people is to work in a hard job, stay where the taxes are low and not have much responsibility. Stay in the country and leave society alone, take what we need in society to get out of it."

— James Brown on ghetto problems, *Soho Weekly News*, June 1979.

WALKING along Harlem's 125th Street to see Bob Marley at the Apollo on a weekend night is slightly less unnerving than walking along Finsbury Park's Seven Sisters Road to see Culture at the Rainbow. Fewer policemen and dogs outside, fewer sticksmen inside.

Contrary to popular European imagination, large areas of New York are safe to walk through day *or* night; Harlem, however, isn't one of them. Drive (don't walk) a block back from the brightly lit avenue of 125th and the pavement fires fuelled on old tyres are starting up, watched over by angry eyes in the night. Kids are breaking open cars to rifle and steal, unknown lunatics with guns and junk are going about their deadly business. God knows there's enough sufferation and sophisticated poverty here to fire a more vital musical alchemy than *"Paaarrtty"*.

From epic and legendary works such as 'James Brown Live At The Apollo (Pts 1 & 2)' and other such youthful impressions, I'd always imagined the Apollo as some cavernous and decorative hall, something of a colossus by Brit standards. In reality it's an intimate, old-fashioned theatre which seats around 1600 people and which recalls bygone English music halls. It's even painted Great Western brown and cream and has usherettes. It's easy to see the reason for its reputation; a hot soul band with full house must be able to cook up one hell of an atmosphere with the audience gathered almost bowl-like around the stage.

In the foyer a vast collage of black stars from the past testify to the Apollo's history; these days the old place is something of a shadow of its former self, and Marley's decision to play there is seen as something of a boost to its sagging reputation.

The audience for the Wailers shows is a mixture of visiting whites, native Harlemites and West Indians, whose giant tams, towering caps, ites gold and green trimmings and overall dubwise style uncannily recall scenes at British reggae concerts. There's no trouble, at least not till the second show of the last night when the number of people gathered outside the theatre clearly exceeds all hopes of them all actually fitting inside.

The Wailers' show has shown dangerous signs of atrophy in the last couple of years; fresh material has been introduced but the basic line-up and format of the show has remained largely unchanged beyond the addition of Junior Marvin's flashy guitar work, with Marley's volatile voice and stage presence soaring and plunging in front of a progressively richer wall of sound. On the way some of the band's sinewy strength and pace have been lost — compare '75's triumphant 'Live' set from the Lyceum to the clumsy 'Babylon By Bus' live double of last year and the loss is all too apparent.

This time round the set is of a different composition — standards like 'Sheriff', 'Kinky Reggae' and 'Concrete Jungle' alongside virtually all of 'Survival' — and it makes for a fresher and certainly more militant set.

The greatest change is in the performance of Marley himself. No longer content to alternate between impassive eyes-shut declamation and hectic knees-up skanking, he gives each number a considered, individual treatment, his gestures and moves matching the extreme care with which he articulates each line.

The audience roars along in traditional call and response style as Marley unfolds his lyrical wares on the likes of 'Crazy Baldheads' and 'Ambush In The Night', surely his best song in years, and if rock audiences have consistently shown that you don't have to be Rasta to be moved by the anguish, spirit and rebellion of Marley's music, then right now in the clamour of a mixed audience at the Apollo Harlem there seems less reason for American blacks not to be also riding high on his insight and anger.

TRIUMPHANT though the Apollo shows were — predictably triumphant — personally I'd reached higher heights the previous day watching Marley in rehearsal. Perhaps for obvious reasons; over-familiarity with a stage show still coming fresh to many people, the intimacy of the rehearsal studio (a chance to see Marley sing with his eyes open yet!), most of all the freshness of seeing him perform unencumbered by several of the band, his songs standing simply — put it down to old-fashioned R&R and R&B tastes or new wave minimalism, whatever.

Like any other topline touring band, The Wailers are a mobile energy vortex drawing people to its centre and trailing them behind, and the studio is a constant set of comings and goings. Outside in the lobby Rita Marley and Judy Mowatt are perched with a portable tape the size of a large cornflake packet blasting out 'Survival' as inside Marley and co settle down for a seven-hour long stint. I corner the lady from the TV station as she's about to leave — was she happy with the interview she'd just copped with Bob?

"I'm delighted," she tells me. "I haven't heard substance like that since 1968 when I got into so-called black television. Who cares you can't understand him? When you got someone who's not conscious of the camera and of a philosophical nature, people pick up."

"Dem seh that this thing of ours is like the black power thing they had here ten years ago," one of the studio idlers tells me later, "same way dem seh it's like the hippies and so on, but it not the same cos dis *Rasta* business."

The jocular, powerful figure of Jacob Miller — considerably slimmed down from the rolling excess of several months back — wanders over and sits on the table in front of me. He gives me a long curious look. "Is a long time me wait to see the man personally," he says, twirling his spliff.

So wh'appen Killer Miller?

"Me no like what the man write 'pon my album, seen?" says Jacob, referring to a less than enthusiastic write-up I'd given Inner Circle's 'Everything Is Great', an album which for me embodied the worst compromises made in the name of crossover reggae. "How come the man know so much 'bout reggae? How long ya spend inna Jamaica?"

Oh, just two or three weeks here and there, nothing really.

"So how would you like it if I'd spent a few weeks in England and I came and started fe mash down rock and roll and all dem t'ing deh? What gives you the right to seh if a man should buy my album or not?" Jacob launches into a lengthy harangue of me, the rock press, white attitudes toward Rasta, and the fact that so many people on the charts sing "off-key". The atmosphere round the table is turning as friendly as an Apache war party.

But Jacob, I counter, who was giving you rave write-ups in England in 1976 when no one had even heard of Inner Circle? And anyway, you're happy enough to have white people buy your records. As for the off-key stuff, that's just rock & roll . . .

Jacob goes off into a depreciation of the punk rockers he's encountered.

"Dem great as long as dem keep dem respect, but I hear plenty punk rocker run up dem mouth on Jews and blacks and so on to bloodclaat. Is no good dat . . . But England too uptight anyway, America a better country, more free here . . ."

In some ways, definitely. Twenty minutes of banter later and Jacob and I seem to be back on terms; it's impossible not to like the man's humour, or not to respect his classic voice and stage presence. "England cool still," he says, by way of reconciliation.

Well not really, Jacob, but better must come . . .

"I met Haile Selassie once, when I was on the road in Africa with Miriam Makeba. After the show we all stood in line and he shook my hand. He was a strange person, he liked to have lions chained outside his home, the palace in Addis Ababa. He was an odd colour, there was something strange about his skin. I think he was wearing make-up or something."

— Joe Stevens, *NME* photographer.

THERE are times when Bob Marley's hotel room resembles a bus station ticket office — phones ringing, assorted people queuing up for information — who, what, when, where, how long, wh'appen — bredren, business men, mediamen and more.

This is, after all, top level music business affairs that a gwan, with the creative centre of it the diminutive figure with yard-long dreadlocks piled inside his tam, trying to carry out what he sees as his appointed work.

No one who's that big in this business escapes the pressures, the sycophants, the scars (literal in Marley's case), but Marley manages better than most. He fields the phone calls expertly, despatches business decisively, warms to his visitors quickly.

He's acutely conscious of energy conservation, and rests up plenty for the gruelling round of travel and stageshows, always finding time for relaxation — soccer, reasoning, laughter. "Anytime you can't laugh you're foolish, tension get you mash," he tells me.

His religion is no mere adjunct to his life and art but the constant foundation of everything he says and does. There are a lot of cynical attitudes around towards Rasta, based mainly on the central Rastafarian tenet that Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia was/is God incarnate (Rastas have never accepted his death), and sometimes compounded by a degree of racism, not to mention pure ignorance of the way Rastas actually conduct their lives.

In any case the days when Marley felt obliged to explain his Rastafarian ideals and beliefs to a white audience have evidently gone for the most part. *"We are what we are, that's the way it's going to be,"* he says on 'Survival'. Certainly I'm left in little doubt from either the album or our conversation that Bob Marley is tired of having to justify himself to unsympathetic ears.

Whatever you think to Marley, his beliefs and his music, the fact remains that he and his associates are sustaining in an altogether remarkable way. Few major rock stars at the age of 34 can boast the same on and offstage vitality, commitment, and creative genius that Marley continues to exhibit and which shows scant signs of disappearing. That the future holds new developments seems extremely likely, with Africa looming as the next target for musical conquest.

Our conversation proceeds in its usual slightly erratic manner, Marley shifting from prophetic solemnity to hearty laughter with disarming swiftness. Jamaican is a language that loses much from transposition to the printed page.

SINCE I last saw you you've been to Africa, which on the evidence of 'Survival' has had an enormous effect . . .

You mean 'Africa Unite', 'Zimbabwe' and dem stuff? Yeah it's true.

Did you go to Zimbabwe?

No, just across Kenya to Ethiopia, but when I was in Ethiopia there was a big thing there for Zimbabwe, some big t'ing. It means a lot to the people there.

How did Africa compare to your imagination of it?

It was like I imagined and more than I could imagine.

You've often talked and written of the movement of black people back to Africa. How are they going to fit in there if they've grown up somewhere like America or Britain?

Well whoever want to return there will . . put themselves towards it. Cos once you wanna do it then you'll do it. It's a force you can accept or not. It could be like, in time of flood people have to evacuate. Maybe all the people will have to evacuate the West (laughs). Never can tell . . .

(Marley's person / aide interrupts): Could be a nuclear power job . . .

Well, Africa isn't polluted with nukes like the West — but still South Africa has nuclear power now.

Aide: Dat is just System that bring about that pollution, get rid of the System and pollution a go. That's what we're about to do.

BM: Yeah man.

So you think any means necessary to do that is justified? The gun?

BM (sombrely): If necessary.

Aide: Check how much people dead in Africa nowadays. If it continue same way there could be a million dead, so we have to come to a solution — one time one fight with maybe 250,000 people dead, seen? So it better it just happen so than this constant killing and killing.

Are you gonna play Africa, Bob?

YES!

Would you play South Africa if the present government allowed you to?

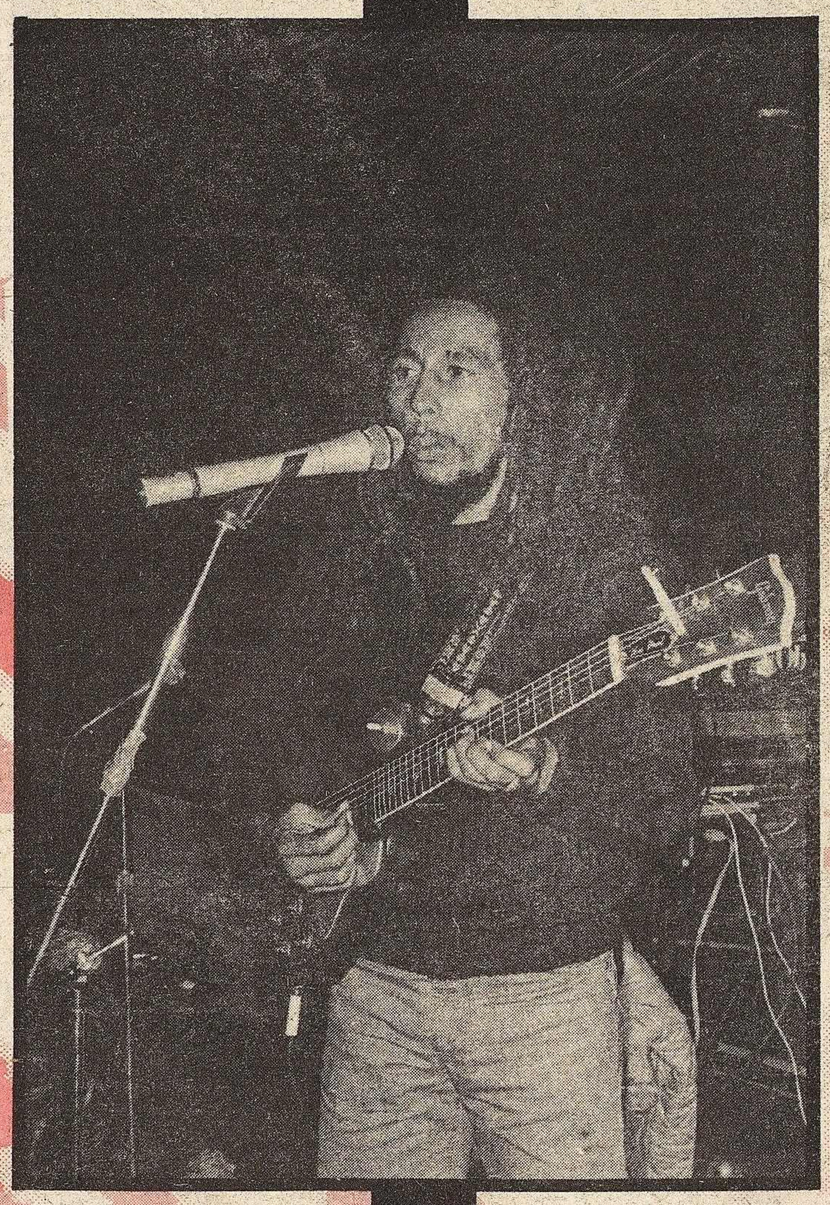
Me no play South Africa till South Africa free, because them neutralise everything. Anything the people want them must get it . . .

Do black Africans recognise the divinity of Haile Salassie?

Well, Ethiopia is the only place that never got colonialised, so you find most of the places that were colonised by French, English, you find their way of life and teachings exist there now, so the whole thing now is if these people gonna prefer the teaching of France or dem

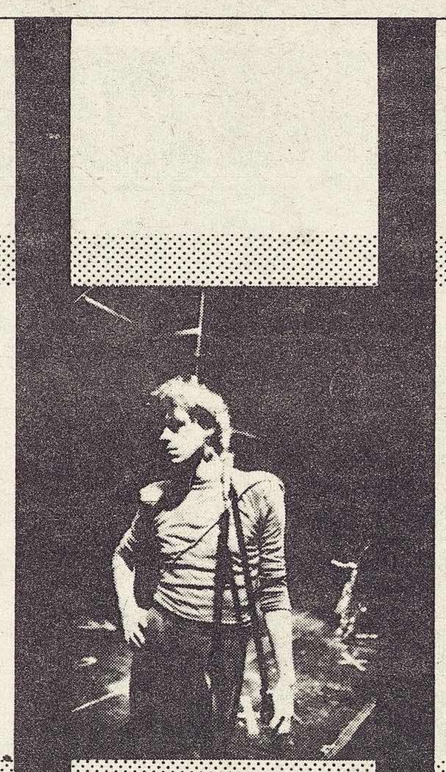
■ *Continues page 58*

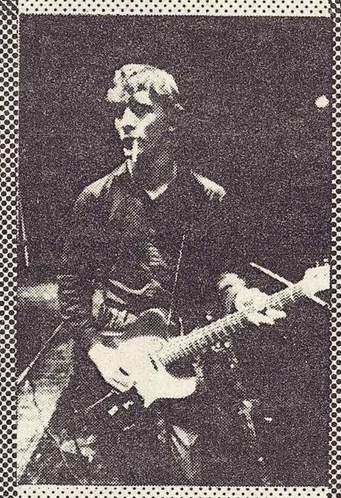
Pic: Kate Simon

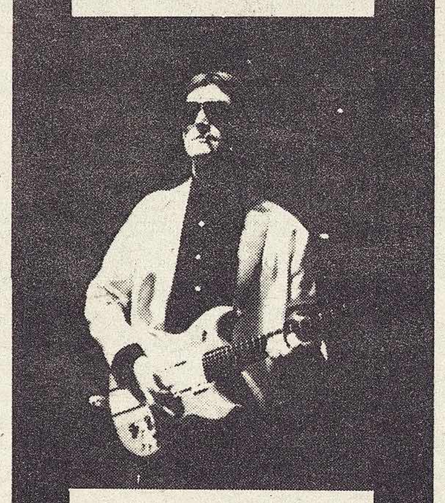


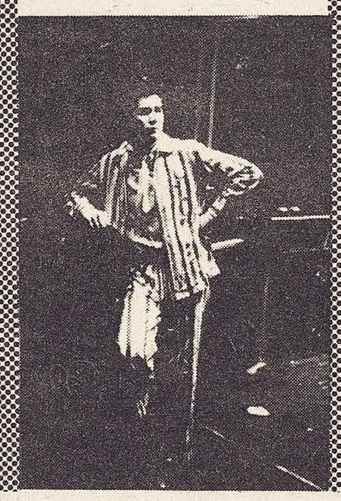
Pic: Kate Simon

"Me no play South Africa till South Africa free, because them neutralise everything ..."









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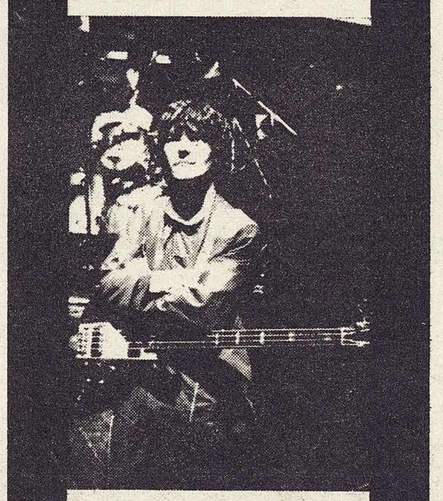
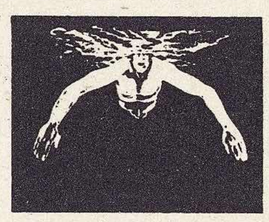
(Not on the album)



the boomtown rats

Produced by Robert John Lange ENY 33



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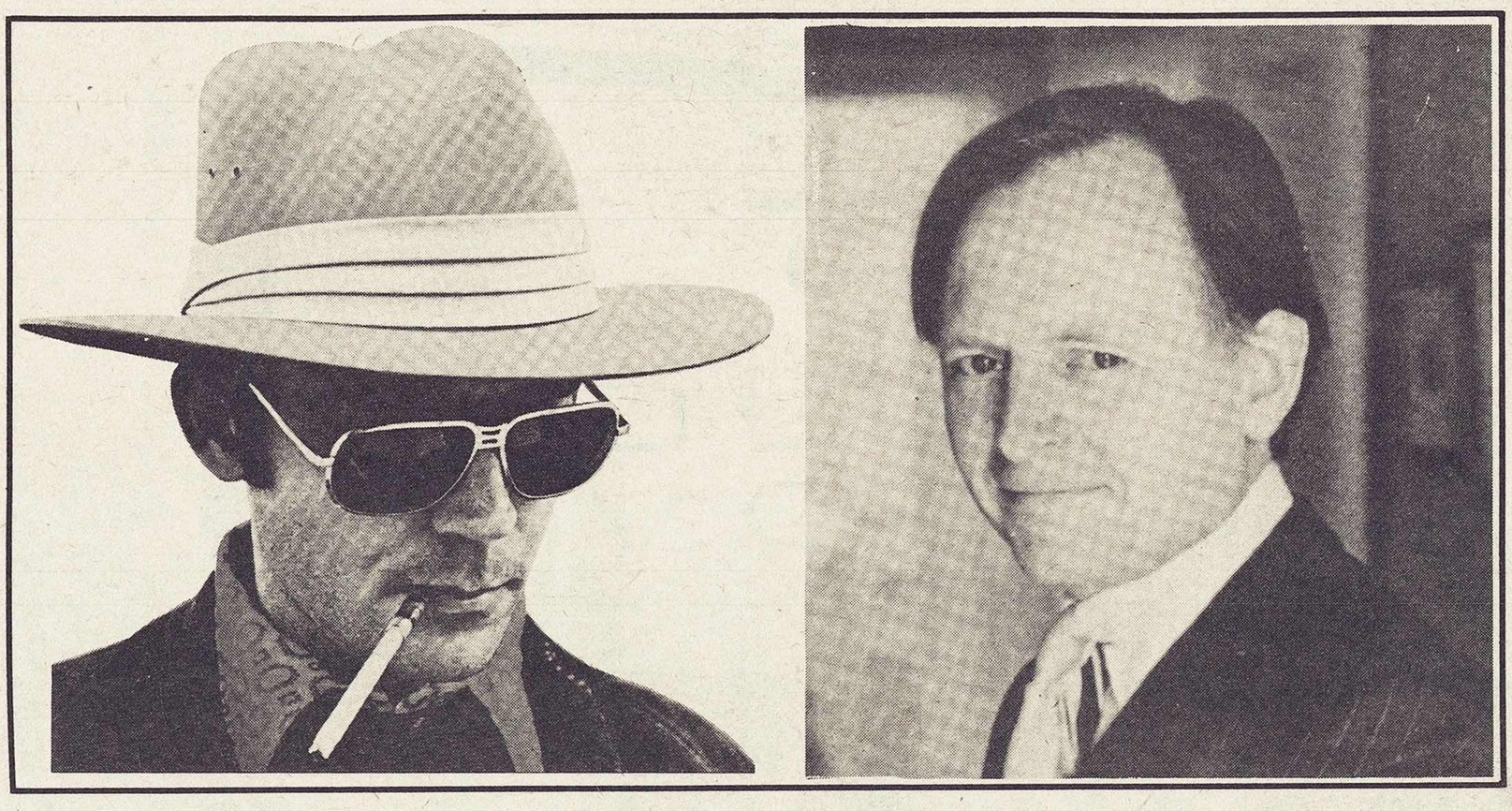
The Two Horsemen Of The American Apocalypse

HUNTER S. THOMPSON: The Great Shark Hunt (Summit Books)

TOM WOLFE: The Right Stuff (Farrar Straus Giroux)



Hunter S. Thompson (left) and Tom Wolfe (right) journey to the heart of the modern American dream. Max Bell tags along for the view.

COMPARISONS, as they say, are inevitable, coincidences are a little harder to fathom. So when Tom Wolfe puts out a book on the true grit life-style, the blood, sweat and tears (particularly tears) of the '60s forgotten heroes — the seven Mercury Astronauts — and Thompson beats him into the breach with a timely collection culled from twenty years devoted service to the gonzo cause, we can afford to hang loose and pick up.

Both *The Great Shark Hunt* — Thompson's first published book since *Fear and Loathing On The Campaign Trail* — and *The Right Stuff* are journeys to the heart of the great American Dream, observations from the ledge of edge city. Thompson and Wolfe have perfected ways of telling you what it is and how it was. If that dream is now a western nightmare and a soured promise to one, and a just-so-much-to-be-expected state of affairs to the other, then that only adds added spice to the proceedings. The same America that Tom Wolfe finds too freaking much!!! the good Dr. HST views with a jaundiced eye, its bad craziness threatening to chew him and spit him out like so much discarded tobacco.

Thompson's collection of his own work is sub-titled 'Strange Tales from a Strange Time'. The 42 year old Kentucky wildcat who used to rip off the tills in liquor stores, got dismissed from the Air Force for writing with too much candour and stood, unsuccessfully, as sheriff for Aspen, Colorado, under the 'Freak Power' flag, is now a celebrity on the campus and a hit in the book store, minor facts that seem to leave him completely unmoved. Thompson writes with an adrenalin charged cranked-up frenzy. As time goes by he just gets crazier. *The Great Shark Hunt* picks him up from the earliest days, reporting on the South American political scene at its wildest and most dangerous (reports first published in *The National Observer).* Thompson did his active typewriter service in all the hot spots, all the places where CIA agents were fomenting aggravation and silencing dissidents; in Mexico, in Rio, amongst the Brazilian Indians and the Incas. Thompson digs the dirt and spatters it across the page. His *Strange Rumblings In Aztlan,* a piece originally in *Rolling Stone,* is almost a model of restraint for the gonzo prince but let him start describing the murder of Ruben Salazar, spokesmen for the oppressed Mexican outlaws in Los Angeles and the cork comes off and objectivity goes to the wind in a torrent of gross, truthful description.

The Aztlan saga was the beginning of a friendship with attorney Oscar Zeta Ocasta whose disappearance is discussed elsewhere in *TGSH.* The repercussions of that experience are vast and well suited to this enterprise; the use of first person narrator as an involved active participant can be traced through the '60s and into the '70s, the Age of Fear, with a rising gradient that reflects Thompson's deranged mind. The menace to society of the Hells Angels are nothing compared with Richard Milhous Nixon and the dour inherent fascism of middle America (which is incidentally no reason for any European self-congratulation).

Through Thompson's drugged, drunken fantastic gaze you get a savage glimpse into the background of a multi million dollar Presidential rat race — cold blooded murders and wire tapping added extras — plus introductions to the unreal worlds of Mohammad Ali, the original hippies, an itinerant road bum still looking for the mythical Promised Land, the seamy side of sports stardom, Jesus Freaks and Ballantines Ale. It's compelling, frightening reading but it is also very funny, ha-ha *and* peculiar.

Thompson's own hero is probably Joseph Conrad, although he never made anybody bust a gut and could never have seen his subjects with the same mixture of hatred and addiction that is here. Only Thompson could tell the reader that "I've always considered writing to be the most hateful kind of work" while chuckling over the fact that he's getting paid for it. That kind of masochism we can all relate to.

DAPPER Tom Wolfe published his own retrospective, *Mauve Gloves And Madmen, Clutter and Vine,* two years back but then HST includes a cautionary tale *Those Daring Young Men In Their Flying Machines . . . Ain't What They Used To Be!* (on the aftermath of the American space programme) written in *1969* so . . .

Wolfe's account of the first men to leave the earth, the supersonic tests, the wives who wait, is a refinement of the serialised epic called *Post-Orbital Remorse* that *Rolling Stone* ran in 1973. 'The Right Stuff' is Wolfe's catch phrase for the righteous, man over machine fraternity based in Edwards and Murac, who sold their souls to NASA in the '50s and '60s and won their nation's undying gratitude . . . until they became the forgotten question in a trivia quiz where a Teflon non-stick pan is the answer.

Wolfe is a mainstream, polite writer compared to Thompson. His objectivity does work and is utterly convincing although it's been mooted that he treats the facts to suit his case: never trust a journalist, not even a new one.

Even so *The Right Stuff* reveals the most you could wish to know about the Astronauts without having *been* there. Wolfe brings John Glenn, Al Shepherd and Gus Grissom to life with an attention to warts-and-all detail that will absorb anyone who's ever wondered what it's like to step out yonder and look down. It isn't a glamorous picture. Wolfe accentuates the fact that America lost out in the initial space race with the Russkies and lost face in the Cold War incidents that shadowed NASA's mission; the Bay of Pigs, Kennedy's death, the Berlin Wall — all these loom above the triumphs of the astros.

And wouldn't you know that the *right stuff,* the fighter jock life-blood, was as prone to the boredom of desensitizing ritual as the next man's? First time John Glenn hits the orbital arc in his claustrophobic capsule he feels . . . not a lot: "His launching was an utterly novel event in American history and yet he could feel none of its novelty."

Alongside the astronauts are the chimpanzees who made it all possible. Wolfe gets inside their heads too, describes the barbarous training programme that man and the primates underwent so that the American flag could be raised on the moon.

The righteousness of it all appeals to the Virginian rennaisance man in Wolfe but you always come away feeling that the writer's objectivity is a version of cynical detachment. Mach five, mach six, 5000 mph, 17000 mph, the sacred 7, tea with Jackie Kennedy and the White House bouquets; it's all the same to Tom. Just as with Kesey or Babbs or Cassady, he is fascinated by other people's extremities and idiosyncrasies, he even understands them, but he isn't finally *involved.*

Which doesn't prevent him being a genuine social historian *and* a sharp dresser to boot. It's a pity that *The Right Stuff* doesn't enter into the moon shots and the post-trip cosmic consciousness of the astronauts who'd been there and found their God. The accounts of Ed Mitchell's sudden attacks of radioactive ESP, or John Glenn's political and religious zeal after he hung up his suit were amongst the most fascinating parts of *Post-Orbital Remorse* but they aren't included here.

For now we have a lot of essential reporting on our generation from the two men best equipped to make some sense of the entire grisly shebang. As for those comparisons. Hunter Thompson makes a few.

With regard to Wolfe's New Journalism doctrines the mad Doc writes: "Wolfe's problem is that he's too crusty to *participate* in his stories. The people he feels comfortable with are as dull as stale dogshit and the people who seem to fascinate him as a writer are so weird that they make him nervous. The only thing new and unusual about Wolfe's journalism is that he's an abnormally *good* reporter; he has a fine sense of echo and at least a peripheral understanding of what John Keats was talking about when he said that thing about Truth & Beauty." The quote reveals sufficient about both writers to be acute without being bitchy.

Wolfe *is* urbane and as ice cold as a nuclear scientist (he took LSD once during the writing of *The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test* but never referred to that experience directly). Still, you only have to run up *The Right Stuff* against Norman Mailer's painfully liberal, moralising account of the moon shot in *Of A Fire On The Moon,* to appreciate the man's flair for putting his material under the microscope. After all, if Nixon had had his way both Thompson *and* Wolfe would have gone to the wall for their dedication to that amalgam of truth and beauty.

As Raoul Duke put it all those years back, "When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro." You've got them both here.

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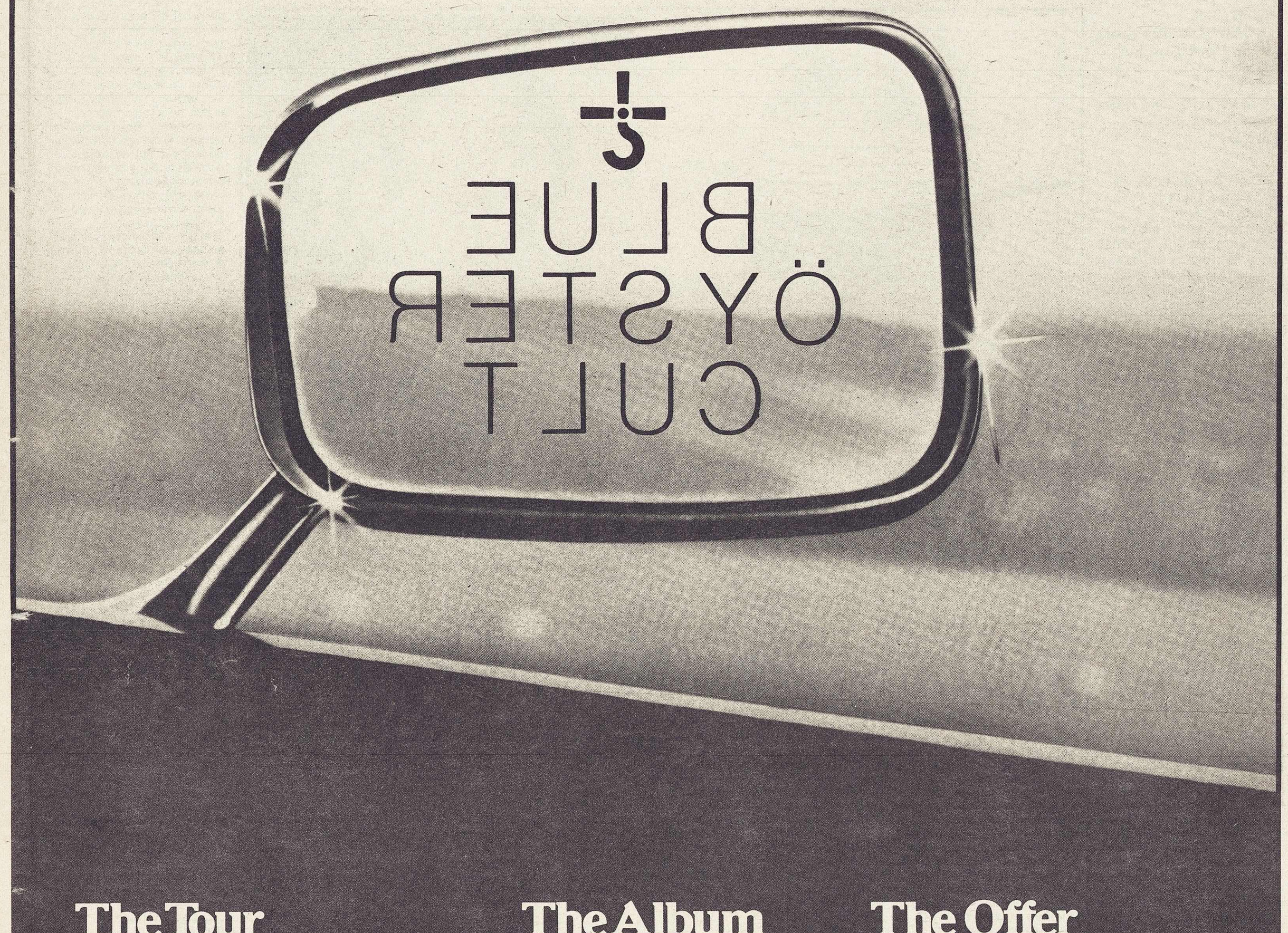

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ALBUMS

Paul Weller away from it all. Pic by Pennie Smith.

Aloneagainorwhat?

The Jam explore the grey everyday; TONY STEWART meets them halfway

THE JAM
Setting Sons *(Polydor)*

CHANGE. It's something Paul Weller wrote about on 'To Be Someone', that sour story on 'All Mod Cons' about the kid who wanted to be famous and then wasted it all away. There was a typical Weller air of inevitability in the song, capped perfectly with the characteristic twisted sneer of *"But didn't we have a nice time?"*.

Of course Weller is unlikely to self-destruct because he's too clever by far. He has always adapted to change and rarely taken risks. Three years ago The Jam started with a tried and tested formula of early '60s Who, Weller so besotted with Townshend that imitating the grandfather's style bordered on monomania. But he added a quality of his own: just enough aggressive belligerence to stand to the right of original punk's storm of indignance and insolence.

Weller created for himself a cosy, comfortable position. With their sharp suits, laundered looks and unthreatening demeanour, The Jam's image segregated them from 'subversive' punk. They were middle-class entertainment, seemingly going for mass, and not cult, acceptance. And it took three albums to find their own identity and step out of the warm security of imitation.

'All Mod Cons' was a brilliant album where Weller discovered his artistic focus. It had followed their debut 'In The City', which was vibrant but erratic, contrived and too much of a '60s Who appreciation society, and 'This Is The Modern World', which was one-dimensional with the slogans and catch-phrases for a youth movement, also musically shoddy with Weller all too conscious of the significance of imperfection.

'All Mod Cons' took the best of both and dumped the conceit of the rest. It was adapted to the prevalent musical climate and has since brought about a change in modern rock 'n' roll. It was a classic, musically mature and lyrically a broad description of its time: the emotions and characters and lifestyles; the classes and the fashions; the escapism and the blunt realities.

On those terms, there probably isn't another '70s album to match it. But Weller knows all about change. While 'All Mod Cons' became a celebrated masterpiece (and Mod celebration) that allowed The Jam to leave behind that surrogate-Who stigma *and* establish Weller as one of Britain's few great writing talents, its critical acclaim became an impediment.

Just how do they top *that?*

Write the fourth chapter of the Mod manifesto and invite even stronger comparisons between Weller and Ray Davies and Townshend?

No, 'Setting Sons' is a major development and something of a departure. Basically The Jam are disassociating themselves from Mod before they're buried with it.

Musically the style is familiar, if more measured and weightier than before, and there isn't one dubious song among the nine originals. Lyrically it's characteristically Weller, involving social scenarios and observations on class and fashion. Even so the album is still the greatest risk they've taken in their careers.

Apart from 'Saturday's Kids' — a brilliant piece of reportage: *"Saturdays kids live in council houses/Wear v-necked shirts and baggy trousers/Drive Cortinas fur trimmed dash boards/Stains on the seats — in the back of course!"* — 'Setting Sons' doesn't possess the easily recognisable youth tribalism of 'All Mod Cons'. Its scope has wider connotations but, paradoxically, its subjects are narrower and less easy to identify.

It's not a 'concept' album in terms of a story but 'Sons' has a recurrent theme, dealing primarily with change: growing old, growing apart, growing whimsical, growing cynical . . .

"No it wasn't enough — and now we've gone and spoiled everything/Now we're no longer as thick as thieves."

'Thick As Thieves' is possibly the best song Weller has *ever* written and the key to the album's theme. Second track in on side one, following the ridiculously superficial 'Girl On The Phone', it's the long, detailed story of a friendship and the closeness of that relationship: *"We stole from the schools and their libraries/We stole from the drugs that sent us to sleep/We stole from the drink that made us sick/We stole anything that we couldn't keep/And it was enough — we didn't have to spoil anything/And always be as thick as thieves."*

Then comes the eventual breakup: *"But something came along that changed our minds/I don't know what and I don't know why/But we seemed to grow up in a flash of time/While we watched our ideals helplessly unwind."*

The song puts the others into perspective, each one explaining why the group split up: 'Burning Sky', the busy businessman's letter of excuses; 'The Eton Rifles', a tale of a misguided, impotent revolutionary challenging the establishment — *"Thought you were smart when you took them on/But you didn't take a peep in their artillery room/All that rugby puts hairs on your chest/What chance have you got against a tie and crest"*; 'Wasteland', a bleak grey landscape, Weller's metaphor of life; 'Private Hell', the tale of unfilled dreams as a woman goes into depressing middle-age. And even the opening of 'Little Boy Soldiers' slots briefly into the theme before becoming an anti-war song, with Weller finally resigning himself to the futility of protest (in much the same way as he does on 'The Eton Rifles'): *"These days I find that I can't be bothered/To argue with them well what's the point."*

'Girl On The Phone', the somewhat misplaced 'Heat Wave' (about as interpretive as 'In The Midnight Hour' on 'Modern World') and Bruce Foxton's 'Smithers-Jones' are the only contrasts to the bleak, distraught and depressing theme. And the latter — the ironic story of the conscientious toff who gets sacked by a sun-tanned boss, thus reinforcing the general impression that life's a tragedy, no matter what — is the major stylistic departure, sweet vocals over a curtain of strings.

Strings? Is this the modern world or not?

The rest of the album Weller carries alone with his stunning vocals, chopping, abrupt and propulsive guitar, and a batch of melodies and arrangements that put many of the songs on 'All Mod Cons' into the shade.

There's the power of 'Thieves'; the ragged anger of 'Private Hell'; the mellow prettiness of 'Wasteland'; the theatrical drama of the three movements in 'Little Boy Soldiers'; the staccato, slashing guitar on 'Burning Sky' . . .

And the hooks and harmonies — the commercialism — are all there, with drummer Rick Buckler and bassist Foxton following Weller's order implicitly. More than ever, it's a one man band, away now from fashion and transient fads. 'Setting Sons' is Weller's own personal statement.

Unlike 'All Mod Cons', Weller is setting himself a daring test: the success of this album doesn't rely on familiarity and identification, but on his talent alone.

It's Paul's best album yet; almost his first solo album too.

HUGH CORNWELL AND ROBERT WILLIAMS
Nosferatu *(United Artists)*

FACES may change, but 'Nosferatu' is basically very old hat. Very old wavey, you know — the prissy arty type rockystar who is just bursting with so much creative vibration that he/she has to step outside the belittling constraints of group practice to realise the ripeness.

I think old Nick said this last week in his piece, so I'll leave the Stringers out of this, and — garlic and cheap crucifix about my puny person — creep a little nearer the Great Object.

Hugh has supposedly found in Magic Band drummer Robert Williams a Like Mind (maybe they should call themselves The — simple! — Like Minds) and the daring duo employ Ian Underwood, Ian Dury and two packets of Devo to mix the cake up as nutty and fruity as possible. These guest appearances are another old hat notion. Nothing wrong with getting friends to make noises for you, but it does depend on how it's done.

On 'Nosferatu' it comes across like all those boring early '70s solo works, just a smug scrapbook, a 'what we did on our holidays' home movie with silly cameos. As for comparisons with The Strongers, sorry, the fact is that I don't listen to their records. Not on any special ideological nag, I just don't listen to the vast majority of records released in this rocky rocky world by your Banshees, your Skids, your Kids, Tourists, Moorist Blips, whoever. Like — I have no particular need or desire to consume every last film, TV programme, or novel in this world, knowing *a priori* that I will be bored to loathing by most of 'em.

What little I have heard of Hugh's boys tells me they sound rather more like a Wimpey road construction crew than does 'Nosferatu', and — Hugh's voice and lyrics aside — my aesthetic advice to Cornwell would be to stick with Williams. Although given the choice between the Captain and . . .

Anyway, I know you're dying to know all about the concept in hand. The Cornwall/Williams 'concept' seems to be lyrical concentration on one or two subjects which just about cross over into one another. This doesn't necessarily mean that they attempt any diagnosis or analysis thereof; as Hugh himself sez, 'Nosferatu' is but a soundtrack for a film which doesn't, and will never, exist.

What could be worse? Most soundtracks, musicals and weepies like *Taxi Driver* aside, are the most useless form of listening activity known to a person, even when one has seen the film. So, 'Nosferatu' is a soundtrack with words for a film without images, a collection of 'descriptive' statements: mysteries and maunderings. It's very dull.

The five song 'Nosferatu' cycle on side one has all the kind of 'weird' and 'spooky' electronic noises you'd expect it to, as obvious as its words: *'He may die but he'll go on Nosferatu!'*.

'Losers In A Lost Land' and 'Irate Caterpillar' are plain chaps sailing, Hugh's "I Am A Method Poet" voice going thud thud thud, and the background muzak sounding like Zappa at his most

Cornwell in the cold. Pic by Pennie Smith

Cryptophilic

Carnegie Hall. The version of Cream's 'White Room' means about as much to me — what a spring chicken! — as a version of a Stranglers song would, and the final track, 'Rhythmic Itch', is the only vaguely bearable noise, featuring as it does the Mothersbaugh Brothers from The Dead Democrats or some such other Los Angles 'punk' band.

Like Julie Burchill once said of Devo, their failing was/is that insistence on acting *completely* nuts, striving for an effect they could easily achieve by keeping elements of the projected image and emphasising it through a distorted 'normal' facade. The able Mothersbaugh voice on 'Rhythmic Itch' is the only bit of noise on 'Nosferatu' that's at all creepy . . . but then we all know what creeps Devo are, rocky stars like the rest, interesting only by default (that's one default line one must occasionally sink under).

The Burchill/Devo premise is even truer of the side two, which is supposed to be 'about' — Hugh? — "aspects of perversity". Like side one's subject, the trouble is that the straightforward insistence on what's 'real' amounts to all the predictable points along the landscape. Like a protective rail, the narrative song edges that ramifying flow of images and sounds in a single direction (straight forward), constructs a law (what is to be seen and heard, what is to be related, a context of rightness), regulates a point of view.

Your cheeky chap Dury does a bit of predictable Dury cheeky chap yelping here and there, but otherwise the pristine Cornwell/Williams motorik trundles along, very smart alec, very elusive, very aimless. A snatch of typically slack lyric from the last track, 'Puppets', writes the project's own epitaph: *"They dance by themselves/They whine and soar and seesaw/Mime and pretend to speak."*

More rocky music pointing at obvious — or MYSTERIOUS! — things in an obvious — or MYSTERIOUS! — manner.

All I can say is — to carry on Master Kent's Led Zep/Stranglers analogy of last week — for all their arrogance someone like Zeppelin never sunk so low as to solo; at least Page keeps his black magic box to himself.

Coming soon! *ICE CREAM MAN RINGETH! The new solo album from . . .*

Ian Penman

CLARENCE 'GATEMOUTH' BROWN
San Antonio Ballbuster *(Charly)*

THE PRISONAIRES
Five Beats Behind Bars *(Charly)*

'BALLBUSTER,' a re-release of an album issued here by Red Lightning some five years ago, is a marvellous compilation formed from the Texas R&B sides that Gate cut for the Peacock label during the late '40s and '50s.

Indicative of the fare that stacked up alongside the Wyonie Harris, Louis Jordan and Joe Liggins shellac on the black jukeboxes, the tracks include 'Uproar,' an instrumental boogie filled with Gate's programmed - to - excite guitar licks; 'Dirty Work At The Crossroads,' a thoughtfully arranged affair that charted in '53; 'Rock My Blues Away,' a powerhouse piece that cocked a snoot at the ersatz of Haley's Comets; and 'Just Before Dawn,' on which the man from Orange, Texas, shoulders his fiddle and bows the blues like some acid-demented Paganini.

Historically important in its roots of rock vein, 'Ballbuster' also makes it at music level and, despite the scratchiness of the 78s from which it was mastered, is an essential buy.

The Prisonaires album, compiled from Sun recordings, many of them previously unissued, is lower strata stuff, albeit interesting. A doo-wop group who got together while imprisoned in the Nashville State Penitentiary, The Prisonaires are best remembered for writing and recording 'Just Walking In The Rain' while still doing time.

Three years later, in 1965, Johnnie Ray covered it and grabbed a No. 1 in the *NME* charts, though by that time the now released Prisonaires had moved on to become The Sunbeams and The Marigolds.

Fred Dellar

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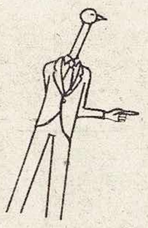

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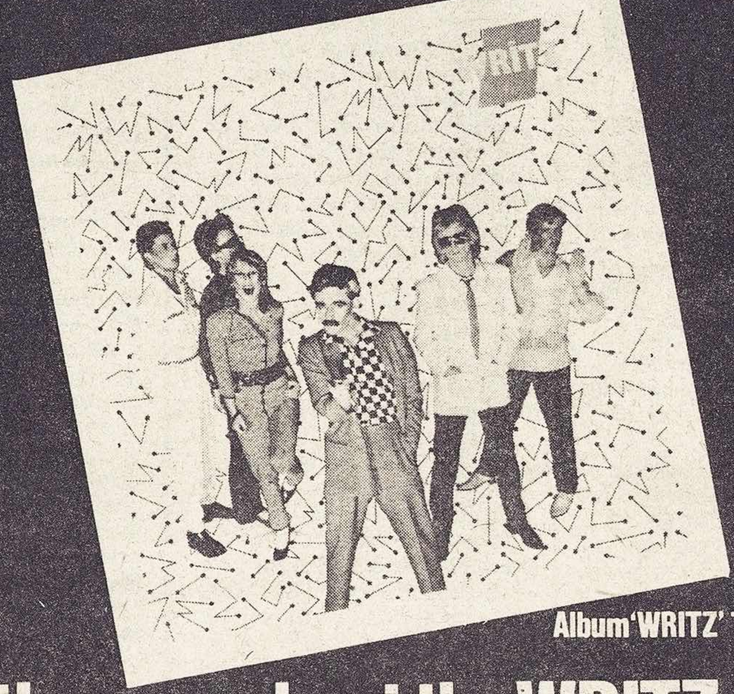

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THE FALL

Dragnet *(Step Forward)*

"IS there anybody there???" calls Mark E Smith across the lead-in grooves to the first moments of the second Fall album.

Well, that's a tough one alright and, surprisingly, the answer this time around is not "Ain't nobody here but us chickens," but a loud and emphatic "Yeah!!!" . . .

This is a good, hopeful start, and its optimism is not betrayed by what follows, because what does follow is irresistible and unique, a happy, challenging music of unforced energy and simple vision, just everyday inspiration, seized in the instant before it vanishes, placed in gainful employment for the enjoyment of us all. It's a Bunglers' Bop and it's easy to learn so don't be scared to dance it. Its only steps are forward.

What with three members gone beyond, and Marc Riley moved from bass to guitar, the one constant connection between 'Dragnet' and its predecessor, 'Live At The Witch Trials', is the persistent presence of Smith. (The new bassist is Steve Hanley, the new drummer is Mike Leigh, and in place of regular keyboards there's Craig Scanlon on extra guitar). 'Witch Trials' was an encouraging innovation when it appeared, but its lingering image, for me, is scrappy and drab, more frustration than pleasure — whereas the present record, with a single bounding leap, sees The Fall free and on their feet.

They're still cryptic, given to littering the product and package with enigmatic nonsenses and carefree incoherence — often witty, sometimes wilfully difficult, maybe — but I've simply decided not to let any of that detract from the album's indisputable charms. Obscurity either intrigues or irritates — and in The Fall's case it's more usually the latter, I find, until you stop losing sleep over 'meanings' and let them get on with it.

The problem is (no 'problem' at all, really) that The Fall aren't out for any of the stock rock responses, and whilst a lot of us are coming to terms with it individually, we've yet to develop a shared language to express these reactions with — no styles of dress or dance, no new vocabulary or recommended repertoire of attitudes.

It's this distance from the rock and roll mainstream that makes this stuff difficult to describe and to market, even if I believe The Fall do fall quite naturally in direct descent from all the best and truest youth music of these decades. The form might be different but the spirit is really intact — spontaneous, self-obsessed yet generous, oblivious to tradition and the 'right' way of doing things. All you've got to do is drop a lot of unnecessary preconceptions and it's yours for the taking.

The Fall put it better: "It's Original Article. Not romantic not sub-intellectual not 'tough' re-cycled three chord big boots . . . Snug in natural accents in front of unaffected music. 'Dragnet' isn't a mass of confusion covered by reverb and a control board."

It is, however, more conventionally attractive than the earlier work, although it lacks the benefit of Karl Burns' distinctive drumming. The two new guitars make their presence felt with invention and freshness and Smith's songwriting grows increasingly accessible; even the flat Mancunian delivery seems more in sympathy with its material than before.

Of the numbers themselves, it's the opening 'Psykick Dancehall' that's the most striking: *"Medium dischord"*, a great break-out. 'A Figure Walks' is said to be "a song written during a long walk home wearing an anorak which restricted vision by 2 thirds". Yeah? Git *down* . . .

'Muzorewi's Daughter' is a lapse back into naughtiness, notes the reviewer sternly, nicely tribal-flavoured but still an endless repetition of something only barely worth saying once or twice. There's more of that jungly thump through 'Dice Man', their one brief encounter with orthodoxy, a mangled Bo Diddley-ism: *"They say music should be fun like reading a story of love. But I wanna read a horror story."*

Mark E Smith is not, so far as I'm aware, any sort of genius; nor do The Fall represent some magical chemistry of talent. They seem to be no more than more or less intelligent people who take chances with noise and words, for fun, for curiosity and for badness.

But anyone could do that . . . Well, perhaps they could. But if only they *would.*

(Is there anybody there?)

Paul Du Noyer

The Fall's Mark Smith. Pic by Kevin Cummins

Cryptic

IMPORTS

SHERIFF, who have an album called 'Sheriff' out on the Observatory label, are one of those totally anonymous bands who are not very good, not very bad and not really anything at all. A critic's nightmare, in fact. Presumably they could boogie on forever, cutting tracks that seem hard to recall even seconds later. Which is why the only thing I can remember about their made-in-Virginia offering is that it's low on playing time — one side clocks in at just 13.24 — and is actually proud to do so. "This album has less than 17 minutes music per side to preserve the full dynamics of the music," claims the blurb. What dynamics? What music? Really, I can't remember. Time to join Amnesiacs Anonymous, I guess!

Next, a newsflash to announce that **B. B. King's** quintessential 'Live At The Regal' is now being imported on the U.S. Pickwick label. Which means you can lay your mitts on a copy for just £2.95. Great stuff, eh?

The other good news is that Rhino's 'International Elvis Impersonators' Convention' 12" EP is also around right now. Of tremendous cultural importance to the free world, the disc features renditions of Presley favourites provided by such as **Yankel Prestin,** who began performing Elvis impersonations back in '34; **Hound Dog Fujimoto,** the protege of **Colonel Toho Parkoto** and the owner of seven gold-plated rickshaws; plus **Gunga Maharesley,** an entertainer best known for his efforts in persuading the Indian Government to rename the Taj Mahal, 'Graceland Mansion East'.

The sleeve that houses the remarkable efforts by these superb impersonators provides evidence that all involved not only sound like Elvis but also look amazingly like him, **Elvis Von Borman** (from Argentina) appearing in a typical Presley steel helmet; **Elvisini Presliano** (from Italy) playing the same sort of concertina El used on all his gigs; and Israeli **Elvis Prestein** sporting that beard we knew and loved so well. One of Rhino's most important releases to date — even surpassing their kazoo version of 'Whole Lotta Love' — the 'Impersonators Convention' makes any collection of indispensable rubbish complete.

Fred Dellar

IAN HUNTER

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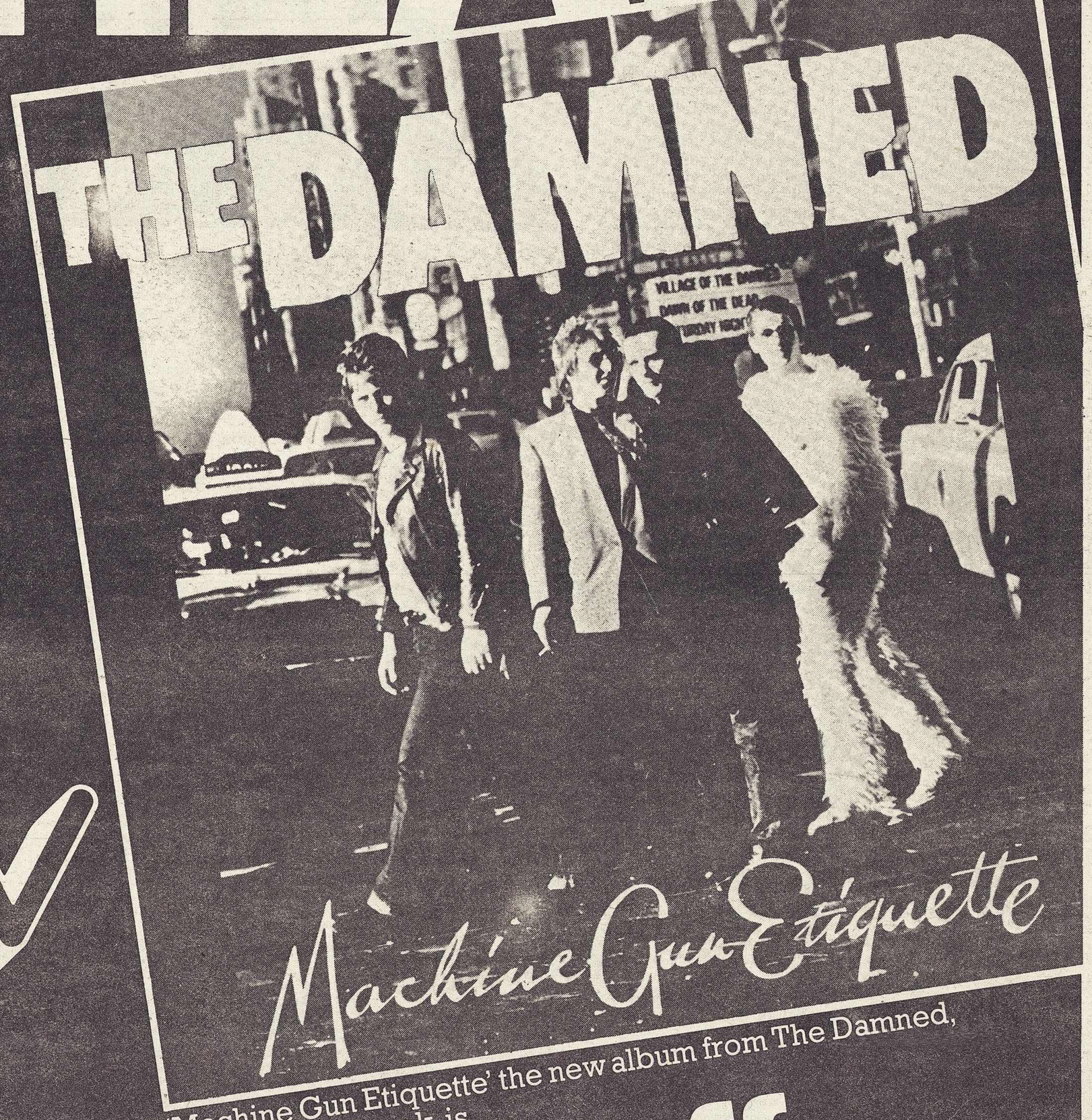

'Machine Gun Etiquette' the new album from The Damned, released this week, is

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New Release: Marianne Faithfull's album 'Broken English' is out now.
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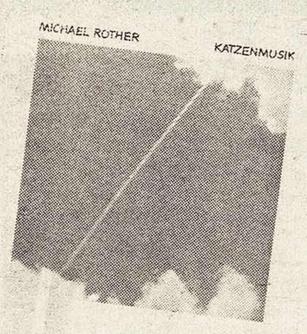
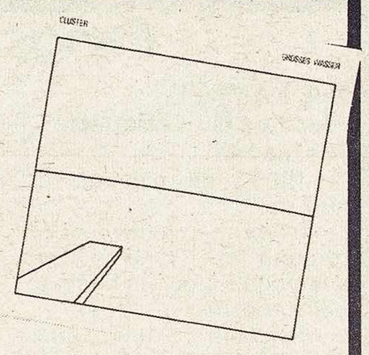
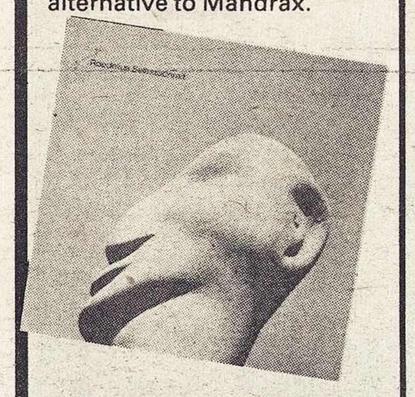




MICHAEL ROTHER
Katzenmusik *(Sky)*
CLUSTER
Grosses Wasser *(Sky)*
ROEDELIUS
Selbstportrait *(Sky)*
GUNTHER SCHICKERT
Uberfallig *(Sky)*
EARTHSTAR
French Skyline *(Sky)*
ADELBERT VON DEYEN
Nordborg *(Sky)*
WOLFGANG RIECHMANN AND STREETMARK
Wolfgang Riechmann and Streetmark *(Sky)*
EDGAR FROESE
Stuntman *(Virgin)*

LISTENED to en masse, the latest batch of albums from German chamber-rock label Sky serves mainly as evidence of the massive influence of Tangerine Dream on their compatriots; unfortunately, rather than taking this influence as a jumping-off point for other things, some German musicians would seem to be (already) completely defined by it, producing soporific albums of cosmic redundancy redeemable only as a safe alternative to Mandrax.



The Gothic pretence of 'Nordborg' and 'French Skyline', for instance, is quite excruciating. 'Nordborg' consists of two twenty-minute pieces, each taking up an entire side with stern, glacial inanity of the worst kind, whilst 'French Skyline' is pure, undiluted bourgeois synthi-slop. Which is not really surprising, since protagonists Earthstar (an American band, apparently) believe co-producer Klaus Schulze to be "perhaps the new Wagner or Beethoven of our time" (!).

Wolfgang Riechmann's album is an odd, fragmentary affair whose opener, 'Passage', hints at Neu with its phased drums and flow, but which deteriorates into a kind of sub-Camel maudlin bombast on side two. 'Nuff said.

When a person's self-portrait consists of such uninspired (and uninspiring) dribbles of muzak as does Hans-Joachim Roedelius', what are we to assume about that person? Is Roedelius really as monodynamic a personality as 'Selbstportait' suggests, or is this the result of over-exposure to Eno's ambientmusic hobby-horse?

Even Edgar Froese's 'Stuntman' has more going for it than 'Selbstportrait', and that's innocuous enough — the patter of tiny rhythm-generators, the swish of grand symphonic curtains, the cheerful bounce and waspish warble: you know the stuff. Nonetheless, 'Stuntman' is altogether less pretentious, more approachable and light-hearted than Froese's earlier work, both solo and with T. Dream, and for this we should be thankful. Gunther Schickert's 'Uberfallig' falls somewhere between Cluster and Neu, most satisfying on the opener, 'Puls', a cyclical piece based round a rolling semi-flamenco guitar figure and echo-slapped snare drum, with flute and treated guitar dancing on top, and with other sounds, voices and treated detritus providing a constantly-changing mid/background behind the hypnotic foreground.

Cluster's 'Grosses Wasser' suffers in part from the faults of Roedelius' solo album, especially on the side-long title-track, whose opening — sparse piano chords and wide-open spaces — invokes apathy before the piece is really under way. For seven or eight minutes, 'G.W.' presents an empty, barren landscape with little discernible detail but large blocks of atmosphere, replaced for the main body of the track by a comically martial percussive cycle studded with rude, brassy blares of synthesiser — a mocking fanfare of defeat whose inherent humour's soon exhausted.

The shorter pieces which make up side one are more to the point. There's no "beginnings" or "endings" here, just "middles", fragmentary clips which hang together better as a whole than the title-track, running smoothly from a casual canter ('Avanti') to a full-tilt gallop ('Prothese'), slowing to a trot with 'Isodea' and strolling out with 'Breitengrad 20' and 'Manchmal'. The cumulative effect is surprisingly satisfying, a meal made up of snacks of diverse taste.

Which leaves us with Michael Rother's 'Katzenmusik', an album which, for both warmth and cohesion of construction, stands as an object-lesson for all the above.

The unity intimated in the track titles ('KM 1' to 'KM 12') is achieved by the re-statement and matamorphosis of basic motifs, like restructured echoes — thus 'KM 5' sounds naggingly similar to 'KM 7', for instance — and by a standardised set of musical elements.

Rother's probably the best exponent of the "layered"

technique around today, and here he achieves a quite breathtakingly luxurious interweaving of overdubs, assisted as usual by Can's Jaki Leibezeit on drums.

Rother has an acute awareness of music's power as an emotional stimulus, a faculty he applies with quite ruthless logicality. But 'Katzenmusik' doesn't dominate or pressure into submission; it entices, gently and seductively, and it's difficult to resist.

Michael Rother. A latter-day siren, maybe?

Andy Gill

ROY SUNDHOLM

The Chinese Method *(Ensign)*

WITH no pedigree to speak of other than his unlegendary stint as bass-player in a defunct pre-'76 runt-band called Ratbites From Hell, it comes as a surprise to discover that Roy Sundholm has returned with what could possibly be The Finest Rock Album To Emerge From Oblivion this month.

Sundholm has borrowed liberally from a broad spectrum of influences. The shadows of Dave Edmunds Rockpile loom large, while the similarity to Graham Parker is so conspicuous in places it sounds like a tribute to the worthy. The only significant problem here is that Sundholm's none too colourful singing fails to provide the personal presence that his material deserves.

Each one of Sundholm's ten compositions bears the hallmark of a skilled and imaginitive songwriter. There are no superfluous tracks. Impelled by a refreshing dollop of raucous power from the uncredited backing musicians, this is a commendable first offering.

Rick Joseph

PRESENT
SHOES
TENSE

"The Shoes are one group in a million who defy form and call their own shots. Their official debut, 'Black Vinyl Shoes', recorded by four kids in a bedroom, was rightly heralded as a 70's yardstick, a breath of fresh air in a cynical kitchen."

"'Present Tense' is a record which defies expectations. Anyone who suspected that The Shoes' opening salvo was an accidental stroke of genius is in for a pleasant surprise. The band have co-opted producer Mike Stone to guide them through the pitfalls of the studio but haven't sacrificed one jot of their unique sound or their ratio of stone melodic brilliance."

"As it is, WEA might as well close down the presses and go home for the rest of the year—they don't need to release another record again. Ever."

—Max Bell, New Musical Express, 27th October, 1979

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Fangs for the memory (pt. 2)

THE DAMNED
Machine Gun Etiquette ***(Chiswick)***

"LADIES and gentlemen — how do."

. . . A warm-up burn-up through 'Love Song' pushes everyone's blood to boiling point and over . . . not content with maximum effect The Damned shoot their way into 'Machine Gun Etiquette', blatantly stealing from Gary Glitter's 'Rock 'n' Roll' and firing blindly, loudly and at random . . . their equipment seems to collapse around them and is left strewn all about but they plough on, engine racing, no brakes, no cares . . . wherever they're going they'll get there before they intended because intentions and pretensions don't exist for The Damned . . . no band, just four individuals who know that the only way to play a song is to make a noise and keep on going . . . and there's no other way to listen to them than at full volume, bass heavy, preferably from the downstairs flat . . . but — hark! — 'Melody (Lee)' begins with ten seconds of sympathetic piano and you think those Damned ol' boys have gone soft . . . no, here they come now, bursting in, ripping and mashing it up, stamping it down . . . and you loathe them for Sensible's

repetitive HM guitar riffs in every song, riffs that you could hate if only you didn't overlook them and think of all the zillions of HMs whom Sensible parodies and think that if they played with such crazy abandon instead of taking themselves so seriously, then the world might be a better place . . . until The Damned released another album the same as this, full of songs like 'Looking At You', 'Liar' and 'Smash It Up', all delivered without a sniff of interest and swallowed up in spewing instrumentation and chewing Vanian fangs . . . yes, 'These Hands' belong to him, that demented circus clown, and they strangle artistic pretensions, until *"you are turning blue"* and drowning in his maniacal laughter, laughter directed right at you for heralding such a thing as Damned 'music' . . .

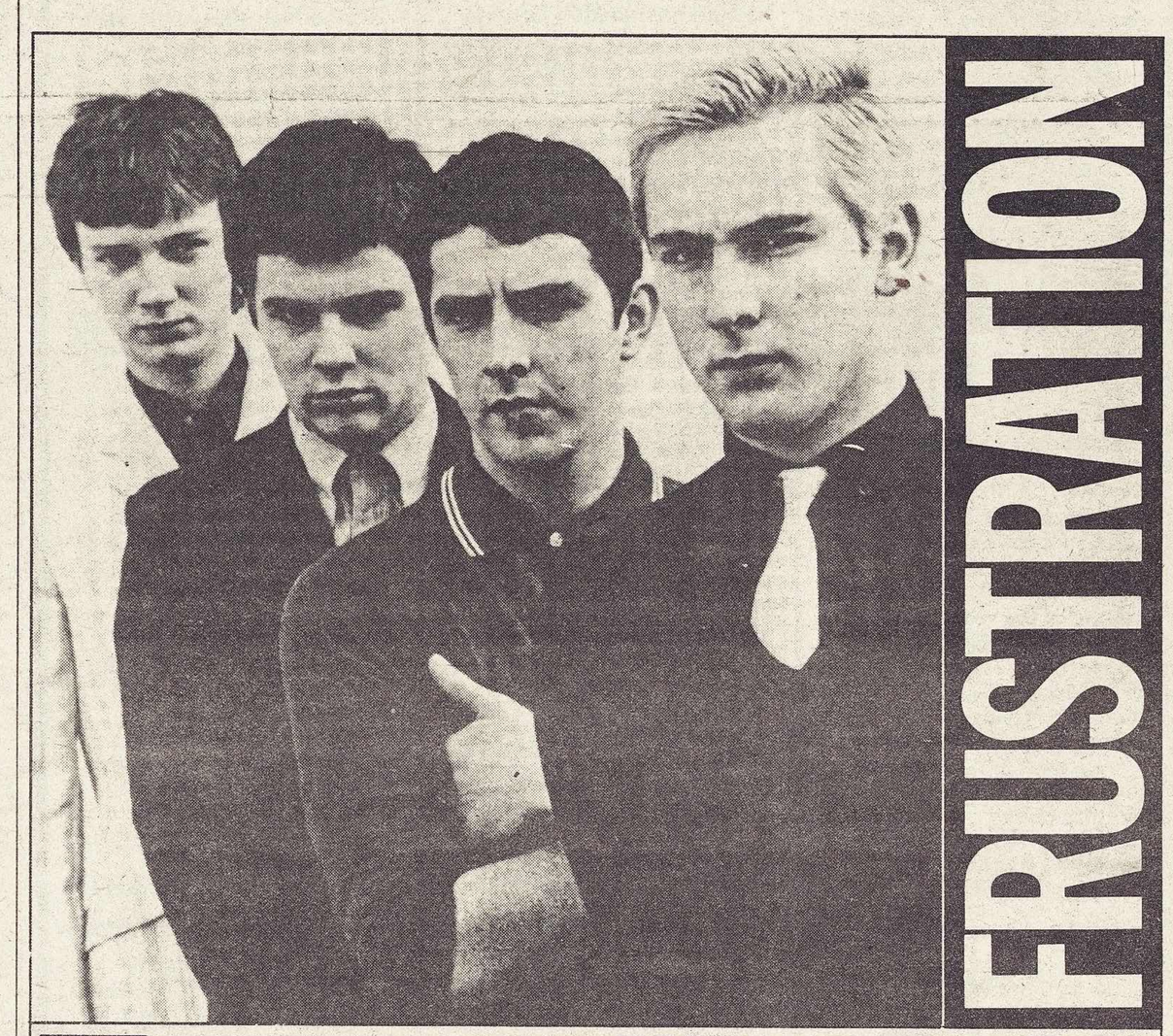
Deanne Pearson

ANDREW CYRILLE, JEANNE LEE, JIMMY LYONS
Nuba ***(Black Saint Import)***

CYRILLE and Lyons are old compadres, having battled together in Cecil Taylor's boiling group for years. 'Nuba' is in a more gentle vein but it draws immense strength from the combination of Cyrille's itchy, disturbed drumming and Lyons' beleaguered intensity on alto sax even at low temperature. Jeanne Lee's coolly sensual vocals leaven the mix and her lyrics seal the desert connection: camels, oases and hot sands.

The first side winds through a parched setting, fractious alto over popping thumb piano on 'Cornbread Picnic (Maize)', near-release on 'The One Before Zero', held in check by Cyrille's refusal to break cover. The remainder burns more brightly. 'Nuba 2' reruns the opener with more muscle, Cyrille steaming over a shopful of percussion. Lyons, brilliant throughout, finally breaks into the extremes of register here; on his own 'Sorry' he tirelessly flows through an aching spiral of sound. Scarcely credible that this excellent set was cut in a studio in Milan; my sandwiches tasted gritty for days afterwards.

Richard Cook



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"The Mafia Stole My Guitar"

RCA

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
Broken English *(Island)*

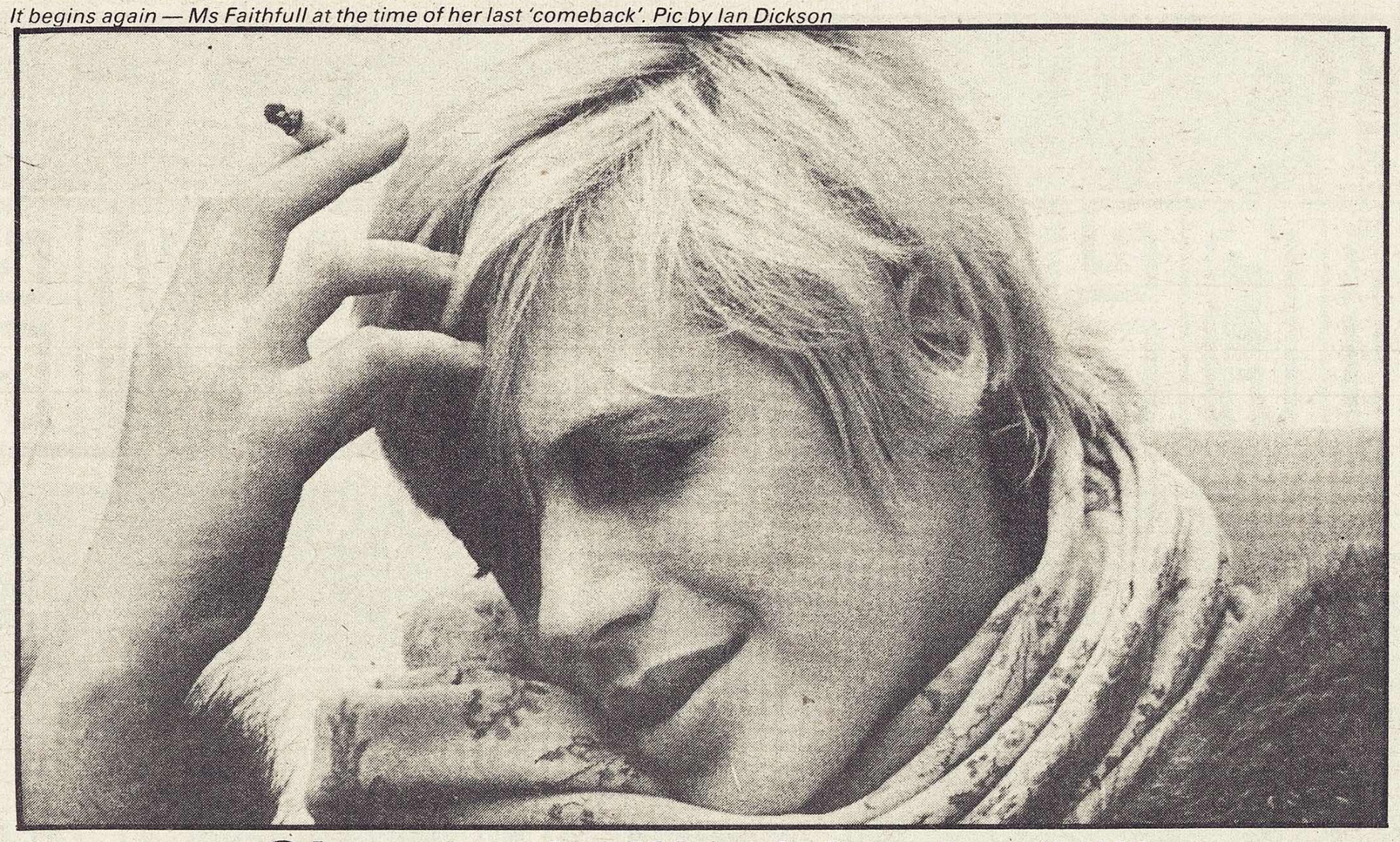
BEFORE we get started on the music . . .

Marianne Faithfull occupies a precarious position in rock and roll iconography. One of the first people whose lives were ruined by contact with The Rolling Stones, she was a teenage beauty, a convent-schooled folkie, the prototype of the Rock Old Lady, the prototype of the Rock Wronged Woman, an actress of acknowledged ability who despite it all never collected the big jackpot.

A life that doubtless reads better than it lives. In 1979, she has returned to the rock fray with an album that, even if it is not directly and literally autobiographical, is intended to gain resonances from what is publicly known about her career: drugs, despair, rejection, revenge and guilt. Rock *noir,* rock *verite,* rock for people who have considered suicide but decided that junk is enuf.

The hazards of this kind of venture are obvious. Artists who create art from the actual stuff of their lives risk being told by outsiders that their lives are cliched or disgusting or pathetic if the resulting work answers those descriptions, which — at various points — 'Broken English' does. It is also harrowing, absurd, flabby, self-pitying, self-indulgent, chilling and powerful; very much, in fact, like the Lou Reed and Iggy Pop albums on which it occasionally appears to be modelled.

It begins again — Ms Faithfull at the time of her last 'comeback'. Pic by Ian Dickson



Cheap thrills, bleak chills

Since Faithfull's initial recording career in the '60s, her voice has altered most dramatically. What was initially the pure, girlish sound of the middle-class folkie has been eroded by too much whisky, too many cigarettes, too many downers, smack (of which any is too much), too much crying, too much despair — here we are reinforcing the myth again! — into a harsh, haggard, cracked, keening instrument, the perfect classic Woman Wronged voice.

And now we talk about the music.

Produced by one Mark Miller Mundy (a name new to me) and featuring — among others — Stevie Winwood, Steve York, Darryl Way and the Kokomo singers, the formula calls for a crisp, steady rhythm section with guitar and synth parts that drift and float in a manner either gauzy or menacing according to what is required. Faithfull's voice cuts like a rusty knife, nags like toothache.

The material is a mixture of covers chosen for their alleged appropriateness and originals written by the artist and/or her friends and accompanists. Two of the choices — Shel Silverstein's 'Ballad Of Lucy Jordan' and John Lennon's 'Working Class Hero' — are highly dubious. The Silverstein song is pure bathos, and — leaving aside Faithfull's right to assume the mantle of 'Working Class Hero' — that song is simply too much a part of John Lennon for anyone else to sing it. I would be interested in hearing a version of the song that could convince me otherwise, but this isn't it.

The aforementioned 'Why'd Ya Do It' with lyrics by Faithfull and celebrated unorthodox person Heathcote Williams is the album's other grand failure. A torrent of cusswords and sexual/scatological extremism, it seems to have been included for no good reason other than to bait *The Sunday Express* into one of those orgasms of outraged decency so beloved by connoisseurs of the ludicrous and grotesque.

When the album is effective, though, it is *extremely* effective. The title track — which fortunately opens the album and therefore provides a valid reason for sitting through the dull bits on the offchance that there will be material of similar quality later on — carries a disturbing blend of the soothing and the sinister, a genuine mixture of pathos and menace which sustains you through the unmemorable 'Witch's Song' to 'Brain Drain', an insidious bluesy piece written by Martin Brierly (who if my memory serves me well is currently playing bass with Ian Hunter). 'Brain Drain' delivers one of the album's key lines: *"I've got so much to offer but it won't pay the rent/I'd like to buy you roses but the money's all spent".*

It's a line that cuts home: it recalls all the people I've known with real and palpable talent whose problems prevent them from functioning in any practical manner at all, and — sad to say — too high a proportion of those people have been women. The line resonates eerily all through the next track, 'Guilt', which is as brilliant and quintessential a junkie's anthem as it has ever been my misfortune to hear.

"I feel guilt, I feel guilt," intones Faithfull, *"though I ain't done nothing wrong I feel guilt"* before moving to the chorus *"I never gave to the rich, I never stole from the poor, but like a curious child",* her voice cracks on the last word, *"give me MORE MORE MORE MORE MORE MORE MORE",* modulating down alongside a looping, syncopated bassline. But the song's most chilling moment is yet to come, when she sings *"I feel blood, I feel blood, though it's streaming through my veins it's not enough . . ."*

And your skin starts to crawl.

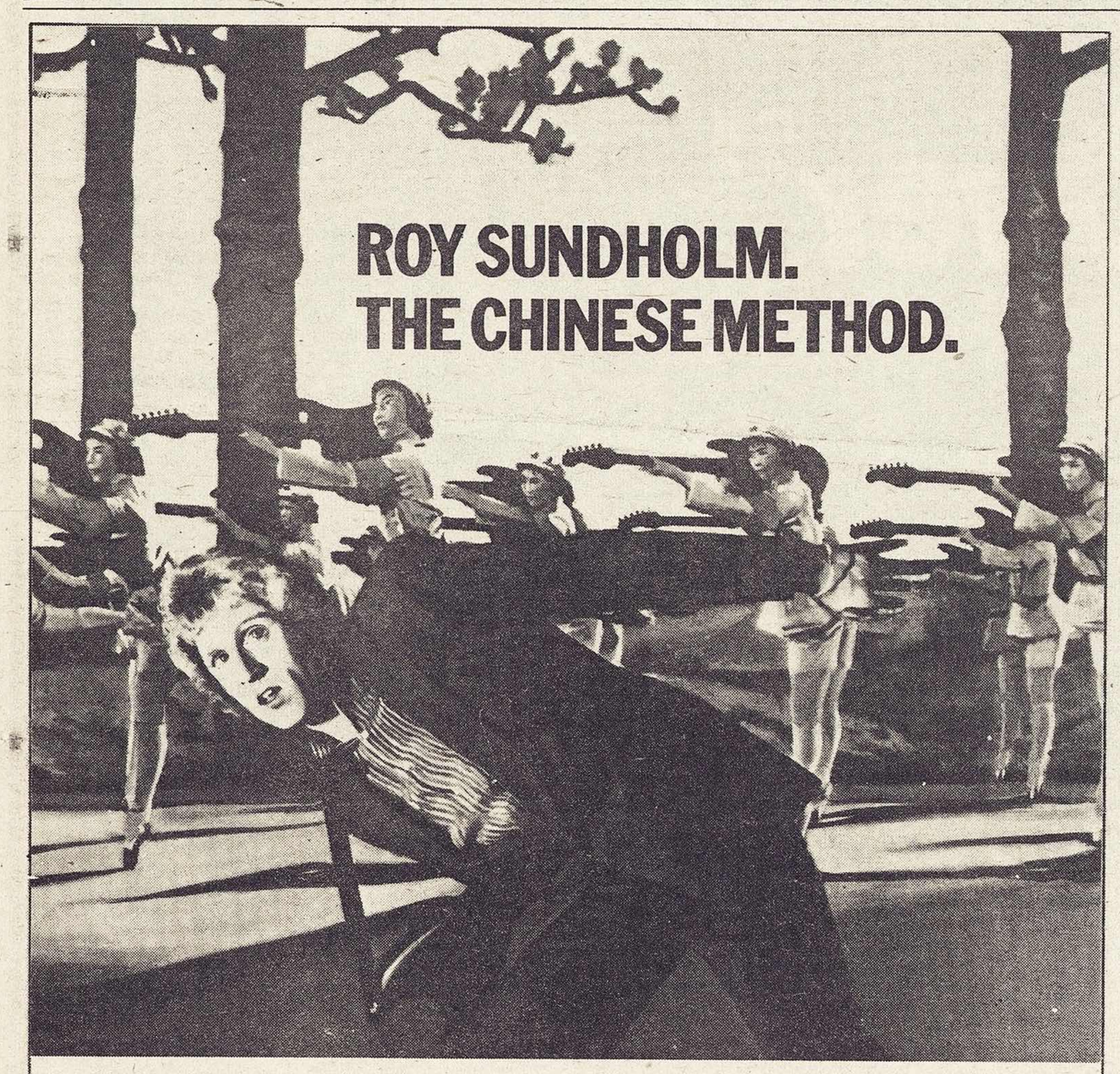
Records like this serve absolutely no purpose except voyeurism and a cheap *frisson.* Junk is not a useful metaphor for any aspect of the lives of non-users, and I'd prefer to save my sympathy for people whose suffering is not self-inflicted.

'Broken English' is, at its occasional best, an eerie and chilling record for connoisseurs of the bleak and squalid. At its worst, it's a cheap holiday to someone else's misery.

Marianne Faithfull has only followed in the footsteps of other professional victim-type artists: she has made a record which is little more than a collection of symptoms. She has pasted sequins on her scars and charged admission for customers to come and gawk at them.

On the other hand, she is an actress by trade.

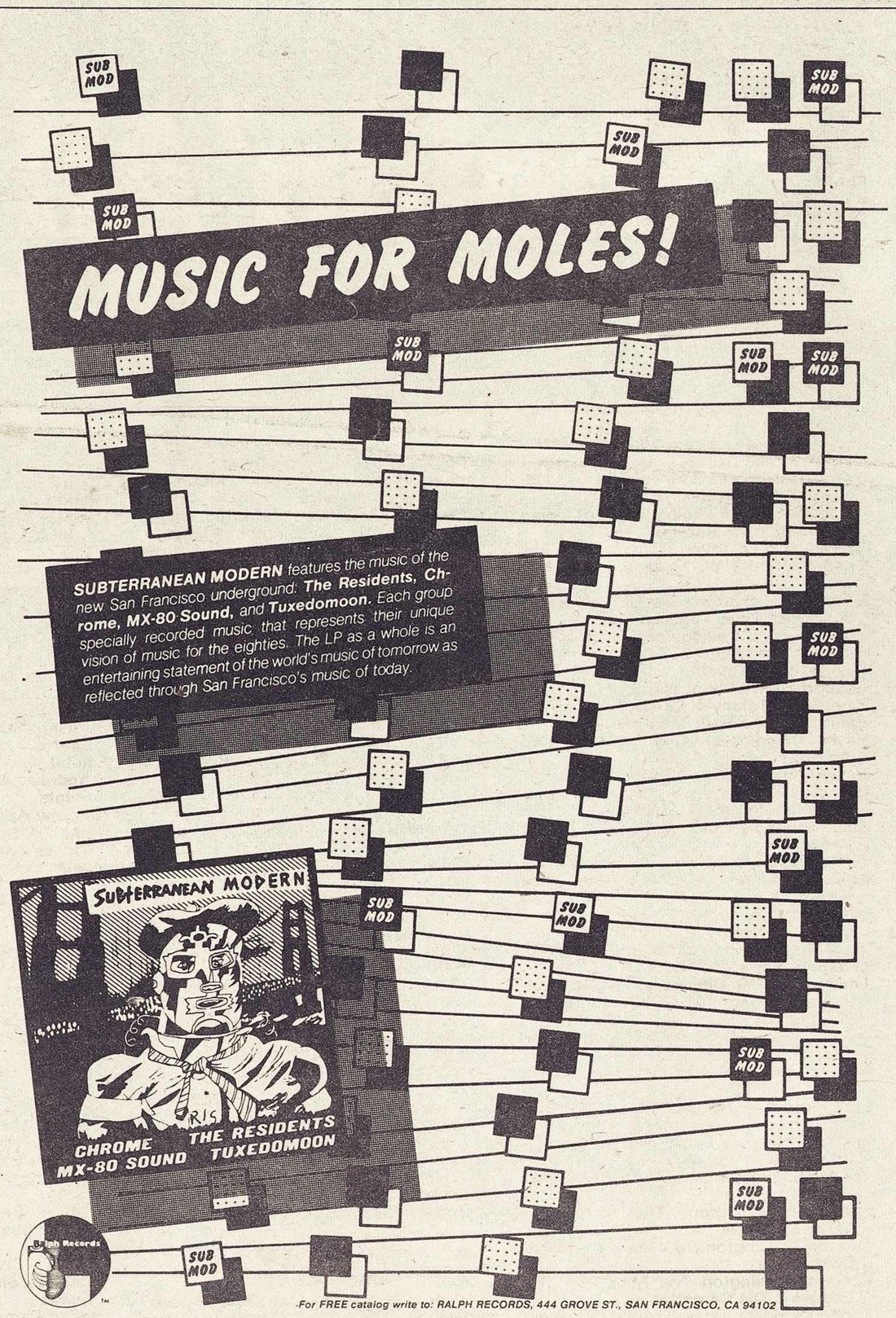
Charles Shaar Murray



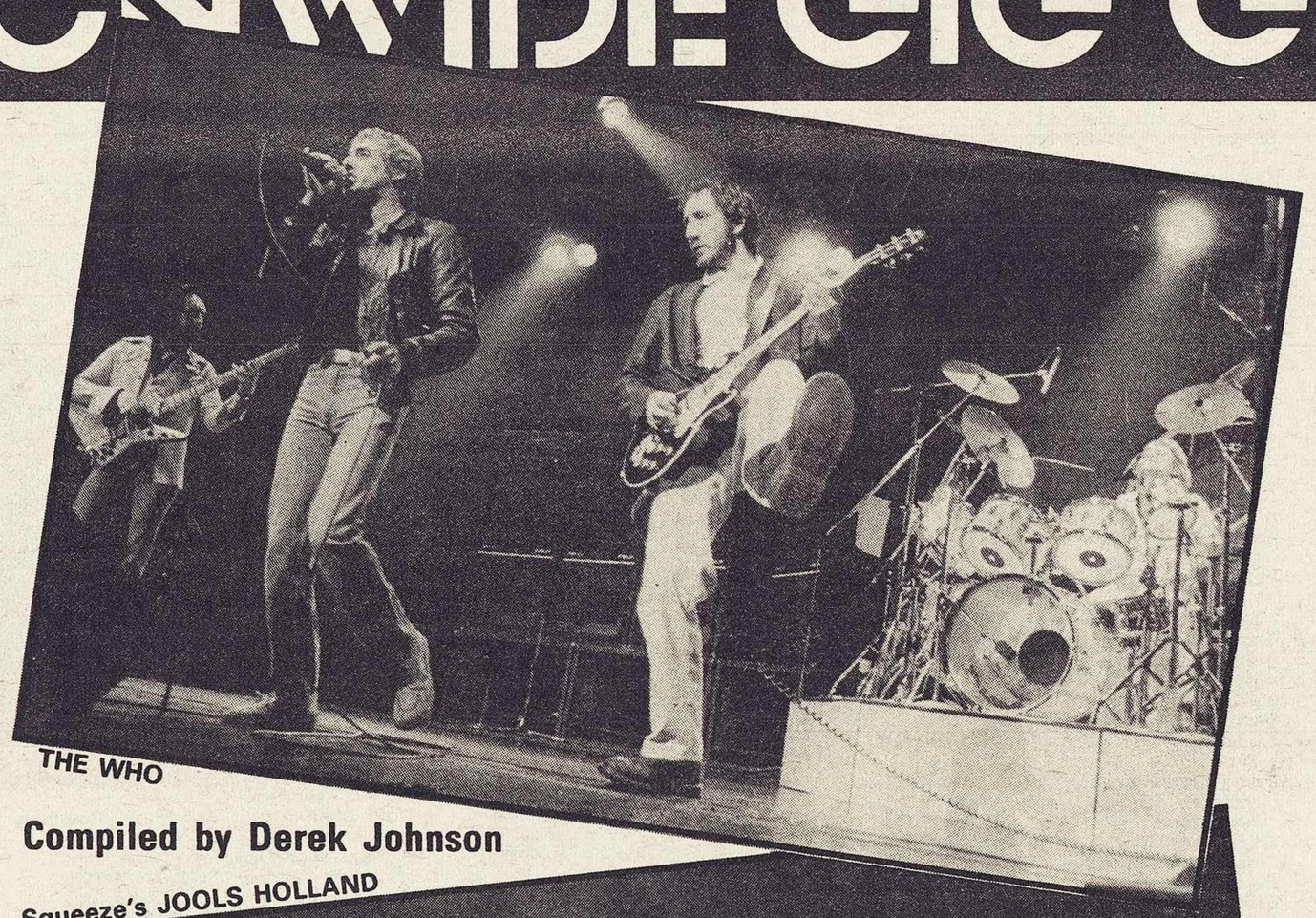
"...possessing the kind of voice you **expect** to hear every time you tune to the media...No doubt you soon will...**'The Chinese Method'** would thus seem to be one almighty live one, right out of the blue".
(Des Moines SOUNDS)

Album: ENVY 10 Cassette ENCAS 10
Single: 'DID YOU EVER HAVE A HEART?' ENY 31

Envoy Records
44, Seymour Place, London, W1.



NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



THE WHO

Compiled by Derek Johnson

Squeeze's JOOLS HOLLAND

***THE WHO** are playing four concerts this month, as a warm-up to their comeback tour of America, and the first two of these are at Brighton Centre on Saturday and Sunday. You'll be mighty lucky to get a ticket at this late stage, though.*

***SQUEEZE** finally take to the road, after two delays — and in view of overseas commitments, their UK itinerary has been severely curtailed. The first two gigs in their decimated schedule are at Exeter (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).*

OTHER TOURS STARTING . . .

MOTORHEAD begin their major 'Bomber' tour, happily coinciding with the chart advent of their album of the same name. Opening gigs are at Bracknell (Saturday), Chester (Sunday), Wolverhampton (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Leicester (Wednesday).

JOHN MILES and NEIL INNES both begin nationwide outings on Wednesday, at Birmingham and Newcastle respectively and JOHN MARTYN is undertaking his first tour for two years, with dates at Nottingham (Saturday), Northampton (Sunday), Plymouth (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).

TAMMY WYNETTE will doubtless be welcomed by all C&W freaks, when she headlines at Ipswich (Friday), Peterborough (Saturday), Norwich (Sunday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and Middlesbrough (Wednesday), with more to follow.

ROBERT PALMER provides the big one-off event of the week. Well, strictly speaking it's a two-off, 'cos he does a brace of concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Thursday

Aylesbury Civic Centre: **The Yetties**
Aylesbury Kings Head: **Eddie Walker**
Barnstaple North Devon College: **Little Bo Bitch**
Barry Bindles Club: **After The Fire**
Bicester King's Head: **Urchin**
Biggleswade Shuttleworth College: **Spring Offensive.**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Odeon: **Cliff Richard**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Underworld: **Chelsea**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Blackburn Romeo & Juliet's: **Kandidate**
Bournemouth Talbot Hotel: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Brighton The Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Cowboys International**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cardiff New Tradition: **Peter Bellamy**
Chatham Central Hall: **Maddy Prior**
Colne Union Hotel: **The Naughty Boys**
Coventry Climax Club: **The Blades**
Coventry Theatre: **Steve Hillage Band**
Derby King's Hall: **The Specials / Madness / The Selecter**
Derby Talk of the Midlands: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Dorchester The Tavern: **Thieves Like Us**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke**
Edinburgh George Square Theatre: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Fareham HMS Collingwood: **Yakety Yak**
Farnham The Maltings: **Sweet Substitute**
Gosport HMS Dolphin: **High Flames**
Gosport HMS Sultan: **Nightmare**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Ocean Boulevard**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Mike Harding**
Hayes (Middlesex) Adam & Eve: **Sad Among Strangers**
Hayle Penmare Hotel: **Metro Gliders**
Helston RNAS Culdrose: **Flying Saucers**
Hull Wellington Club: **Squire**
Keele University: **Chas & Dave / Trimmer & Jenkins**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Tours**
Knutsford Shaw Heath Club: **The Family Brown**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Psychedelic Furs / Disco Students**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The City Limits**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Fall**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Screams**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Holly & The Italians**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Beat**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Warm Jets**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Blue Oyster Cult**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Soft Boys**
London Islington Pied Bull: **A Band Called Lo**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Lurkers / The Carpettes**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Leytonstone Green Man: **Straight 8**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Militant Barry**
London Plumstead Greenwich Young People's Theatre: **Belt and Braces Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bud Freeman Quartet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Attendants**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Sleepy La Beef / Dynamite**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Charlie Dore's Back Pocket**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Abba**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Home Service**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Duffo**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Manyana**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Louth RAF Binbrook: **Strange Days**
Manchester West Indian Centre: **Pure Product**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Andrew Matheson & 20th Century Saints**
Norwich Cromwells: **Gary Glitter**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Perth City Hall: **The Skids**
Peterborough Bull & Dolphin: **Pant / The Rackets**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Steve Hackett Band**
Poole Arts Centre: **Louie Bellson Big Band**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Chinatown**
Portsmouth Locarno: **UK Subs/The Last Words**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Tourists / The Monos**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Ying Tong John / Peter Hughes**
Sheffield City Hall: **Hot Chocolate**
Sheffield General Hospital: **Le Argo**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Philip Rambow**
Sheffield University: **Fred Wedlock**
Slough Thames Hall: **Dave Brubeck Quartet**
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Thorne White Hart: **Zorro**
Worcester Bankhouse: **Dangerous Girls**

Friday

Aberavon Nine Volts Club: **Iron Maiden**
Aberdeen University: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Basinstoke Magnums: **Thieves Like Us**
Bilston Old Bush Folk Club: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Odeon: **Manhattan Transfer**
Birmingham The Underworld: **The Original Mirrors**
Birmingham Town Hall: **The Spinners**
Birmingham University: **Chas & Dave**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Fair Exchange**
Blackburn Romeo & Juliet's: **Kandidate**
Bodmin Garland Ox: **Peter Bellamy**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Dave Brubeck Quartet**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Ulterior Motives**
Bradford University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **One-Eyed Jacks**
Brighton Alhambra: **Steve Hooker Band**
Brighton The Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Boy Wonders/ Fire Exit**
Cardiff University: **Doll by Doll**
Coventry Red House: **Matchbox**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Theatre: **Boxcar Willie**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Caravan**
Derby Chellaston Community Centre: **Roaring Jelly**
Doncaster Askem Club: **Zorro**
Dublin RDS Main Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Durham St. Cuthbert'd College: **The Pirates**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **Andrew Matheson & 20th Century Saints**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Skids**
Guildford Surrey University: **UK Subs/ The Last Words**
Ingalestone Youth Centre: **Bastille**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Tammy Wynette/The Duffy Brothers**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kidderminster Irish Club: **Dangerous Girls**
Lampeter St. David's University: **After The Fire**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Best Friends**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Disco Students**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **AC/DC and Def Leppard**
Leicester Labour Club: **Sleepy LaBeef**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Amalgam**
Leicester University: **Tours**
Liverpool C.F. Mott College: **Le Argo**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Psychedelic Furs**
London Acton King's Head: **Paz**
London Barnet Old Bull Community Centre: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Metro/ X-Effects**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Chelsea/Slaughter & The Dogs/The Books**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Spics/Gardez Darkx/Joe Public/Color Tapes**
London City Polytechnic: **London Zoo**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Small Hours/ The Tea Boys**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Method/Dolly Mixtures**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Piranhas/The Monitors**
London Holborn Jeanetta Cochran Theatre: **Wire**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Holloway North Polytechnic: **Revelation/Jab-Jab**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Rave**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Air Mail**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Random Hold**
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: **Saxon**
London New Cross Laurie Grove Baths: **Houndog/CSA**
London New Cross The Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Blues Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Queen Mary College: **Samson**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Buzzcocks/Joy Division**
London Royal Lancaster Hotel: **National Youth Jazz Orchestra**
London School of African & Oriental Studies: **Landscape**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bud Freeman Quartet**
London Strand King's College: **Dotty Crotchet**
London Tottenham White Hart: **Flying Saucers**
London University Union: **Little Bo Bitch**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Amba**
London University: **The Act**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rocket 88 with Alexis Korner and Charlie Watts**
London Wembley Arena: **Abba**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Crooks**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Crazy Cavan The Rhythm Rockers**
London W9 The Chippenham: **Sanity Clause**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **The Enid**
Manchester Mayflower: **The Teenbeats**
Manchester University: **Maddy Prior**
Mansfield Masons Arms: **Vardis**
Matlock Pavilion: **Strange Days**
Milton Keynes College of Education: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Newport The Village: **Bethnal**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **Radium**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Squire**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Urchin**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Gang of Four/Red Crayola**
Penzance Gulval Meadhouse: **Borrowed Time**
Preston Guildhall: **Louie Bellson Big Band**
Reading AUEW Hall: **El Seven/The Mistakes**
Salisbury Rising Sun: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Revillos**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Tourists/The Monos**
Shepton Mallet Youth Centre: **Scissor Fits**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Blue Oyster Cult**
Southampton Technical College: **Nightmare**
Stockpile Technical College: **The Fall**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Steve Hackett Band**
Wolverhampton The Merry Hill: **Waterfall**
Worcester Golden Lion: **The Speedy Bears**

Saturday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **The Skids**
Aylesbury Friars: **Gang Of Four/Red Crayola/Swell Maps**
Bedford Bunyan Centre: **The Spinners**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Night Service**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Enid**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Crack-/Mart Smith's Nightwork/The Privates**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Odeon: **Manhattan Transfer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Blood Group**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Fall**
Blackburn Romeo & Juliet's: **Kandidate**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Yetties**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **Motorhead**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Hi-Fi Battle**
Brighton The Centre: **The Who**
Bristol Granary: **Quartz**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Chas & Dave**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **Louie Bellson Big Band**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Scissor Fits**
Cardiff Grassroots: **Ohibo Paronti**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Sleepy La Beef**
Colchester Essex University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Coventry Butts Technical College: **Here & Now**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Dangerous Girls**
Dudley J.B's Club: **The Original Mirrors**
East Grinstead King George's Hall: **Gonzalez**
Fakenham RAF West Raynham: **Nightmare**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Gallagher & Lyle-/Judie Tzuke**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Gosport John Peel: **Chinatown**
Hatfield The Forum: **Gordon Giltrap**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Keele University: **Sadista Sisters**
Leeds Cosmos Club: **High Flames**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Mistress**
Leeds Staging Post: **The City Limits**
Leicester University: **The Tourists/The Monos**
Liverpool Empire Theatre **Cliff Richard/Sweet Substitute**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Soulyard**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Psychedelic Furs/The Monochrome Set/Prag Vec**
London Camden Music Machine: **Doll By Doll/Pinpoint**
London Chalk Farm The Enterprise: **Peter Bellamy**
London Chelsea College: **Samson**
London City University: **Little Roosters**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Cannibals**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Bogey Boys**
London Hackney Adam & Eve: **Flying Saucers**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hot Chocolate**
London Hammersmith The Lyric (lunchtime): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **London Zoo**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Holborn Jeanetta Cochran Theatre: **Wire**
London Hounslow Hockey Club: **The Boners**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Books**
London Kensington Imperial College: **The Martian Schoolgirls/Between Pictures**
London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: **Back To Zero/The Mods/Speedball/Les Elite/Eddie Steddy Go**
London Marquee Club: **The Chords**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Queen Mary College: **UK Subs/ The Last Words**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Buzzcocks/Joy Division**
London Roehampton Froebel Institute: **Breakfast**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Dave Brubeck Quartet**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Crouch End All-Stars**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Spider**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Amba**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roger Chapman & The Shortlist**
London Walthamstow North-East Polytechnic: **Channel 9**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Warm Jets**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

MORE GIG GUIDE

London Woolwich Odeon: **Frankie Vaughan**
Luton The Kingsway: **Matchbox**
Malvern Nags Head: **The Speedy Bears**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Fivepenny Piece**
Manchester Mayflower: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Caravan**
Manchester University: **The Bishops/The Teenbeats**
Mansfield James Maude: **Strange Days**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Disco Students**
Narbeth Cross Hands Inn: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Newbury The Globe: **Bob Davenport-/Webbs Wonders**
Northallerton Sayers Club: **Little Bo Bitch**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Wild Horses**
Nottingham Outlaws Bar: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Screams**
Nottingham University: **John Martyn**
Oakengates Town Hall: **Maddy Prior**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Urchin**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Russians**
Paisley The Bungalow (lunchtime): **Restricted Code**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Tammy Wynette/The Duffy Brothers**
Plumpton Agricultural College: **The Lillettes**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Eric Bell Band**
Reading University: **Andrew Matheson & 20th Century Saints/The Photos/Thieves Like Us**
Retford Porterhouse: **Cowboys International/Vice-Versa**
Rhyl Town Hall: **Squire/Seventeen/The Fixations**
Rotherham Clifton Hall: **Sleepy La Beef**
Sheffield University: **After The Fire**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Blue Oyster Cult**
Stirling University: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **Iron Maiden**
Telham Black Horse: **Saffron Summerfield**
Walsall Pelsall Community Centre: **Roaring Jelly/Jean Ward & Mandy**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Le Argo**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Landscape**

Sunday

Amersham Folk Club: **Peter Bellamy**
Basildon Double Six: **Steve Hooker Band**
Belfast Queen's University: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
Bicester Nowhere Club (lunchtime) and Sheersby Bath Hotel (evening): **Urchin**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham Top Rank: **After The Fire**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Exit**
Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Thieves Like Us**
Brighton The Centre: **The Who**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Castle Donnington The Priesthouse: **Roaring Jelly**
Chester ABC Theatre: **Motorhead**
Coventry The Queen Inn: **The Blades**
Doncaster Yarborough Club: **Nightmare**
Farnham The Maltings: **Hot Vultures/Dave Evans/Spredthick**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Guildford Star Club: **Sleepy LaBeef**
Hull City Hall: **Showaddywaddy/The Odds**
Kenton Seven Eleven Club: **The Family Brown**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Bethnal**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Monitors**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Tennis Shoes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Steve Hackett Band**
London Finchley Torrington: **64 Spoons**
London Hammersmith The Lyric (lunchtime): **Katy Heath**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Islington Rio Cinema (2.30pm): **Belt & Braces Band**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The O.K. Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Philip Rambow/Viva**
London Marquee Club: **The Chords**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Enid**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Human League/The Teardrop Explodes/The Beat/Flowers**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Paco de Lucia**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Humphrey Lyttleton Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Blue Oyster Cult**
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Spider**
Newcastle City Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Royal Theatre: **John Martyn**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Tammy Wynette/The Duffy Brothers**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Mortals**
Nottingham University: **Here & Now**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Spinners**
Plymouth New Palace: **Boxcar Willie**
Portsmouth Centre Hotel: **Fred Wedlock**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Derek Brimstone**
Preston Guildhall: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Tourists**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Dials**
Saltburn Zetland: **Carl Green & The Scene/The Cassettes/Dave Barbarian**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Dave Brubeck Quartet**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Abba**
Stratford-on-Avon Ettington Park Manor: **Orphan**
Tuxford High Marnham Club: **Strange Days**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Small Hours/Pinpoint**
Wallingford Corn Exchange: **Bill Caddick**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Ocean Boulevard**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **Gordon Giltrap**

Monday

Amberley Black Horse: **Fred Wedlock**
Basildon Towngate Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Here & Now**
Birmingham Odeon: **Showaddywaddy**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Kandidate (for a week)**
Boston Folk Club: **Martin Simpson**
Cambridge University: **Caravan**
Canterbury Art College (RAR): **Gang Of Four**
Derby Swallingcoe New Hall: **Matchbox**
Doncaster (Thorn) White Hart Hotel: **Nightmare**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Specials/Madness/The Selecter**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Mike Harding**
Exeter Routes: **Screams**
Gillingham Napier Arms: **Dave Evans**
Glasgow Countdown: **Restricted Code**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Wild Horses**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ilford Town Hall: **Gonzalez**
Leicester Bailey's: **Mary Wilson (for a week)**
Leicester Granby Hall: **Blue Oyster Cult**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Steve Hillage Band**
Liverpool Kirklands: **Victims Of Romance**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **Demon Preacher**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The V.I.P.'s/Excel/Eros**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Blues Band/Red Beans & Rice/Jools Holland/Soulyard**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Valentines**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **The Orange Cardigan**
London Holborn Jeanetta Cochran Theatre: **Wire**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pinpoint**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes**
London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: **The Quads/Dolly Mixtures**
London Marquee Club: **The Pretenders/The Mice**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Belt & Braces Band**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **John James**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's: **Ernestine Anderson (for a week)**
London School of Economics: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Pant**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steel Pulse**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Metro Gliders/Tours**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Dotty Crotchet**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gallagher & Lyle/Judie Tzuke**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **"The Rocky Horror Show" (for a week)**
Preston Polytechnic: **The Fall**
Preston The Peartree: **The Accelerators**

Motorhead tour opens

— for details see previous page

Rayleigh Crocs: **Sleepy LaBeef**
Redcar Old Kent Club: **Little Bo Bitch**
Shrewsbury Lazy Acres: **The Family Brown**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Abba**
Swansea Circles: **The Original Mirrors**
Taunton Odeon: **Boxcar Willie**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Motorhead**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **The Specials / Madness / The Selecter**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **One Hand Clapping**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Gay and Terry Woods**
Brighton Alhambra: **Airport**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Motorhead**
Canterbury Odeon: **Caravan**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Blue Oyster Cult**
Crawley Water's Edge: **The Dials**
Derby Assembly Hall: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Hot Chocolate**
Exeter University: **Squeeze / The Photos**
Farnborough Tumbledown Dicks: **The Pirhanas**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Abba**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Samson**
Leeds Fan Club: **Screams**
Leigh-on-Sea Crooked Billet: **Peter Bellamy**
Litchfield Bowling Green: **Money**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Tammy Wynette / The Duffy Brothers**
Liverpool Eric's: **Here & Now**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes**
London Camden Music Machine: **Squire**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (10 am, open to the public): **Auditions of Entrants for GLAA Young Jazz Musicians Scheme (also tomorrow same time).**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Small Hours / Metro Gliders**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Robert Palmer**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Substitute**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Ian Gomm / The Hitmen**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **American Blues Legends 79 Tour**
London Ponders End Middlesex Polytechnic: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Scott Hamilton Six**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steel Pulse**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Passions**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Fall**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Cowboys International / Vice-Versa**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **Pant**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **John Martyn**
Reading University: **Gang Of Four**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Southend Talk Of The South: **Gonzalez**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Boxcar Willie**
Swindon RAF Wroughton: **Nightmare**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Warrington Parr Hall: **Maddy Prior**
Wilton ICI Club: **The Family Brown**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Steve Hillage Band**

Wednesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **Little Bo Bitch**
Ayr Pavilion: **The Specials / Madness / The Selecter**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Central Line**
Birmingham Aston University: **John Miles**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Limelight**
Birmingham Odeon: **Steve Hillage Band**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Braintree Weavers Club: **The Accidents**
Brighton Alhambra: **Dirty Weekend**
Brighton Art College Basement: **The Dials**
Burnley Angels Club: **Mistress**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Colchester Essex University: **Misty / Afzelius**
Coventry Climax Club: **Sledgehammer**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Mike Harding**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Freeze**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Here & Now**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Chinatown**
Hereford The Hereford Club: **Nightmare**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Alan Clayson & The Argonauts**
Hull City Hall: **Boxcar Willie**
Keele University: **Caravan**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Motorhead**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Gallagher & Lyle / Judie Tzuke**
Liverpool University: **John Martyn**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Philip Rambow**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Tea Set**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Bumpers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Small Hours**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **Joe Lee Wilson**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Robert Palmer**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Dave Walters**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Mo-Dettes**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Marquee Club: **The Lurkers / The Carpettes**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Shepherds Bush Trafaigar: **The Act**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Scott Hamilton Six**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Victoria The Venue: **Steel Pulse**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Shirley Bassey**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Idiot Dancers / Never Never Band**
Maidstone Oakwood Technical College: **Gonzalez**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Blue Oyster Cult**
Manchester University: **Revelation & Jab-Jab**
Middlesbrough Marton Club: **The Family Brown**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Tammy Wynette/The Duffy Brothers**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Neil Innes**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham University: **Andrew Matheson & 20th Century Saints**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Squeeze / The Photos**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Hot Chocolate**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Thieves Like Us**
Redditch Tracey's: **The Teenbeats**
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: **The Com-Sat Angels**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Shrewsbury Cascade Club: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
Southampton University: **Gang Of Four**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Cliff Richard**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Paul Stephenson**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
Upminster New Windmill Hall: **Bethnal**
Weymouth College: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Wolverhampton Lord Raglan: **The Accelerators**
York Pop Club: **The Piranhas**

LATEST TOURS ROUND-UP

THE WARM JETS play a string of **London** dates this month, as the prelude to a major nationwide New Year tour. They visit Fulham Greyhound (tonight, Thursday), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (Saturday), Clapham 101 Club (November 16 and 30), Canning Town Bridge House (20 and 21) and Camden Music Machine (28). The band have been signed by RSO Records, and have their first single for the label 'Big City Boys' issued this weekend in a full-colour bag.

SLEEPY LaBEEF, the veteran 21½-stone U.S. rockabilly singer, is over here to top the three-day rock weekend at **Gt. Yarmouth** Caister Holiday Centre (November 16-18). But he's also gigging at **London Southgate** Royalty (tonight, Thursday), **Leicester** Labour Club (Friday), **Rotherham** Clifton Hall (Saturday), **Guildford** Star Club (Sunday), **Rayleigh** Crocs (November 12), **Carshalton** St. Helier Arms (14), **London Camden** Dingwalls (15), **Plymouth** Top Rank (16) and **London Wimbledon** Nelson's Club (18). His LP 'Rockabilly Heavyweight' is issued this weekend by Charly Records.

THIEVES LIKE US promote their three-track single 'Do It' (available through Rough Trade) with November gigs at **Dorchester** Tavern (tonight, Thursday), **Basingstoke** Magnums (Friday), **Reading** University (Saturday), **Bournemouth** Pinecliff Hotel (Sunday), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (14), **London Harrow Rd.** Windsor Castle (15 and 22), **London Clapham** 101 Club with The Warm Jets (16), **Eastbourne** Moira House School (17), **Salisbury** City Hall (23), **London Hammersmith** Swan (24), **Weymouth** Cellar Vino (28) and **Poole** Dorset Institute (30).

ERIC BELL BAND have November dates at **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (this Saturday), **Uxbridge** Brunel University (18), **Sheffield** University (22), **Oldham** Tower Club (24), **Norwich** Cromwells (27) and **Manchester** UMIST (30), with more being set.

DANGEROUS GIRLS have confirmed another string of dates for their tour, following the initial gigs reported last week. New bookings are at **Nottingham** University (November 11), **Birmingham** Aston University (12), **Liverpool** Eric's (13), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (14), **Edinburgh** University (15), **Birmingham** New Inn (16), **Redruth** London Hotel (23), **Plymouth** Breakwater Inn doubling **Exeter** University (25), **London W.10** Acklam Hall (26), **Bishops Stortford** Triad Centre (27), **Norwich** White's (28), **Penzance** Gulval Meadhouse (30) and **Cardiff** Grassroots (December 1).

TOURS, the Dorset band whose first Virgin single 'Tourist Information' is out this weekend, have added a number of other dates to their gig list. Their scedule is **Leicester** Univeristy (this Saturday), **London West Hampstead** Moonlight Club (November 12), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (13), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (15), **London Mile End** Queen Mary College (16), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (23), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (24), **London Kensington** Nashville (26), **London** Marquee (27), **Liverpool** Eric's (29), **Liverpool** College of Higher Education (30), **Dudley** J.B.'s (December 1), **Poole** Brewers Arms (13 and 14), **Exeter** Routes (18) and **Bournemouth** Capone's (29).

ZORRO, the East Anglian heavy metal band, have lined up gigs at **Thorne** White Hart (tonight), **Doncaster** Askern Club (Friday), **Nottingham** Little Milton Club (November 15), **Retford** Porterhouse (17), **Doncaster** Skellow Grange (18), **Pontefract** Labour Club (19), **Hemsworth** United Services (23), **Clay** Rockwell Club (24), **Denby** Comrades Club (28), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (29), **Worksop** Longworth Club (December 2), **Rawmarsh** Cricket Club (4), **Doncaster** Granby Club (9), **Blackpool** Jenkinson's (14 and 15), **Gravesend** Red Lion (16), **Norwich** Cromwells (18), **Mansfield** CWS Club (20), **Gt. Yarmouth** Garibaldi (21) and **Harworth** Sports Centre (22).

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (12): Nassau Coliseum — **Fleetwood Mac;** Max's Kansas City — **Comateens/The Roues/The Locals;** Sweet Basil — **Monty Waters Quartet;** Westchester — **Stanley Clarke;** Westbury — **Dr Hook;** Hurrah — **Ultravox** (three days).
TUESDAY (13): Max's Kansas City — **The Lords/Von Lmo;** Slugger Ann's — **Jackie Curtis;** Lone Star — **Brian Auger** (two days); Bottom Line — **Pat Banatar.**
WEDNESDAY (14): Club 57 — **Mink DeVille;** Other End — **Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee;** Bottom Line — **Aztec Two Step;** Westchester — **Todd Rundgren;** Max's Kansas City — **The Dead Boys/Cheap Perfume;** Paramount — **Henry Paul Band;** Hurrah — **Dark Day.**
THURSDAY (15): Madison Square Garden — **Fleetwood Mac** (two days); McMillan Theatre — **Cecil Taylor & Max Roach;** Max's Kansas City — **The Senders;** The Fugue — **Shotgun Wedding;** Hurrah — **Nervus Rex/Reruns** (two days).
FRIDAY (16): Palladium — **The Plastmatics/Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels/The Rattlers;** Westbury — **Maynard Ferguson/Buddy Rich/Annette O'Day;** Bottom Line — **Garland Jeffreys/Richard Belzer** (two days); Avery Fisher Hall — **David Bromberg;** Max's Kansas City — **Bloodless Pharaohs/Polyrock.**
SATURDAY (17); Capitol — **Talking Heads;** Max's Kansas City — **Brenda Bergman & The Real-Tones;** Lobe Student Centre — **The N.Y. All Stars;** Hurrah — **The Necessaries/The Urban Verbs.**
SUNDAY (18): Spectrum — **The Eagles** (two days); Bottom Line — **Gotham** (two days); My Father's Place — **Tony Williams.**

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THE ACT

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POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON (Wells St.), **THURS., 22nd NOV.**
NEWLANDS PARK COLLEGE (Chalfont St. Giles), **FRI., 23rd NOV.**
TRAFALGAR, SHEPHERDS BUSH, MON., 26th NOV.
TRAFALGAR, SHEPHERDS BUSH, WED., 28th NOV.
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, TUES., 11th DEC.
TRAFALGAR, SHEPHERDS BUSH, WED., 12th DEC.
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16 Randy Edelman
16/17 Madness
17 After the Fire
17 Steve Hillage
19 Stefan Grapelli
22 Ian Hunter & Mick Romon
23/24 Gang of Four
25 Specials
25 Caravan
26/27 Motorhead
28 Alvin Lee
30 The Damned
29/30/Dec 1 Andy Williams

DECEMBER
2 Hawkwind
2 Specials
4 Talking Heads
4/5 L. Cohen
8 The Secret Affair
13/15 Cliff Richard
16 Budgie
18 Police
18/19 Dire Straits
19 Dr Feelgood
20/24 Leo Sayer

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1/2 Wishbone Ash

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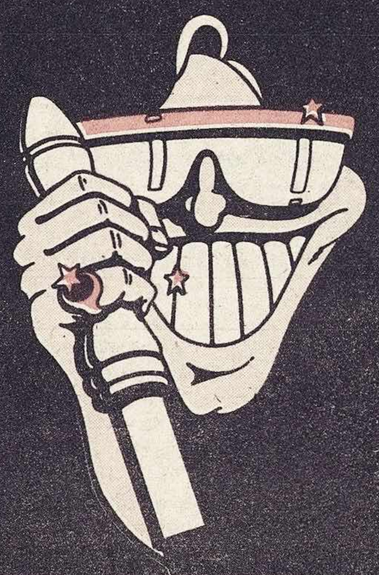

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23	QUEENS UNIVERSITY	BELFAST	3	NEW THEATRE	OXFORD	13	COVENTRY THEATRE	COVENTRY
25	APOLLO THEATRE	MANCHESTER	4	UNIVERSITY	SHEFFIELD	15	PAVILION	WEST RUNTON
26	TIFFANY'S	EDINBURGH	5	UNIVERSITY	BRADFORD	16	CIVIC HALL	DUNSTABLE
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28	CITY HALL	NEWCASTLE	8	UNIVERSITY	NOTTINGHAM	20	PADDOCKS	CANVEY ISLAND
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The Moody Blues

Wembley Arena

Breakfast in dread: the first reference sprung from a rare, glassy moment of self-pitying catharsis; purging my fear of the known, the imminent, the *dramatis personae,* I whimpered to an adjacent friend that the actors in question could but be contructed entirely of Ceylon tea and brown rice and everything nice.

How could they be so nice?

No, don't you see, said the friend, in tones suggesting that my angst-ridden analysis was somewhat awry, these actors represent rather dirtier roots: beer and meat-pies and all things base; that's what Moody Blues are made of!

The Moody Blues: five ordinary guys! A penny for your thoughts!

Five pleasant guys made good; not quite white magicians. More, well, metaphysical milkmen, Goldtop Merlins, alchemists from Boots. They've achieved a somewhat largely successful fusion — sulphur on sale at Sainsbury's? — of the 'sublime' and the 'ridiculous', not to mention 'the' ordinary. Their illusory, meaningful 'sublime' is in fact wholly ridiculous, and I doubt they go in for vice versas (some kinda *Chinese* dish is it, John?).

Who *does* know the secret of The Moody Blues' box? Such a sickly confectionery; such a viable commodity. £6.50 for a ringside (s)eat, anyone?

Teatime in Wembley: here I am asking questions, on your behalf, in the dark. Or rather in the half-light, that penumbra where I always seem to remain, when that which is the very popular face of public entertainment (The Moody Blues) advances its phosphorescent antennae.

White bread and cold circus, anyone?

Like, any definition of The Moody Blues phenomenon does not necessarily define the (pleasure) principles upon which it is presumably based. For a 'good night out', The Moody Blues' teatime in Wembley Arena was pushing it a bit, pleasure principle wise, as far as I can see.

The Gargantuan Wembley Arena — the kind of place one can picture an authoritarian regime bringing crowds to chop off their limbs — necessitated binoculars to see the attraction, good wages, patience to get a drink, and a sense of absurd comfort for the concrete corridor one was provided with to drink the drink in.

Are The Moody Blues really quite psychoanalytically low and cunning? In fact, have they recognised that a sensation of pleasure unpleasantly experienced remains mysterious and inaccessible?

Isn't life strange?

Isn't the lager expensive?

Aren't these seats uncomfortable?

The opening act was a solo American sensitive guy, just him and his acoustic guitars. *Rock and roll!!!* someone shouted. *Rock and roll?* said the sensitive guy, *You must be from California!*

It was that sort of a Saturday night.

I endured some minutes of his blowing from town to town, being out in the sun and forgetting everyone — open tunings, closed meanings — before severe pins and needles spread from thighs to head, the physical to the cultural, and demanded my respite.

Free lager by Bar 14: just an ordinary guy — cardigan, perm, pendants — asks me about the football scarf I am sporting — Norwich City FC; watch out West Brom! — which is stuck roughly in my jacket pocket to the end of concealing a quart of brandy I'd smuggled in (this all sounds criminally autobiographical, but bear with me).

He goes to the lav, and his wife — cardigan, perm, ceramic badges — asks me if I want one of their surplus drinks (bars in Wembley Arena were populated like a bakers in a bread strike).

"It's strange, isn't it . . . ?," she remarked, apropos nothing. Fearing the addition of 'Life' to the question, I plunged nose in free lager and tried to look sympathetic. She meant the audience, and went on to conclude that half of suburbia seemed to be there.

What *she* liked about the gigs she'd been to — Dire Straits, Pink Floyd — was the dressing up, the razzamatazz, and this lot were having none of it.

In short, I remarked, it was rather like an office party, was it not?

Her husband — I guess the analogy doesn't stand — came back, and agreed: not for him the Wembley Arena stewards in armbands, bands in pubs was more up his street.

He read *Melody Maker,* but she seemed to be onto something.

Bacon rind: on came the five guys.

The 'mystery' of the Moody Blues commodity isn't obvious. They are obviously five plain guys who make lots of pennies by playing at being a particular commodity, which a particular market would appear to need/desire rather a lot: the music is but part of it.

The 'mystical' character of the commodity does not arise from how it is consumed by this audience; rather, it arises from the form of the commodity itself. The mysterious character of the form — for there is clearly nothing mysterious about the five guys themselves as such — consists simply in the fact that the commodity reflects back the social characteristics of the product.

What is left unspoken by The Moody Blues — for there is clearly very little actually said — is that their audience craves. The attraction of The Moody Blues is their double life. The Moody Blues are just five guys, but what they have come to signify is nigh on a whole cosmos, a genre unto themselves, a Theatre of Ideal Home Impressionism.

Their home is the Universe, but on stage they look like five footballers on the back of a lorry for an impromptu signabout to promote their boutique's new clothes collection.

The sound was limpid, tissue papery; tinny drums, silkysoft strummy guitars, Dr Who keyboard bleeps, choral voices and, worst of all, that loathed sound of sounds, the flute. (Do you know anyone who likes flutes?)

The words: *reflections of my mind . . . leave myself behind . . . days of future past . . . isn't life . . .* AMEN.

As a modern-life warehouse sell-out of sub-Gurdjieff style palliative mysticism, it makes Californian 'rock and roll' seem positively gnostic. As entertainment it lacks everything but lustre. There is no exaggeration, no eroticism, no pulse. Not something radial-radical like Status Quo or ELP, nor sensual like Tangerine Dream, nor vicarious like Leonard Cohen, nor as lamentable or professional a proposition as say, Wings, or ELO.

As modern minstrels they're somewhere between a converted Bob Dylan and a perverted Baron Knights (in . . .). A workingman's club male *Charlie's Angels,* with Tolkien tacked on . . . full permed phantasms of plain guy made good imagination.

But . . . reality! The flow goes as far as inbetween-song raps, where thick bacon-rind Birmingham accents spew forth bloodys aplenty, harsh jokes about 'life on the road' and social diseases. Rather soiled the spiritual nappy, that.

Homeward. I should cocoa: the flautist scraped restlessly at the insides of metaphysical emptiness; clusters of notes sprung like large toads, hidden under the cover of night's dark cloak, yet squashed still by bigger lorries.

Embroidery embroiled. Pale ale plasma transfused through the cheapest champagne imaginable; all the terror and ontological verve of the worst American situation TV programme.

I rather like them, in theory.

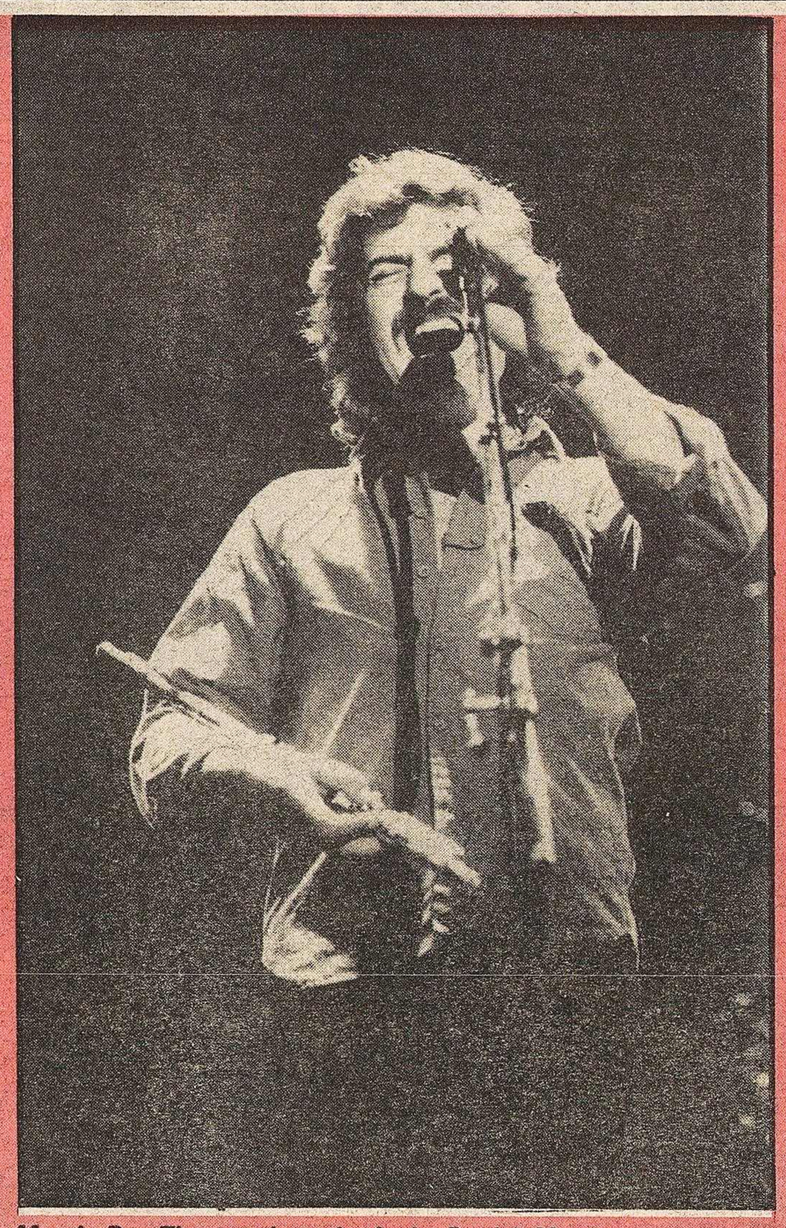
But in practice these lyric poets are as far from sublime invention and resolution as a Tory government; for the purpose of enlightenment, they make an ineffectual process of decorations. They are Laura Ashley wallpaper come to life. Their popularity is guaranteed. People keep their arms folded and come dutifully: sit back and think of the babysitter (?).

We took our leave, my astral friend (how right you were!) and I. Left to the sound of nights in cheap perfume, and the hiss and whoop of the annual firework ritual — where at least one knows where one is with a guy.

The Muddy Boots . . . ?

A penny for your shares, guv'?

Ian Penman



Moody Ray Thomas does the funky Patrick Moore.

Goldtop merlins and a cosmic breakfast

Supertramp

Wembley

They collected eight gold albums across Europe last year, and sell out the massive Wembley Arena without so much as a hint of breaking sweat. But there can be few bands further removed from the realities of late '70s rock and roll than the bearded, musically bloated Supertramp.

Indeed, these distant cousins are so far away from what's really going on today that constructive criticism is all but impossible.

My initial reaction was one of sheer numbness: they bored me stupid, but to actually pinpoint whether they were 'good' or 'bad' is not as easy as it seems on one level. But to be safe, I'll plump now for the latter.

Wembley Arena, of course, is not my ideal of a rock venue. An aircraft hangar yes, but never a hall conducive to live music. It is simply too big.

Still, it took me about half the set to realise that the major problem besetting Supertramp is not so much the impersonal size of the hall but the dearth of even a modicum of real emotional excitement.

The five main instrumentalists look mildly disinterested. Obviously extremely competent musicians, what they possess in technique, they lack in inspiration. They make you realise what all the latter day rock and roll bands are on about when they use words like 'commitment'. They mean energy and soul, pure and simple, of which Supertramp have none.

What the audience — a passive mixture of university and middle-of-the-road office types — come to appreciate is the perfection of the whole circus. There isn't a note out of place, no gaps in the sound, nothing left to the imagination.

Even the band's renowned humour is confined to the odd homogenised half-laugh from a set-piece aside between songs.

Last week the *Evening Standard* called them 'cosy', but even that is a little wide of the mark because the band never get close to the audience. Their attitude to the crowd is more often than not patronising: "We're recording a live album tonight and if you're good enough, you might be on it . . . we might even call it 'Live In London'."

Supertramp songs make a lot of prissy, elaborate fuss in going nowhere, but to their credit most numbers are kept short with none running over three of four minutes, with the exception of an extended quasi-funk workout towards the end. And again most songs — like the two recent singles 'Logical Song' and 'Breakfast In America' and the inevitable 'Dreamer' nearer the end — are built around standard keyboard riffs.

The sound is an infernal, eternal procession of plinks, plonks, fizzes and squeaks with as many as three piano / mellotron / synthesizer implements used, the only relief coming from the occasional crisp sax solo from reedman John Helliwell.

'Dreamer' is introduced as "our rock and roll number". The irony is that comparatively, it is just that, the rest of the material being so listless. The old warhorse, the band's first hit, naturally has the punters out of their seats for the first time all night . . . only for them to sit down again, as any self-respecting and civilised dude would, at the end of the song.

Elsewhere, audience participation is limited to the odd outbursts of spontaneous communal handclapping every time a familiar riff appears or the light show changes. The lights, of course, are spectacular; but, for the size of the rigging, the effect they created was nowhere near as imaginative as, say, Elvis Costello's Dominion Theatre shows last Christmas.

But just in case the lights alone are not enough to take your mind away from the mind-numbing blandness of the music, there are plenty of other props and effects: extras in fancy dress from a pantomime gorilla to a tasteless Nazi-saluting Hitler and, finally, a video screen on to which trains a portrait of Winston Churchill and, ultimately, a panorama of outer space are projected.

Pretentious isn't the word for it.

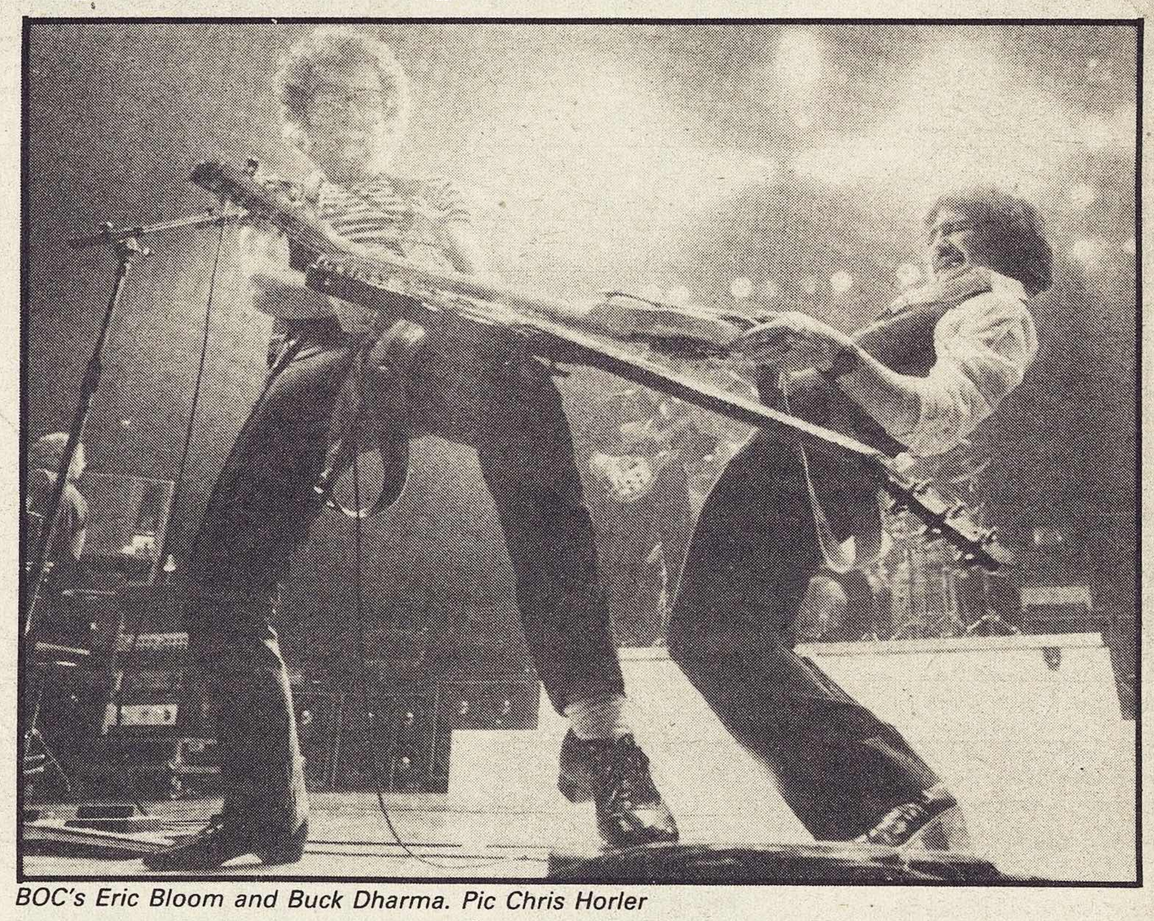
And that is where we leave Supertramp, drifting aimlessly through the cosmos, cocooned in their contrived grandeur.

Uncle Sam, Take Them Away!

Adrian Thrills

Tramp John Helliwell cooks his cosmic bacon. *Pix Pennie Smith.*

Goodbye lasers goodbye audience



BOC's Eric Bloom and Buck Dharma. Pic Chris Horler

Blue Oyster Cult

Brighton

Whoops! Someone boobed.

The Brighton Conference Centre is a vast seaside meeting place, frequented by political parties, the TUC and grey-suited men. Sometimes they feature rock and roll bands, but the place is entirely unsuited to the spirit of the beast.

Maybe it's the absence of lasers or the commercial failure of 'Mirrors', but there was no danger of Blue Oyster Cult packing out this 6000 capacity hall. If this opening night was indicative of BOC's current drawing power in these shores, then someone is going to be doing a lot of hard thinking in two weeks time when the accounts have to be settled.

The band stuck it out through a combination of a new found enthusiasm and sheer bloody mindedness. They've been playing in clubs back home and there is a straighter cutting edge to their performance as a result.

Hell, they even open up with 'Dominance And Submission'.

The difference between this show and the last time BOC toured here is that 'Spectres' material is replaced by 'Mirrors' tunes and noone is too sure whether they approve.

If Meltzer's absurd 'Dr Music' is gutsier on a stage than on plastic, then the band certainly didn't do justice to either of their potential production numbers — 'The Great Sun Jester' and 'The Vigil'. Eric Bloom and Buck Dharma couldn't be faulted for their vocals, but the momentum of these dual tales of star-fallen icons and star-gazing humanoids simply flew into the rafters and refused to come down.

All credit to the Cult though for refusing to be down-hearted by the open spaces. Roeser's lead work on 'Mirrors' captured the subtlety of the song and Albert Bouchard's delivery of 'Cities On Flame' was nothing short of gonzo magic; serious heat.

Now the Cult have said goodbye to their lasers there are no visual distractions in the middle of the set. They've also said goodbye to the people who only come to check out the beams. Good riddance is the conclusion if this 'Astronomy' was an indication of how they fare without 'em.

Dharma flips in and out of Bloom's pure vocal and Allen Lanier's prophet keyboard with the dexterity of a mini-Hendrix, for sheer melody this is ounce for ounce classic Cult.

'ETI' was similarly inspired but 'ME 262' drags on like an old relationship. It's dull as ditchwater and they should kiss it off for good.

In any case 'Godzilla' is a superior example of their warped dynamics, leading to the high point of the evening, the third world war definition of heavy metal that segues Joe Bouchard's admirable 'Hot Rails To Hell' into 'Born To Be Wild' and the inevitable 'Reaper'. I'd go for the closing chords of the single hit, a fine song but definite millstone.

The final 20 minutes suggested that BOC should have their jet lag and initial looseness ironed out by the time this show hits the provinces. Maybe they'll let Bloom ride his Harley chopper onstage at Newcastle; it would certainly be funnier than watching the pod explosions fail to go bang!

Overall, this Brighton rock was average Cult. If they leant more heavily on their repertoire and allowed a greater degree of flexibility into the set then Britain would see the band operate at the same intensity they generated in the clubs.

They're old and practised sea dogs these days, the elements of surprise are inherent in their make-up. BOC can *still* burn your eyes and melt you ears.

Max Bell

AC/DC

Hammersmith Odeon

Aaay-Seee Deee-Seee! Aaay-Seee-Deee-Seee! The ritualistic call and response comes from people in silly schoolboy uniforms and those wearing denim jackets held together only by Rush, Styx, Kiss and Iron Maiden badges. It's like a cross between the Chelsea Shed and a Catholic Mass and the gig hasn't even started yet.

For those who think Heavy Metal bands and audiences never change, be assured they do.

Back in the days when the genre first started audiences at least pretended to be discerning by waiting to see if the band were going to be exciting before getting delirious. Such considerations no longer apply in a show requiring and receiving stock responses, suggesting that there is no such thing as an above or below average performance.

At least the reception for Def Leppard didn't reach levels of mindless ecstasy.

A standard five piece, they are not so much an identikit HM band, more an identikit of other identikits. They've learnt their poses well (ooh, the things Joe Elliott can do with that mike stand; everything except sing with it, in fact). Joe even tried to drawl a few lewd remarks about women but as yet he lacks the insulting arrogance to carry it off.

Only one number stood out — 'Time Is On Our Side' as their piece de resistance; a long one with slow, sensitive bits. So sensitive that bassist Rick Savage even cupped his hands over his ear to make sure he was singing in key.

As an impersonation of a Heavy Metal band they were only slightly inferior to what The Barron Knights could have done. But The Barron Knights have been at it longer.

Def Leppard should be enormous.

Fashion note: HM fans still wear flares, but the bands don't. Why is this?

Angus Young of AC/DC, of course wears short trousers and a schoolboy uniform which, as an attempt at humour, is ironically appropriate. As a guitarist, his one attribute is his energy, but there must be better ways to exert it rather than shooting across the stage, putting in the biggest ham performance since Rod Steiger in *Waterloo*.

From the first bar of 'Live Wire' imaginary guitars, pained expressions and peace signs were everywhere. I took the cowards way out and brought forth my notebook.

As visual focal points, Angus Young and Bon Scott strike an interesting contrast: Angus looking enthusiastic, Bon showing arrogant indifference. It's hard to decide which is the less commendable attitude.

AC/DC don't go in much for slow sensitive bits, they just bash it out. So the gig was a predictable mounting frenzy to it's inevitably triumphant conclusion. Perhaps Angus' striptease should be mentioned as a high(?) spot.

What a wag! We laughed until we stopped.

The music was ugly, and strangely enough the almost exclusively male audience was the ugliest crew I've seen outside of a Glasgow Rangers game.

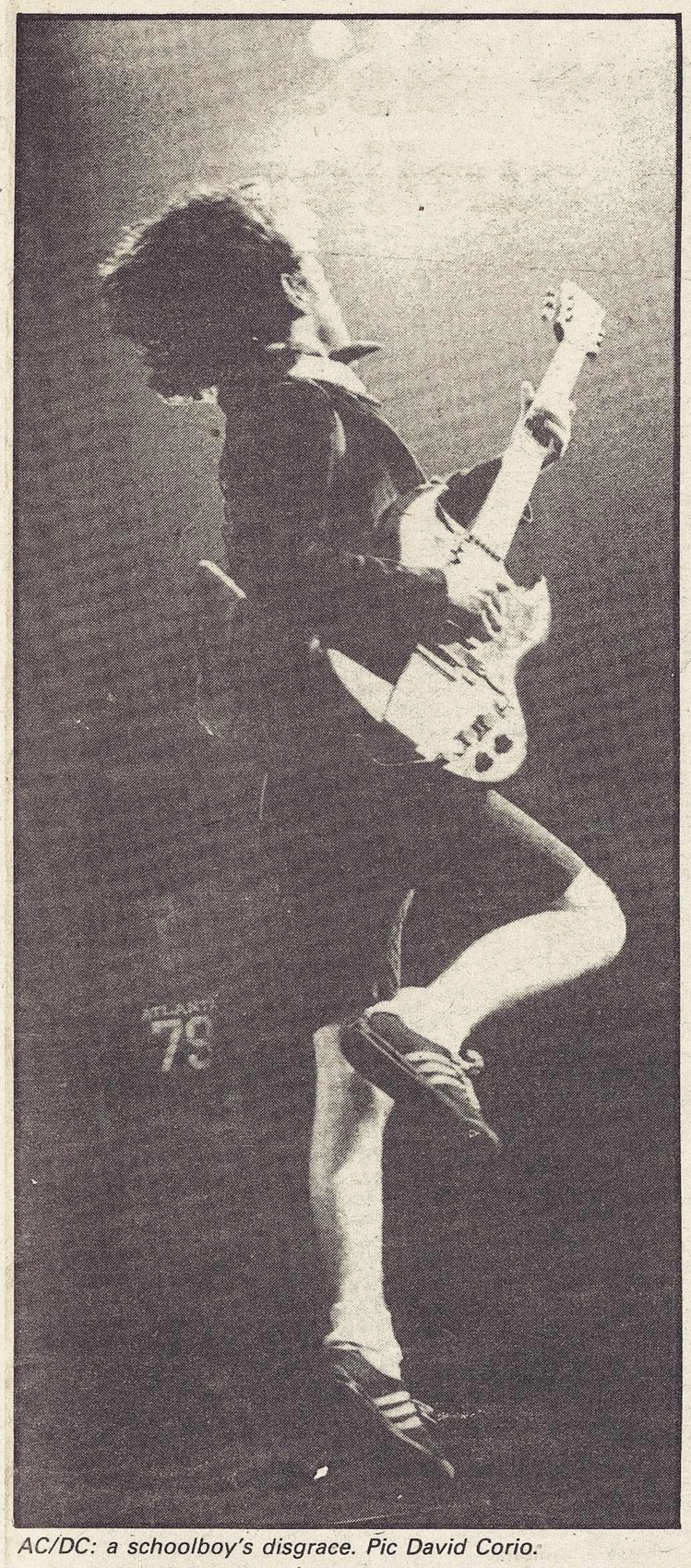
But here's the rub: do they like the music because they're ugly or do they become ugly as a result of it?

Whatever, it was a fascinating gig . . . and if a tarantula spider were to place itself in front of me I wouldn't be able to take my eyes off that either.

What this music has to do with rock'n'roll is no longer even a question worth asking. It's clearly a sub-culture on its own and its devotees neither want nor deserve any better.

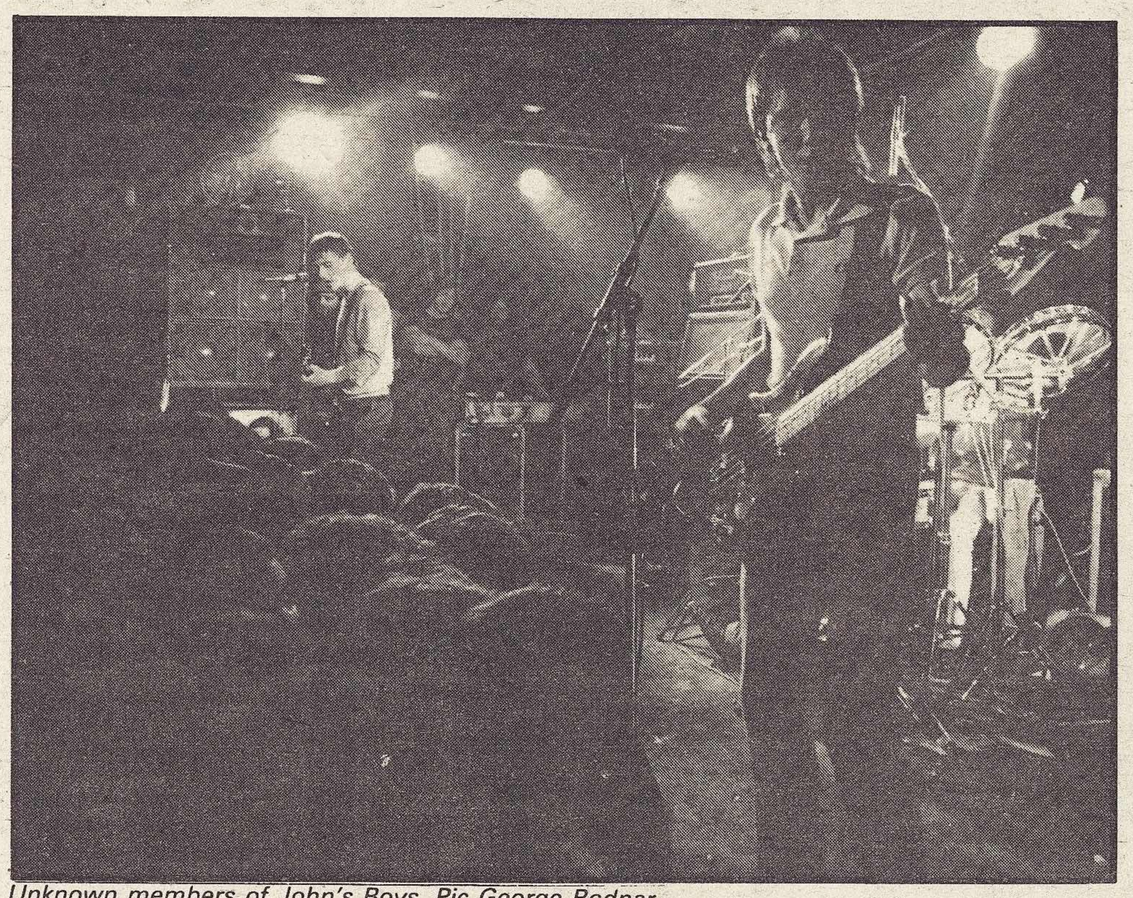
It's their world and they're welcome to it.

Stuart Johnston



AC/DC: a schoolboy's disgrace. Pic David Corio.

John's boys secret success



Unknown members of John's Boys. Pic George Bodnar.

John's Boys
The Nips

Marquee

About half of London's teenage population seemed to descend on Wardour Street to see the Woking mods play a 'secret' gig under the banner of John's Boys. Tickets sold out fast, so hordes of Jam fans were sent packing home. The lucky ones who managed to squeeze into the Marquee sauna were ready to lap up the best show in town.

First on were The Jam's buddies, The Nips led by the near legendary Shane O'Hooligan. After a count-in, they were tearing through a set of love songs with a difference — definitely not the sort you'd hear Simon Bates spinning to his housewives.

Shane projects a vindictive jealous character, the kind of 'romantic' who must surely be hard on his girlfriends. For instance, the chorus to 'Vengeance' is *"I'm gonna hit him, I'm gonna kill him, I'm gonna really make him pay for what he's doing"*, and that's probably about a geezer who just spoke to his bird.

With Blonde Douglas playing a lethal guitar, a young kid doing a great drummer's job and the delicious Shane on bass, The Nips line-up seems stable for a while at least, and they should attempt gigs more often. Straight, I can't see Shane gracing the centre-spread of *My Guy*, but his voice should come under the scrutiny of musical connoisseurs, and it's put to ample use on their current single the rocking 'Gabrielle'.

The Nipponese invasion could well start at home, so be ready.

Gruff, stocky John Weller played the MC, and he was followed on by his boys — the mighty Jam.

Opening with 'Girl On The Phone' (sounds like an Undertones' title), this crew couldn't put a foot wrong all night. The crowd erupted and were grooving to the end as the band played a set of new songs mixed with oldies but goldies, and going insane to the likes of 'Strange Town' and 'When You're Young'. Then they would suddenly seize up, trying to suss out the new tunes. 'Little Boy Soldiers', 'Thick As Thieves', 'Saturday's Kids' and the brilliant 'Private Hell' were a few newies previewed. The sacred 'Away From The Numbers' was also tackled successfully, much to the audience's delight.

Weller was magic, cutting those neat jingle-jangling chords with cool, professional ease, backed up by the funky mad-dog-on-speed-lookalike Bruce Foxton. At the back, Rick Buckler pounded out the big beat.

The new songs seem more subtle but grip you immediately with their infectious hooks. Paul has matured into an excellent writer, laying down statements and views with poetic, cynical and amusing insight; an example being a few lines from 'The Eton Rifles': *"What a catalyst you turned out to be/Loaded the guns then you run off home for your tea/Left me standing like a guilty schoolboy."* Also Foxton's scribbling is getting better, as 'Smithers-Jones' testifies with the great put down: *"Take a seat, take the weight off your feet/I've got some news to tell you/There's no longer a position for you/sorry Smithers-Jones."*

Nice boss, eh?

They ended with 'Down in the Tube Station', violence pouring out of the song so that we could all imagine being there. They crawled back and done a couple of encores and that was it.

As I supped up my beer and collected my fags, I saw Weller holding court to a group of spellbound kids. I wanted to stroll over and talk but I lost my bottle. Perhaps another time.

Gary Crowley

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Return of Sender

Wilko Johnson

Music Machine

Wilko's new Solid Senders are a pared-down affair with the bare bones of guitar, bass and drums. The outcome is a frail, sparse R&B that finds Wilko gnawing at his roots with more immediate affection than ever before.

The band amble on stage while the Music Machine disco blares on as if it's the star attraction. Any such aspirations are immediately doused as a pale yellow light illuminates and casts dark shadows across Wilko's harsh features. He picks up his guitar and you know everything's OK.

'Messing With The Kid' and 'Everybody's Carrying A Gun' are a light introduction with Wilko seemingly in low profile and content to thrash out rhythm. He growls his blues, but there's a suspicion that he's holding back and lowering his way carefully into live performance. That familiar menace has yet to stamp its swaggering authority.

The gut-wrenching 'Walking On The Edge' sees things right.

Wilko kicks into crashing, haywire solos that smash through the safety-net of Russ Strutter's bass and Alex Bines' drums. He paces restlessly from amp to the edge of stage in blatant exorcism of lurking demons and the crowd jump feverishly to the madness.

These Solid Senders coast on an endearingly tinny sound that recalls the timeless spirit of ace mono recordings. This is Wilko in his element wreaking sharp, violent slashes of black-and-white that lurch, leap and prise out urgent soul. Slap yourself for grinning like an idiot.

'Cairo Blues' catches him warbling exotically and craning his neck as if hell-bent on petrifying a few flies along the way. His voice, though frail, is raw and totally at ease throughout because his music is on tap from his heart.

Right on time comes the straightforward BB blues of 'The Whammy' spliced by guitar fills that jump off kamikaze-like at all angles.

Wilko's shock-red lead lashes behind him like the entrail of something hidden and nasty and by this time his eyes are stretched wide and blanched sheer-white by the spotlight. His eyeballs roll demonically to the convulsions of prime R&B and his guitar pirouettes in his huge hands.

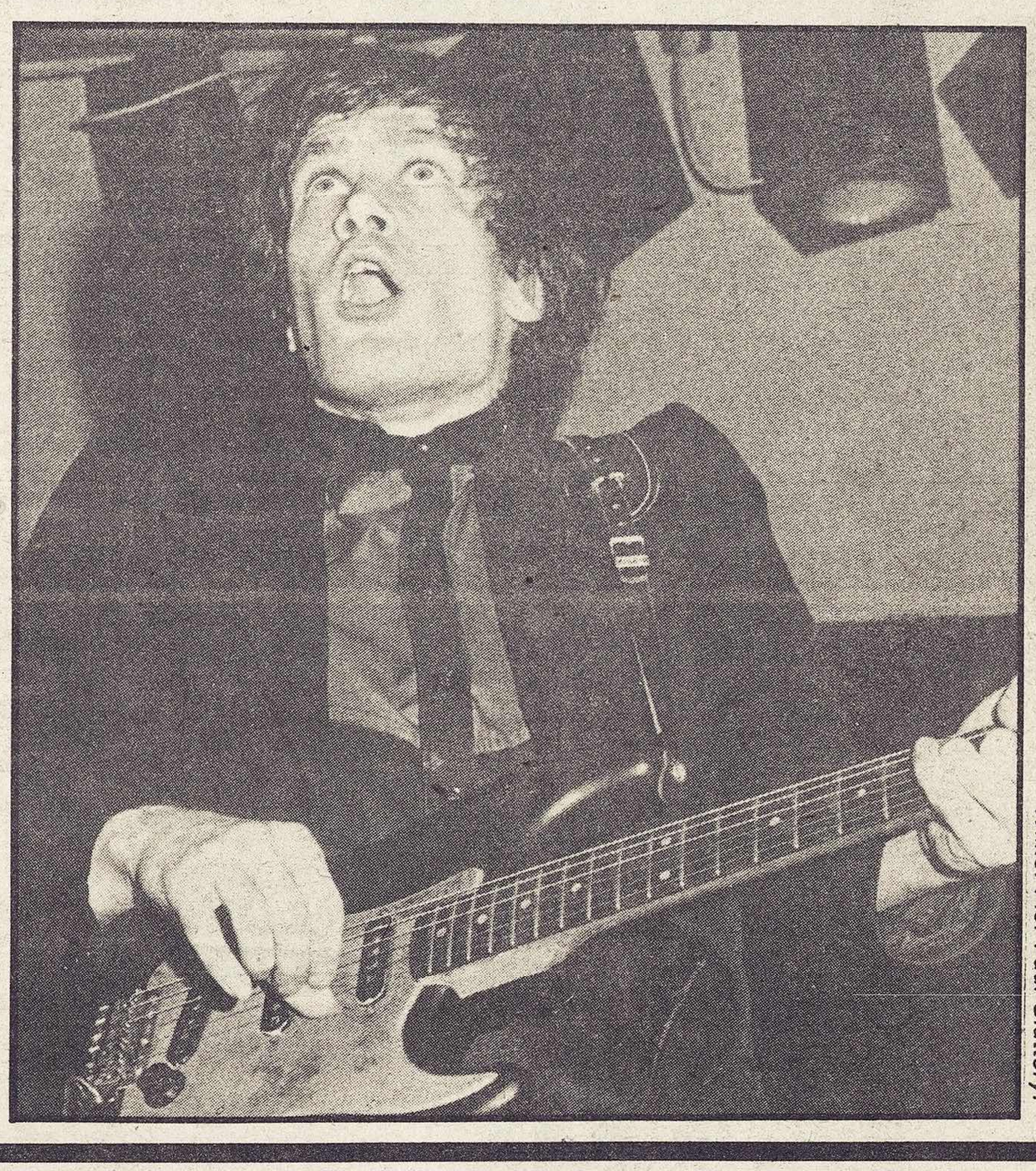
There's no looking back. They burst into Dylan's gloriously vindictive 'Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window' and, crammed tight with layered tension and spat out by Wilko in a crawling drawl, it sounds like an ideal single to wilt the nation's airwaves.

'Paradise' is a blast of Feelgood-type mastery with a riff that wedges in your brain and, however much you shake yourself about, it won't come out. From then on it's easy cruising with 'Back In The Night' holding the road nicely till the long, choogling stretches of 'Highway 61'.

Tonight showed Wilko, a grandaddy by appointment and stature, fighting-fit and ready to last another course. His music is bruising direct and slides off your back in fluid shivers that leave you stranded in a sopping puddle. Right now there's not a lot that can do that.

Can this man be the new Bob Dylan or more? Wilko, don't ever disappear again.

Pete Archer



Wilko. Pic: Paul Slattery.

The VIPs

Music Machine

Ever had the feeling you were missing out? You know, the kid who sits in the corner at a party and wonders just why everyone else is having such a good time?

I got that feeling on watching The VIPs turning out a set of indifferent originals and botched-up covers to a highly responsive audience. On 'Stuttgart Special' everyone formed a conga and chuffed around the floor going "Whoo Whoo!" at appropriate moments.

After a vociferous denial that they were a mod band (they'd recently supported Squire), I was surprised to see them turn up on stage in cartoon mod gear — thin ties plaid shirts, neat crop — and launch into a number with a beat suspiciously reminiscent of early Weller.

'Runaway' was given an interesting vocal interpretation, although no one else seemed to notice that the singer was as flat as a pancake. "This is the sort of song Raymond Chandler would have written," made me choke as they introduced a song called 'Dead On My Busty' (I'm sure that's what he said).

Given the current state of rock in the UK, groups like this are not only unnecessary, they are positively undesirable. They can only drag us back into the valley of the shadow of boredom from whence the new wave pulled us not so long ago.

The VIPs are neither good enough to warrant their name nor bad enough for it to be funny. They're just a bunch of nice guys playing a bunch of nice rock songs *competently*.

Well, can *you* think of anything worse?

Neil Norman

The Teenbeats

Bridge House

In the backwoods of E16 is a refuge from dockland industry and high-rise-living called The Bridge House. On Monday it's crammed with 400 smart, '60s replicas. Monday is mod night.

The Teenbeats climb the stage to excited anticipation. Immediately Huggie Leaver, vocalist extraordinaire, clasps the mike the audience is twitching. He has a personality that reaches every cobwebbed corner of the saloon. The sound is young, fresh and fun, with Huggie a mini-whirlwind pulling the onlookers into the set with him.

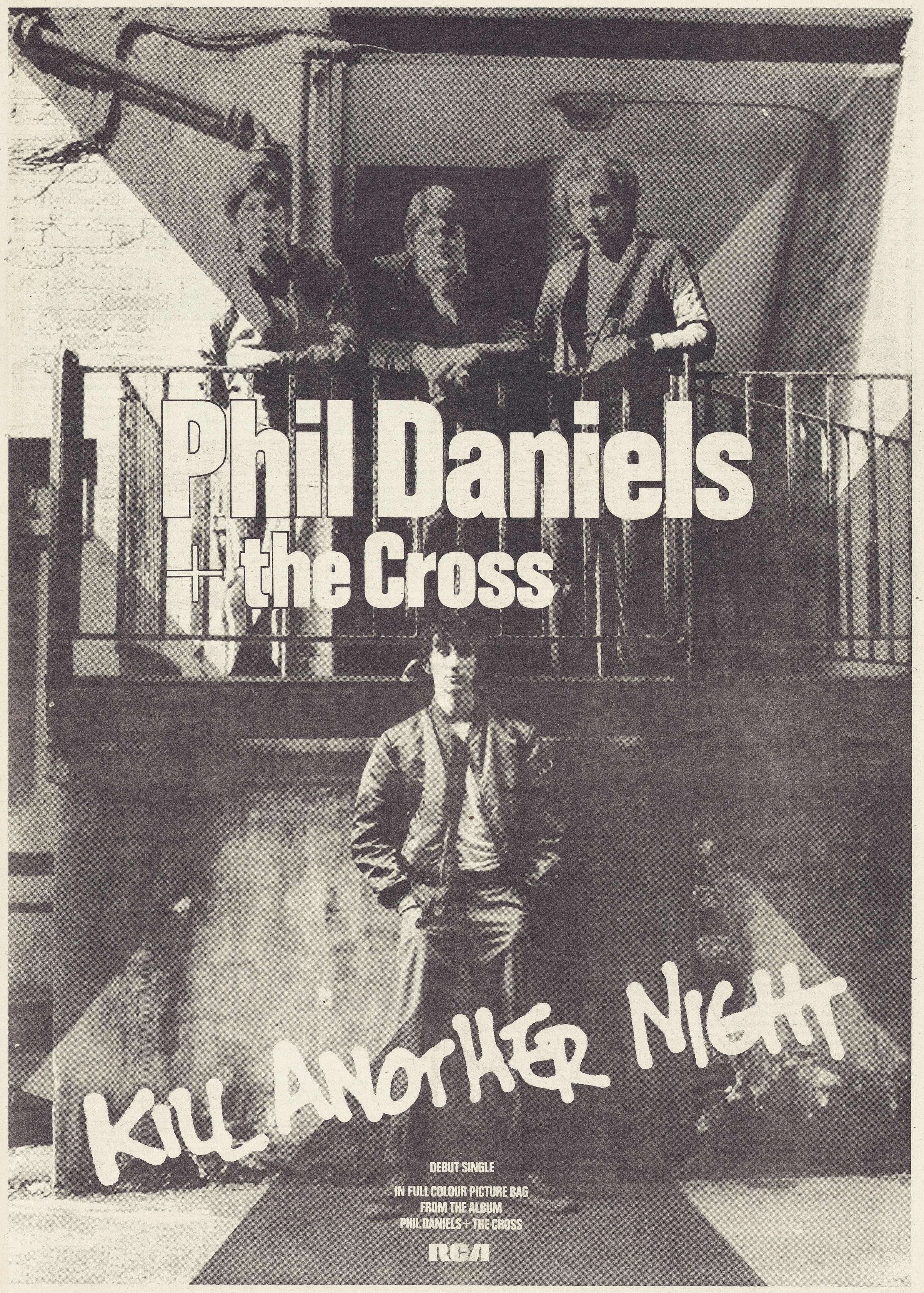
The punters are not disappointed with the rip-roaring numbers battered out by drummer Dave Blackham and Huggie. They pound out with un-mod precision songs like 'Can't Control Myself', (their current single) and 'It Doesn't Show', with a trace of Mekon guitar entwined. The combination of rhythm (Paul Thomas) and lead (Ken Copsey) makes for a hard colourful guitar sound, most obvious in the catchy 'Teenage Beat'.

The set concludes with 'Strength Of The Nation', the forthcoming single followed by tumultuous applause and a rowdy version of 'Hippy, Hippy Shake' helped along by support band The VIPs and star-struck members of the audience.

The Teenbeats are not a mod band, but they do play '60s music, remnants from the days of the Stones and related to today's rock scene. Really they are not far removed from that lost culture of spiky-headed enthusiasts who graced the stage in '76. And there are still some punk left-overs in the act. Siouxsie-type arm and leg swings and harsh vocals give away the mohair suit and Hush Puppy cover-ups.

But I enjoyed myself at the Bridge House.

Adele-Marie Cherreson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Bob Marley. Pic Kevin Cummins

Bob Marley And The Wailers

New York

I And I Survive

Bob Marley had to change his approach. He had a virtual patent in the international arena on the stance of the mad-shaman reggae icon, the athletic Lion prancer and dancer. He was always a thrill to watch, but the danger that his moves would become too set, too predictable, was there.

So he has changed and the tone of his new 'Survival' album — deliberate, taken at a slower, more considered pace, but full of thought and purpose — was carried into the performance. Marley played down the athletic display and instead emphasised the incredible expressiveness and control of his singing.

He was less the impassioned shaman and more the eloquent preacher. He has serious things on his mind and now, more than ever, he wants to be sure we get the message.

The setting of the Apollo Theatre, a Harlem landmark, is well chosen for Marley's return after a year and a half absence. It's small enough for his concentration on lyrical message and emotional subtleties to reach out and connect.

The use of the stage set is effective, with three backdrops used during the show. The first is an Ethiopian flag, the second a portrait of Selassie I, the third a collage including images of Marcus Garvey, Selassie I and guerilla fighters. They don't distract, but unobtrusively encourage a little thought about the political context in which this music is made.

Marcia Griffiths of the I-Threes isn't on this tour, so it's just Rita Marley and Judy Mowatt as the I-Twos. Otherwise the Wailers are at full strength, augmented by a trumpet-and-sax horn section. That makes ten musicians, but the sound is still quite lean and spare, avoiding the pratfall of creating an overblown, big band version of what ought to be an essentially minimalist sound.

Marley's imagination seems caught up with the new songs he has written, and he gave them his most careful and concentrated delivery. But some older material fared less well.

The opening songs 'Natural Mystic' and 'Them Belly Full' were surprisingly lackluster, going by without any glory. But with 'I Shot The Sheriff' everyone woke up. Marley became that Lion spirit for a while, gesturing, testifying; a militant Rasta proclaiming the injustice of a world where the cards are stacked against you.

While the band lays down a steady groove, unhurried and compelling, Marley delivers his lines as what they are, a very personal and heartfelt meditation on the current state of play. With its reference to the attempt on Marley's life, 'Ambush In The Night' is the song that brings the survival theme down to a personal level, and as such it's a key song.

Marley takes special care in articulating the lyrics. Many in the audience know the song and recognise its meaning. When Marley gets to the lines *"through the power of the Most High, we keep on surviving,"* he is greeted by the first mass cheers of the night.

The second occassion for cheers is when Marley puts down his guitar and shouts "Jah!" Usually this is a signal for Marley to start letting loose with his warrior stage dance, but in terms of physical expression, the performance remained relatively subdued. But the meanings of 'One Drop' and 'Survival' were well communicated, the conviction behind the songs unmistakable.

'No Woman No Cry' fares less well. It needs a more emotional reading, and Marley underplays it. 'Jamming' is better, serving as a dance number and getting people on their feet. The Wailers even throw in a tight, muscular dub section while Marley does some fancy stepping.

The band, like Marley, seemed to pick up interest on the new material and lag a bit on the old stuff. 'Kinky Reggae', for example, doesn't really mash it up like it should. Some of the guitar solos from Junior Marvin are ordinary and dispensable. But the Barrett brothers' rhythm section keeps the syncopated swing going strong, and on the whole they are excellent.

Near the end, 'Zimbabwe' comes forward as a powerful testimonial. This is where Marley's vocal technique accomplishes its most delicate task, conveying that an essentially angry, revolutionary lyric is born out of feelings of concern and compassion.

What Marley has sussed is that in these times he sometimes needs not to display and dazzle but to persuade and teach.

Brother, you're so right.

Richard Grabel

BOB MARLEY

■ *From page 35*

gonna prefer the teaching of His Majesty. So I figure when dem realise the whole world run off ideology in a sense, then they realise His Majesty the best and when you check it out you find His Majesty is God so it double right.

His Majesty never make any deal with any country fe get any atomic weapon in Ethiopia. If Him want Him could be friend with Russia or America or build up all sort o' t'ings like others do, but because the black man have to remain a people and dem have to seek dem own light him nah do that. But he stand up and defend our rights so today we can be so proud, to look in a man's conscience and see who's right and who's wrong.

Right now Ethiopia lean on Russia. If Russia draw away then Ethiopia drop. His Majesty know that, Him wan fe stand as a people, Him no wan' lean on anyone. It's like Him seh: "Time and history shall record their judgment." It's a time thing.

How should black Americans be re-orienting themselves do you think?

Dem 'ave fe get dem unity in one direction . . . Marcus Garvey preach that we must look to the East for when a new king come for our leader, and in 1930 Haile Selassie come so black people must know what is them leader, seen? Russia take Communism, America take capitalism, black people have fe tek Rastafari. It's just a thing like that. You might get people from America love Rastafari and people from anywhere love Rastafari but the world powers fight it. For a longer time them fight against Ethopia and against His Majesty and against anything black man say or do.

Marcus Garvey come and they kill him, any man come up from when he start deal with Black them say him dangerous. But until the black man united then the whole world is in trouble same ways, because God don't give Man grief; Him give black man the wisdom of understanding, the white man the wisdom of technology and the Arab wealth, them have all the oil and stuff. So it's just three t'ing . . .

It seems that ten years ago or so black Americans started to think independently from the system and then that energy disappeared . . .

What happen is that dem no approach it right. If you're dealing with black power you ave fe deal with Rastafari, that is the truth and that is spiritual on the people. It might be hard fe dem really catch on to it buoy but me a tell you, is It. Because there are a million t'ing in America, you can go anywhere, see anything. Everywhere you look is more shops full o'high heel shoes and all dis fashion t'ing dat gwan. So *terrible* y'know. Stop look and there is 75 different styles. Your poor head! You never really see anything as *life.* Everything round you is life still but you don't really see anything that's the real thing, everything is just zzzzzzzzzzttttttt . . . eat your brains, sprain you foot, it get you weak man.

Well they smoke plenty of herbs here, it's almost legal . . .

Yeh mon, me want fe see the whole o' New York paint red gold and green (laughs). Rastaman must have him place y'know. When me go to Ethiopia me see some painting of red gold and green, it look like it about 45 years old, the colour wash off. And when you go to Jamaica man have him red gold and green thing the same way. So we gwan live y'know, we have our life. Everything that red gold and green pass through . . . Raasclaat! I know red gold and green look *terrible* to people who nah know 'bout it. It's threatening, it look like judgment, cos when this earth fly the red gold and green flag all about, you know The Judgment pass.

During my time when I was a young lickle Rasta youth me just try to enjoy myself in Rasta work, when me see anything red gold and green me check it serious, like it's coming as a message. When me look pon the street life me see that red gold and green control the earth for watch it: anywhere you go on earth the stop light is red gold and green. It's scientific and psychological. Y'see all dem stoplight stick on red gold and green it (breaks into laughter). A different t'ing dat again. People can relate to it, it's a control thing you carry in a memory box . . .

What you say about the present time being a judgment time; history's definitely speeding up, it's accelerating as it gets closer to the centre of its spiral . . .

God seh Him shorten the days, that means the days get much quicker, everything that happens quick . . .

Most people aren't at all ready for this.

People have fe suffer in a Babylon and dead in a Babylon and it still plenty people gonna save. Cos we have a whole heap o'judgment y'know. Yeah mon, judgment gonna *terrible,* worse man ever seen. Check out how a little place like Jamaica was hit a little while ago by floods — a big judgment that for a little island. So you can just imagine how America this size get a lick (blow) dat size — same size lick cos Jah no partial. Terrible mon . . .

YOU told Vivien Goldman that you respected Bob Dylan. Have you heard his new album?

'Slow Train Coming'? No, me read about it but don't hear it yet.

It's about The Judgment. There's a line, I think from *Revelation: "Can you imagine the darkness/That will fall from on high/When me will beg God to kill them/And they won't be able to die."*

Yeah mon, these days are funny — man wanna die 'im can't die, yeah, change all 'im heart and him live still and suffer. That's no good.

Do you think people who survive the judgment time will live forever in the flesh? That's what I read you thought.

Yeah, the people who survive will live, cos the only thing that can make you survive is to know the truth and the truth is that God seh Him give man everlasting life, which means everliving life. Me seh my life here, dis flesh, me have fe *live.* Me never seh there was no fear of death but me no deal with death me no have time to risk this flesh too much, cos it's this me have to do it in.

The spirit is stronger than the flesh, which means the flesh is nothing for the spirit to carry. That mean there's a way to live. There's a way man, it can be done. That's where Rastafari come in cos everyone else preach when you die you go to heaven . . . No, I don't like that one.

Why not?

Cos if when I dead I go to heaven, then where was I before I am? If heaven's the right place where I was before I am then I should have stayed there.

Maybe the journey of the spirit means you have to carry this flesh awhile then move on elsewhere . . .

The thing is you can't say 'the spirit' — I can only see what I see in front of me, y'unnerstan'? So dis is reality and the time is short, cos you never can tell, a new breeze can blow. Is God create y'know, 'Im can do anything.

But we were just saying that to change the system in Africa many people will lose their lives — so what happens to them? Their spirit must carry on.

Well is God who shelter the spirit cos there only one God which is the spirit, so it's not different different spirit, it's *one* spirit and different different *man,* man have different different ways of doing things.

In any case people don't look after themselves, their flesh, enough.

I feel so too. I don't think they look after it cos them get bad habit of eating, never learn to eat right thing in the beginning. Them teach you the wrong taste — bitter is sweet mon, and sweetness bitterness. That is how things become miserable, because people don't get enough bitterness in their life, them tek things that are sweet to the lips but bitter to the flesh.

I'm sure that's one reason why people can't think straight, they eat so much junk.

Lately you hear 'Don't tek sugar, don't do this or that' because from the beginning you shouldn't eat that . . . we no get killed in our flesh mon. One day you might see that where a man live is not food — because it's a raasclaat t'ing higher than food, it's not even the food you eat, though there are certain foods you mustn't eat, but the real food is this, what you take in, when you walk pon the street how easy your mind is, how much tension. People live in tension all the while which draw you and cripple you . . . and that is what hurt people now. People have more a mind problem than a food problem.

WHAT do you feel happiest about that you've achieved so far? That you've maybe woken people up?

Yeah, me feel good that plenty people is aware that there is something happening. Man can check it out cos I know Rasta grow, I don't see it deteriorate, I watch them and they grow more and more. It might not be in the headlines every day but dem grow.

And all over the world too.

Yeah man, some place I go people receptive to this thing o' mine. They're willing to accept you because dem *see't* for themselves, I don't know how dem know but dem *know.* It go anywhere . . . me go a Japan and Chinaman know the truth and 'im accept it, just free . . .

You've never seen it as a race thing?

No, its not really a race thing in that sense because a whole heap of people from all nation, kindred and tongue follow the Rasta movement. Is dat the Bible seh. But is really a black man organisation cos the white man nah know about it in that sense, the black man have the knowledge to hold that thing there while the white man him study fe mek all things a go to space. 'Im study *too much,* 'im

■ *Continues page 65*

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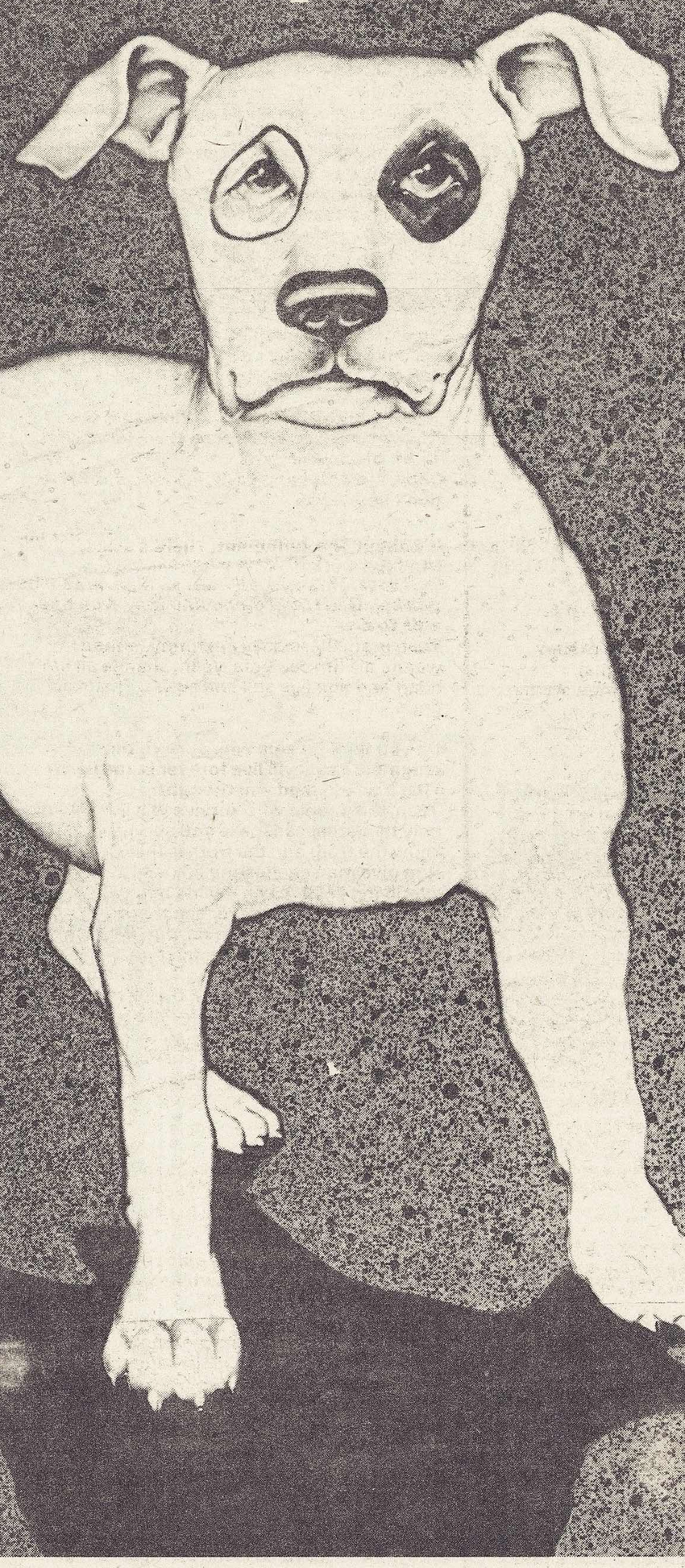

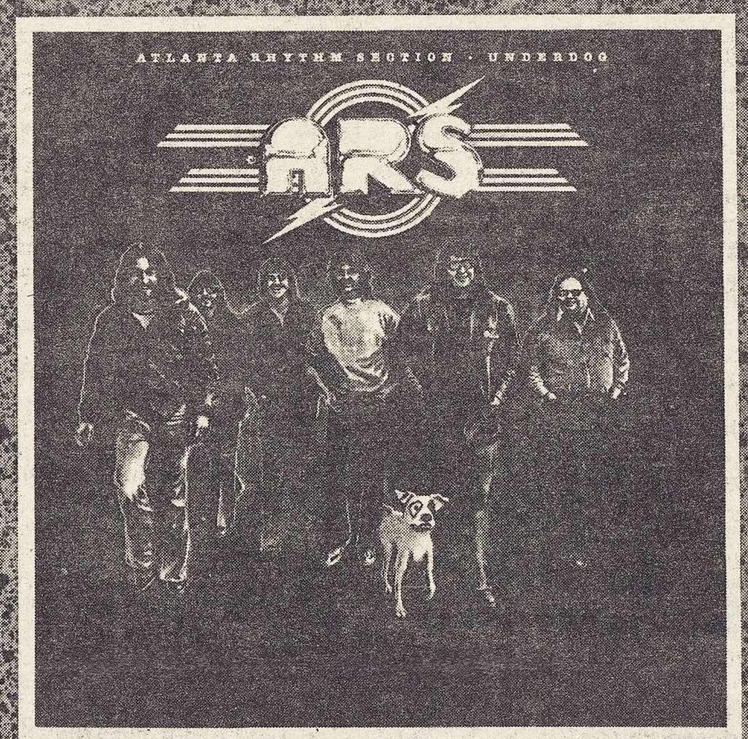

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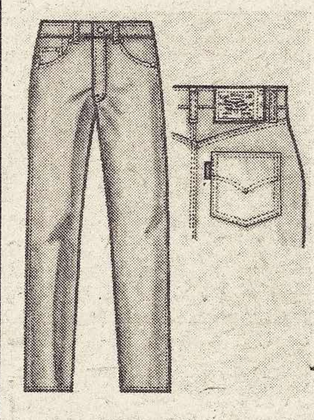

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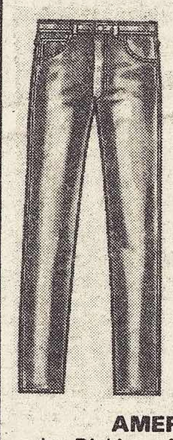

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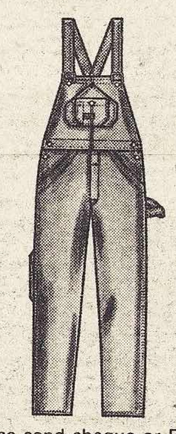

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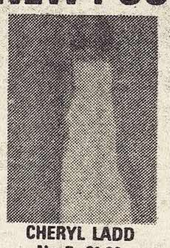
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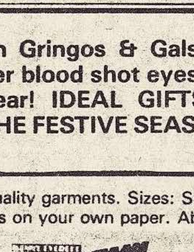
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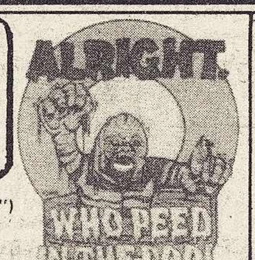
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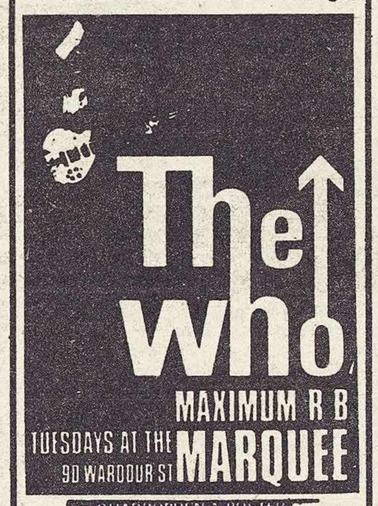

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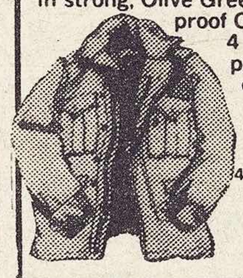

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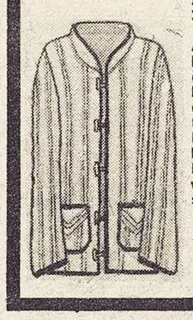

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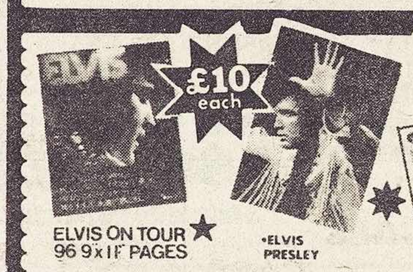

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BOB MARLEY

■ *From page 58*

get lost . . . but today there's no turning back, come too far and turn back now, it just mus' have fe go . . .

But some people a go save still and all these people are one people who believe in something, believe in God, fear of true conscience and the works of Ras Tafari.

Reggae seems to be a universal rhythm; they dig it in Europe, America, Africa, Japan . . .

Yeah man, everyone, no matter which raasclaat place 'im come from speak to His Majesty and hear him seh: "Until the philosophy that hold one race superior and another inferior is finally and permanently discredited and abandoned" — until this, until that the way that speech go . . . Hear Him say this and the whole of Africa have to jump it. Him even seh that to Castro and 'im have to bloodclaat jump it. Say it to Russia and dem have to jump to it. Y'see Ras Tafari am God man. Raasclaat! That one statement alone mek Him God . . .

I'd have thought Castro was helping liberate Africa after what you said earlier.

If Castro go help Jamaica, Jamaica go socialist. And if America go help Jamaica, then it go capitalist. Suppose if Jamaica were Rasta then no one would be interested. Go deeper and see what survival Rastaman would have if the government would run Jamaica Rasta.

Psychological warfare go on with germs mix in it. A terrible war mon. Because check the war in Ethiopia now and seh 'blah blah bum bum' . . . Dem seh Ethiopia starve and write it down as history. Well alright, look and see — if them know the people starving why them never come help if so kind? No, them butcher and conquer and capture. So dem nah go help so nah bow to them. So this is how His Majesty the best again 'cos him never bow to them. I know dem have technology, technological understanding but dem nah help you with it. That's because the technology is God to them and dem no know God.

Have you seen Lee Perry recently, Bob?

Is he OK?

Yeh Mon.

We've heard strange reports in England that he's gone crazy.

Mebbe the Punky Reggae get to him (laughs all round) . . . Scratch alright mon.

Are you glad you made that record? 'Punky Reggae Party'?

Me glad me do it y'know. Really. A lot of people seh it was kinda letdown thing, that I let myself down. I did still y'know. But still something seh try get into it a lickle, with 'Rejected by society' and dem t'ing . . . but Punky Reggae is not really my thing, me prefer to leave them people alone, try to get more of a spiritual type o'thing.

What did you think to African music?

Well dem have a different music, some I couldn't even understand. When I see people dance I realise how wide music can be, cos I know music a play and me can't dance to it but me see people dance to it and dance good too. Me want fe dance wid dem nuff to see if me can feel it, cos y'can't just feel it so, it different . . . far east, far east Rasta, a man sing some raasclaat tune deh. Me go a club see a bredren sing and the man can *sing*. When me go to Ethiopia me no expect anything like that.

You were just looking at the 'Intensified' album — there's a bit of a rude boy craze in England right now, white youth more than black. What do you think of that, as one of the originals?

There's tension everywhere, too much tension . . .

You don't think that being a rude boy is the answer to tension?

Well it help — at least you become rebellious for roots stand for rebel. It must work out because Jamaica now just jump on Rasta — the youth dem no pass Jah but still people just call dem Rude Bwoy and dem rude boy become Rasta, so all a dem rebel; rude, Rasta . . . for if me never know there was a God one time when I walk as a youth me was well well rude and well well bad to man but me always know seh "Well boy me can't hit a next one. Me feel so strong me 'ave to defend him."

The Pope was in New York recently. Did you read about it? He played Madison Square Garden and Shea Stadium, it was like rock and roll gigs. He's even got a record out.

It chart yet? There are 70 million people a go buy it, dem buy't man. The Pope have a number one tune to bloodclaat! Well I don't think I wanna sing again inna dis . . . Pope have the number one spot but that no bloodclaat good for we mek a number one tune do you hear? And then the whole record business get more interesting, more meaningful. You'd have the Pope, you'd have Rasta, and Rasta lick 'gainst the Pope and 'im can't survive! If him enter record business him can't survive. Dem who go to disco and to rockers leave him right out man (laughs). Seventy million people members y'know. When him dead 70 million dead with him. 70 million people really wanna dead? Dem soon find out 'im just a figurehead. Babylonian . . . Rome, y'know, is the heights the devil is in, him is the Antichrist because dem know Haile Selassie is the Christ but dem no tell it.

How do you feel about Christians? Not Roman Catholics but say Christians who believe that the Pope is the Anti-Christ too?

Well the poor Christians never really get a chance to understand yet. Someplace people misinterpret something. If a man come up with no great education more than read and pick up the Bible and see "God is the King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Conquering Lion of the Tribe Of Judah" and seh "Oh my suffering life, look out deh see who is the conquering lion of the tribe of Judah 'cos me a suffer and from me a suffer me have nothing to lose." And 'im look out deh and see Haile Selassie and know 'Im God.

Me accept him in flesh, spirit and truth, and Him show himself to me in different ways and mek me surer. Everyday see I Him. Even when you run it down to ideology 'Im have the best. Like you have Marx, Lenin, or Capital way and even there 'Im is the best.

A lot of people look at Ethiopia and see a poor starving country and they wonder why Selassie did nothing to help his people.

Well, yes . . . Is true God is God, Him don't live like a film show, there's a whole international universal world in front of him. Because Him seated in Ethiopia dat nah mean Him love the people more than somewhere else.

When you tek conscience in a man now, all the people who seh Ethiopia was starving, dem coulda help feed the people. Cos big America knew, big Russia knew, big anyone knew but nobody give any help. Dem no wanna give anything without you take capitalism or Communism with it.

I check it another way again; in the days when Mussolini attacked Ethiopia him spray mustard gas and I am saying today that them spread famine gas, so even if the people eat them crippled same way. This is just war strategy. But who have eyes to see will se't y'know. Cos it's just mankind a do it to mankind, whether they come from Russia, Africa or anywhere, just mankind on the face of the earth. But man will be kinder to man. Pure propaganda them spread 'pon His Majesty, international propaganda.

We no lean on anyone cos we is Rasta. We're not sold any hype. It's very dangerous too because when you're Rasta you stand up inna middle and that's dangerous, you come like the blaze between the fire — y'have two pieces of wood and the blaze come between, the two piece of wood catch a fire. (Loudly.) But I and I no fight fe nothing y'know — we is what we is, we supply the way prophecy run it, that in this time now we come to our heritage of culture, our ancient culture on earth. As it was in the beginning so shall it be in the end because in the beginning everything was perfect and so everything have to go back to perfection again.

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Why do you print all the long, boring, pseudo-intellectual letters that attack your staff, in the left column? Be original. Don't print them at all.
Warped, depressed Sally, near Richnond.

Re: Rock Against Sexism — Abortion.

Surely the cry should be, "No Woman, No Girl, No Child should ever have to stoop so low or crawl so far as to have to take a human life."

Shouldn't we be "rocking" together to make sure *all* human life is held up and prized above all else, think of those little girls who hardly know how they became pregnant let alone why, or the young mums who "can't cope" any more and ask *why*.

Making abortion legal didn't stop unwanted pregnancies, it hasn't made life more bearable for those unable to cope with living (just something else to treat with a pat on the head and a bottle of Valium), what it has done is push the problem further and deeper away.

"Take it all away and all's well" . . . It isn't well and it won't be until we all ask *why*. You'll be given a variety of answers to that, ranging from "bad sex education" through to "poor social conditions". The answer to those answers is to spend money on the real care and welfare of those crying out for it. Instead money is poured into building up our armed forces, on artillery, on anything but you, me and tomorrow.

It's cheaper and easier to abort a new life than it is to give it a helping hand, a bit of care and some love.

Please remember to ask why.
Veronica Monk, Bicester, Oxon.

Re: Stuart Johnston's ULO Rock Against Sexism gig review.

Saying that *all* students are totally ignorant of the real world, is like saying *all* rock journalists are totally in touch with the real world.
Duncan E. Lamb, London.
Yeah, that's right. What's your beef, exactly? — M.S.

So Deanne Pearson ungraciously attempts to win her journalistic spurs by slagging off mod mercilessly. First she berates The Purple Hearts and now The Chords — fortunately though, she fails miserably.

Dear Deanne, why commit the cardinal sin and write about something you don't really understand — mod isn't wearing a parka with the right badges on it but rather the attitude of mind that develops with musical taste. Who cares a shit whether or not The Chords wear two-tone pyjamas and hush-puppy slippers — mod is about music and not expensive Carnaby Street garb. And that's where The Chords are at — a factor overlooked by Miss Pearson. I've seen The Chords seventeen times and they've always been and always will be musically brilliant.

One last question Deanne — those people you talked to in Birmingham, had they been standing up the front or, as I tend to suspect, standing with you at the back posing in the bar?

Less bigotry and more representation.
Michael the Mod, London SE16.

Unfair! Deanne Pearson hardly drinks at all. Seven pints of lager usually suffices. — M.S.

After reading your article on The Chords, I am itching to tell you of their origins, in particular the "various obscure bands".

I knew (sorry, experienced) The Chords when they were, wait for it, Orgasmic Peroxide and played classics such as 'Nights In White Satin', 'Something', and 'Sweet Home Alabama'. I even have a tape to prove it. One drummer they had was the only musician in the group.
Debbie H, London, SE17.

I would just like to say that I'm fed up with letters each week saying why the group slagged off last week was really not true, and why Ian Penman (who is really a poor struggling looney who can't help it) is such a shitty guy, and why is *NME* going on a down hill slide and a load of other dull heavy metal (meaning boring) type letters. The real letters are the ones about starting new trends and this one is one. It's called being a . . . revolutionary. So instead of complaining about the price of records go and invade EMI. Another alternative is to play the record twice each time so you get better value. Sex, violence and hipness is all acceptable as long as it's revolutionary. So if you feel this is the life for you just don a dirty combat jacket and a black beret and be revolting.
Julian Bywater-Lees (The Revolutionary), Maidenhead, Berks.

Throughout this mod revival thing, one question has never really been answered: What is a mod? Ian Page cries, "I'm a Mod!" because he wears a suit, a parka, a tie, a neat haircut, and washes regularly. Is that it? Have we missed something!

The original mods were a vain, overly self-conscious lot, whose only aim in life was to bash up any 'Rockers' that appeared, and look pretty while they were doing it.

What are this generation of mods about?
From two very confused, dejected Punks, Paula and Jackie, Trentham, Stoke-on-Trent.

I reckon, without wishing to sound a clever b., that I spotted two big blunders in the otherwise enjoyable *Quadrophenia* when I viewed it at my local flea pit. In a shot of Jimmy riding down a road somewhere in London you saw a new model Ford Capri (which weren't even invented in '64) and among others a new edition Renault or Fiat (I'm not sure which).
Secondly, on the seafront at Brighton a lad who resembled a suedehead rather than a mod was seen to be wearing a red, white and black football scarf known as the bar design, which as far as I know was unseen until the early '70s.

Overall, the authenticity of the film was very good and it seemed strange how these discrepencies crept in to it. This must surely rank as one of the most sensible letters ever sent into *NME*, right?
Thomas Lynn, Middle Herrington, Sunderland.
Sensible, certainly, but a bit irrelevant, Tom. You could nit-pick on the cock-ups all day — an Inter City 125 roars past Jimmy's window, *Heaven Can Wait* is showing at the Brighton ABC, etc — but the fact remains that *Quadrophenia*, on a limited budget, brilliantly captures a mood of the time. Anyway, big budgets are no guarantee against anachronisms: in *The Viking Queen* some berk's wearing a wristwatch, in *Lady Hamilton* Big Ben is heard to strike 50 years before the bugger was built, in *One Million Years BC* a DC-10 nearly decapitates the giant pterodactyl and in *Manhattan* three Roman chariots whizz past Woody Allen *(Are you shure about thish lasht one? — Ed.)* — M.S.

Y'know Jimmy in *Quadrophenia* goes walking up the hill after riding the scooter off the cliff. Well, he probably went off to be a hippy (surprise, surprise!)

Well, all you mods, punks, assorted grebes, don't start growing your hair and get spaced out yet 'cos the Tiller Boys are gonna get here first. Face the '80s with something new, Woodstock's just a bird in a cartoon. Don't fall for their hype, be different, be a Tiller Boy. If you write an article on hippes, like you did mod, I'll come round to Carnaby Street and demand a job. Remember there is no love in this world anymore, we've got to find new ways, not revive old ones and the hippies way did not work.

Added to that, I know some hippes and a revival would just be a destructive hype, so don't have anything to do with it, *NME*.
Scared Scot, a Tiller Boy, Croydon.

Down here in Worthing there are no mods or rockers to be seen. No punks or teds, just kids on pushbikes with long fringes and Chinese plimsoles. You guessed it — the Tiller Boys are here. Let's hear it for middle class identity.
Jack and Neal, Worthing.
I suspect that you wingeing pantywaists known as Tiller Boys don't have the answer to anything. — M.S.

Is this democratic England or communist Russia? Where has the freedom of speech gone today. 'God Save The Queen' and 'Anarchy In The UK' were censored and now Crass, because of their anarchistic and blasphemous views in their songs. Only John Peel plays any of these and even that isn't that often. Is this country going communist? Whoever's in power there will always be a government.
G. Crassfresle, Isle of Wight.
Quite an observation. If I was in power I'd dump the Isle of Wight right off. — M.S.

Whatever happened to singles at 45p. Whatever happened to ITV Television. Whatever happened to British summers. Whatever happened to The Rich Kids. Whatever happened to the days when you could go to a football match and not get beaten up. Whatever happened to British Leyland. Whatever happened to LPs at £2.25. Whatever happened to The Osmonds (thank God). Whatever happened to Liverpool in Russia. Whatever happend to *Revolver* on a Saturday Night.
A Buzzcocks fan.
Whatever happened to your question marks? — M.S.

A band of rebels known as 'Bandits' appear in the new *Dr Who* series. These long-haired, gruff-voiced beefcakes are unwashed, shabbily-dressed and have a craving for metal (heavy, perhaps?) Could this be Motorhead?
One Female Who Buys Rock Records, Somewhere North o' Sheffield.
P.S. They didn't sing or play music — but does Motorhead?

Surely The Slits have more finesse than Patti Smith has in the art of producing a record cover. Honestly, what would you prefer; a bare breast, or an unshaven armpit!
C.S., Somerset.
P.S. Don't let Monty Smith get hold of this letter first. We all know his opinion . . .
I have absolutely no opinions on breasts, bare or otherwise. But I have one or two unshaven armpits of my own, thankyou very much. — M.S.

I walked through London Road, Barraland, Charing Cross and Bridgeton to see Rangers play Celtic and did not get spat on, kicked, punched or get beat up.

Does this mean the end of violence?
Ian Paisley, Saltcoats, Ayrshire.

Where has all the violence gone?
The Bognor and Worthing Mods, Rosie Lee's Cafe.

Maybe you can tell me again: what is the function of a music paper?
A worried reader in Holland.
Apparently to incite our readers to violence. And I think we'll start by warning them about you tulip bashers who mince around in clogs. — M.S.

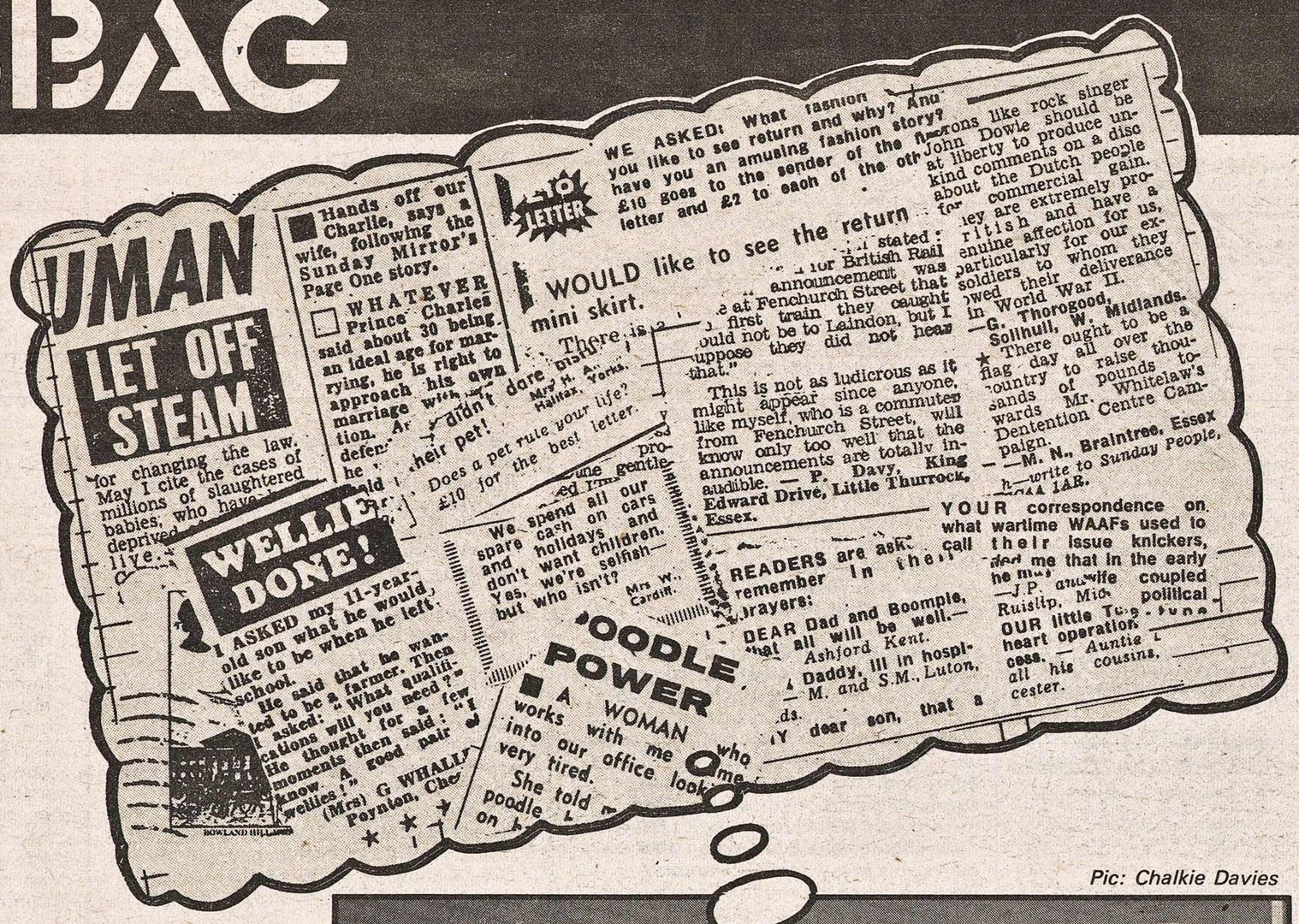
1980 is the year of the Disco haters. I don't know *Sounds* address; would you pass it on to them? The information, I mean? This is what the Press is all about, isn't it?
P. Harrison, Exeter.
I thought *Lou Grant* was what the press is all about. — M.S.

Please say hello to my Auntie Melba and Uncle Roo in Fremantle, Australia, who read *NME* real regular, honest, but it's too late to send my Christmas mail (for 1981). Thanks for the poundstretcher!
Daniel 'Girladys Street' Miller.

I feel that this letter is the best yet to appear in Gasbag and I say this without any thought of overkill or indeed wandering thoughts of merely trying to make a point of my own disregarding the music subject matter of the rag and moreover I will not accept that anything I am prepared to have put into print might be in bad judgement and I refer especially to the possibility of some prat calling this the worst one liner he has yet seen.
Phantom of the Bag.
That's the worst one-liner I've ever seen. — M.S.

I've got a bet with my mate that I can get more letters printed than him by Christmas.
One-Nil.
C.W. (one pint richer).

I have come to the conclusion 'enfin' that all your short, witty, farty arse short letters are not sent in by waggish patrons of this noble paper, but are made up by a little man (probably Morley) shut away in one of your dark offices in Carnaby Street, speeding his head off. I know all this because when I'm speeding I say just as stupid and unimportant things too. To undo this highly probable theory, you will have to print this letter. Hang on though, this ain't a short letter anymore! Ah shit, an' I thought I was onto a winner there.
Catch 22 fan, Soton, Hants.



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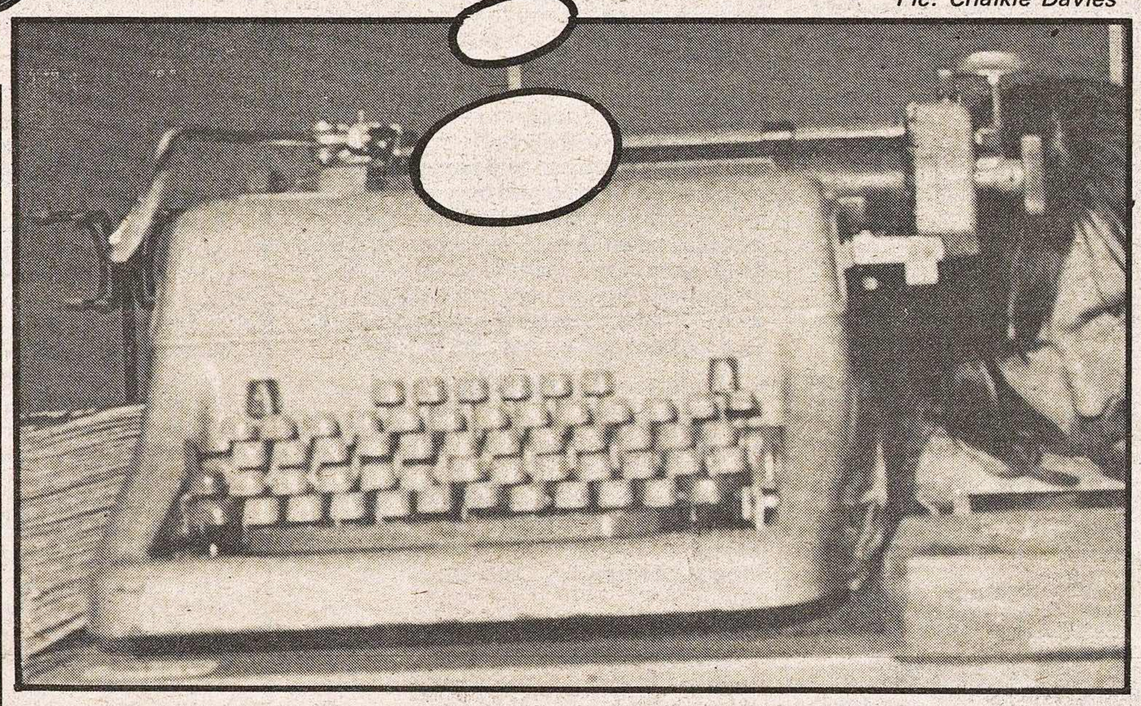
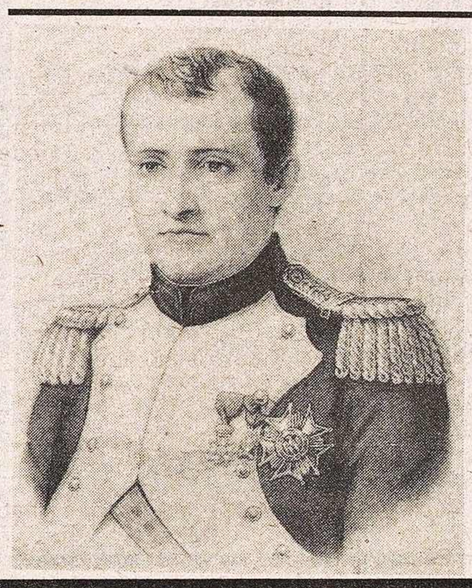




Letters edited by MONTY SMITH

T-ZERS buries its undead

HELLO, HOW are you and welcome to World Tree Week — and you can rest assured that your 20p contribution will be spent wisely and woodily. Fact: It takes ten gallons of Baby Bio and twenty gallons of Special Brew to produce one week's *NME*.

Which is of no concern to us here, for lo! There is news of yon **John Lydon** and his **PiL** chumps. It's nary a month since 'Memories' nosedived into the lower sixties chartwise and already Jack Rotten and his boys have readied a metal box stuffed full of 12" goodies to stay your hunger. The six sides of silliness are divided into Metal 1, Points 1 and 11 and so on, with tracks including 'Albatross', 'Swan Lake', 'Poptones', 'Careering', 'No Birds', 'The Suit', 'Bad Baby', 'Socialist Chant' and 'Radio 4'. Despite the brouhaha about the packaging costing a princely £7.50, Monsieur Lydon confided to *T-Zers* that the total running time at 1½ hours was well over-par for the price. Virgin officials disagree though; they say it lasts one hour. We do know that the tinny thingy has no pictures of the group and that Johnny is a trifle miffed at the absence of a lyric sheet. There's no pleasing some folk . . .

Talking of folk, wizened Canuck **Neil Young** is the proud father of a bouncing new baby two-album set, 'Live Rust', wherein the humble punter can thrill once again to a reggaefied 'Cortez The Killer', both versions of 'Hey Hey My My' and many many more . . .

Hold the front page, at the rave launch party for **Tony Visconti's** Good Earth studio **Siouxsie Banshee,** her virulent hepatitis notwithstanding, was seen deep in conversation with that gregarious Irish person **Phil Lynott** . . .

Here's a daft 'un. Those lovable lads the **XTC** popular combo rubbed British Steel up the wrong way with their smasheroo 'Making Plans For **Nigel'.** Not to be outdone, Brit Steel rounded up all the Nigels in their works, one of whom, **Nigel Boulton,** was quoted as saying: "On the whole I think BSC is a good place to work. There's a great working environment and excellent prospects." Better than the pie factory in Swindon eh? . . .

More famous celebrities. To celebrate their fourth anniversary **The Boomtown Rats** subjected a startled Cardiff audience to a selection from their ancient repertoire, performing 'Get Up Stand Up', **Ron Wood's** 'I Can Feel The Fire' and a coupla **Wilko** chestnuts as encores . . .

According to the local grapevine the recent spate of **Sham** gigs were arranged to avoid crowd disturbance. Drummer **Rickie Goldstein** told *T-Zers* that "we deliberately chose the most out of the way places we could find." So out of the way in fact that some attendances were numbered on one hand . . .

In a fit of festive silliness CBS are to re-release the first three **Spruce Bingsteen** long players in a boxed set . . . Which didn't stop **Slaughter and the Dogs** from reforming . . . or **Blue Oyster Cult** using their free tickets to check out **Lene Lovich** at Leeds University last weekend, though they couldn't see her without standing on chairs . . .

Hats off to **Huge Cornball,** who celebrated the release of his solo album with a midnight snack of vintage horror movies at one of London's bijou picture palaces . . .

Meanwhile, wholesome, muscular **Jeff Bridges** stars in a forthcoming epic *American Success Story* with **Bianca Jagger,** who had to teach him how to shout during their torrid love scenes. Bet **Mick** never had that problem, and even if he did it's all over now for him and the Nicaraguan temptress. A London divorce court rendered them asunder last week but the all-important moolah settlement remains moot . . .

More Canadians, **Joni Mitchell** wangled the choice votes in *Downbeat's* annual poll, scoring first with 'Mingus' in both the jazz *and* rock blues sections . . .

If sales of **Fleetwood Mac's** 'Tusk' fail to live up to promise, we wonder will the disc go ivory? . . .

Still working that one out? Relax, pull up a chair and pour yourself a tumbler of **Elvis Presley** vino. The big burger's estate have licensed Always Elvis Wine Factors Inc to merchandise the appropriate bubbly . . .

Hic, no sooner had **Chairman Hua** caught that slow boat back to China than the Russian Cultural Attache in London was down at Rough Trade snapping up copies of **Secret Affair's** platters. Seems that the Glory Boys' spit 'n' polish image goes down a treat with the gent and so I'Affair are high-stepping it for a Russian TV crew with the possibility of a visit behind the Iron Curtain in the offing. Siberia perhaps? . . .

But before they go to change their roubles a word to the wise. **Eric Clapton's** sell-out in Warsaw, Poland was stymied when fans baulked at the high price of entry, broke into the stadium and trashed it. Eric wasn't too happy with the way bouncers treated the audience either. "Kids were dragged out by their hair, then punched and kicked," he snorted. Sounds just like England to us. Remember England, Eric? . . .

Does **L. Ron Hubbard** know about this dept. That well known weed **John Travolta** threatened to leave the set of *Urban Cowboy* in L.A. after a local street gang came down and shot the joint up. He's convinced that the gat touters were after his blood and squeaked: "I cannot work under these conditions of stress and fear. These people were coming to get me." We live in hope . . .

NEWLY SHORN, white-haired hippy **Jorma 'Jefferson Tuna' Kaukonen** was detained in San Francisco by the **FBI** recently after his drummer was found trying to open the cockpit door on a flight from San Diego to 'Frisco. The culprit claim: "I was only looking for ice." Aah these acid casualties . . .

And then you remember **Sonny's** bit of fluff, **Cher Bono?** Well cop a gander at her latest product 'Prisoner'. The cover pic depicts a naked Cher in *chains* with only her carefully combed tresses and paws to obscure the rude bits. Shame . . .

Boo, hiss, gerroff, etc. The boys in blue attempted to foreclose a **Specials** gig-ette in Sheffield last weekend when they burst in at eleven o' the clock and pulled out the plugs. Drummer **Brad** carried on regardless and eventually the singalonga Specials crowd persuaded the rozzers to leave 'em be. No arrests were made . . .

Drown your sorrows fight fans, pickled crooner **Tom Waits** has vacated his luxury cupboard at the Tropicana Motel and taken his bourbon to Tinsel Town . . .

Singer songwriter **Bob Dylan,** the one they're calling the new **Steve Forbert,** has a bootleg item circulating round the barrows of the Free West. It's called 'Manchester Parade' and features some songs recorded before he was 'born again'. Titles are 'You Treat Me Like A Step Child' (which became 'You Gotta Serve Somebody'), 'I Love You Too Much' (now fondly hummed to the tune of 'I Believe In You') and 'Love Crazy' (the cheapskate dropped the lyrics and subsituted 'Gonna Change My Way Of Thinking') . . .

Any truth in the rumour that **Rolling Stone** person **Keith Richard** is to use the Russian Roulette episode as an excuse to close his account with **Anita Pallenberg** and thus gain custody of their two 'love children'? . . .

Why does **Kozmo Vinyl** own 48 (count 'em) jackets? . . .

Tory Chancellor **Sir Geoffrey Howe's** drum-crazy son **Alec** is following in dad's footsteps with a fine example of private enterprise. The waffy 21-year-old taps the skins in a punky outfit called **Size 9** . . .

Mysteries Of The Cosmos No. 743: Why did **Jimmy Tarbuck** play a **Steve Spillage** track on his nauseating *Winner Takes All* prog last Sunday? . . .

More to the point, didja see **Nick Lowe** making a prat of hisself in ITV's strike-delayed **Rockpile** documentary? Bit maudlin we thought, and what *was* Basher smoking? Nothing that Bewlays sell, eh wot . . .

Start stockpiling those tokens, kids. The New Year will see releases from **Roxy Music, Peters Gabriel** and **Townshend** and the fabbo **Clash,** not to mention **The Undertones and Pretenders,** so we won't . . .

And if that wasn't enough, when the wishbone's been pulled and the last glob of regurgitated Xmas pud is lying heavy on your stomach you can switch on the General Corporation of Japan's latest gadget, the world's first videodisc jukebox, and thrill once more to **Ian Hunter, Blondie, Crusaders, Wings** and all your faves . . .

You don't get many of those to the pound. **Dolly Parton's** future pearls will be revealed to a waiting world on her own White Diamond label . . .

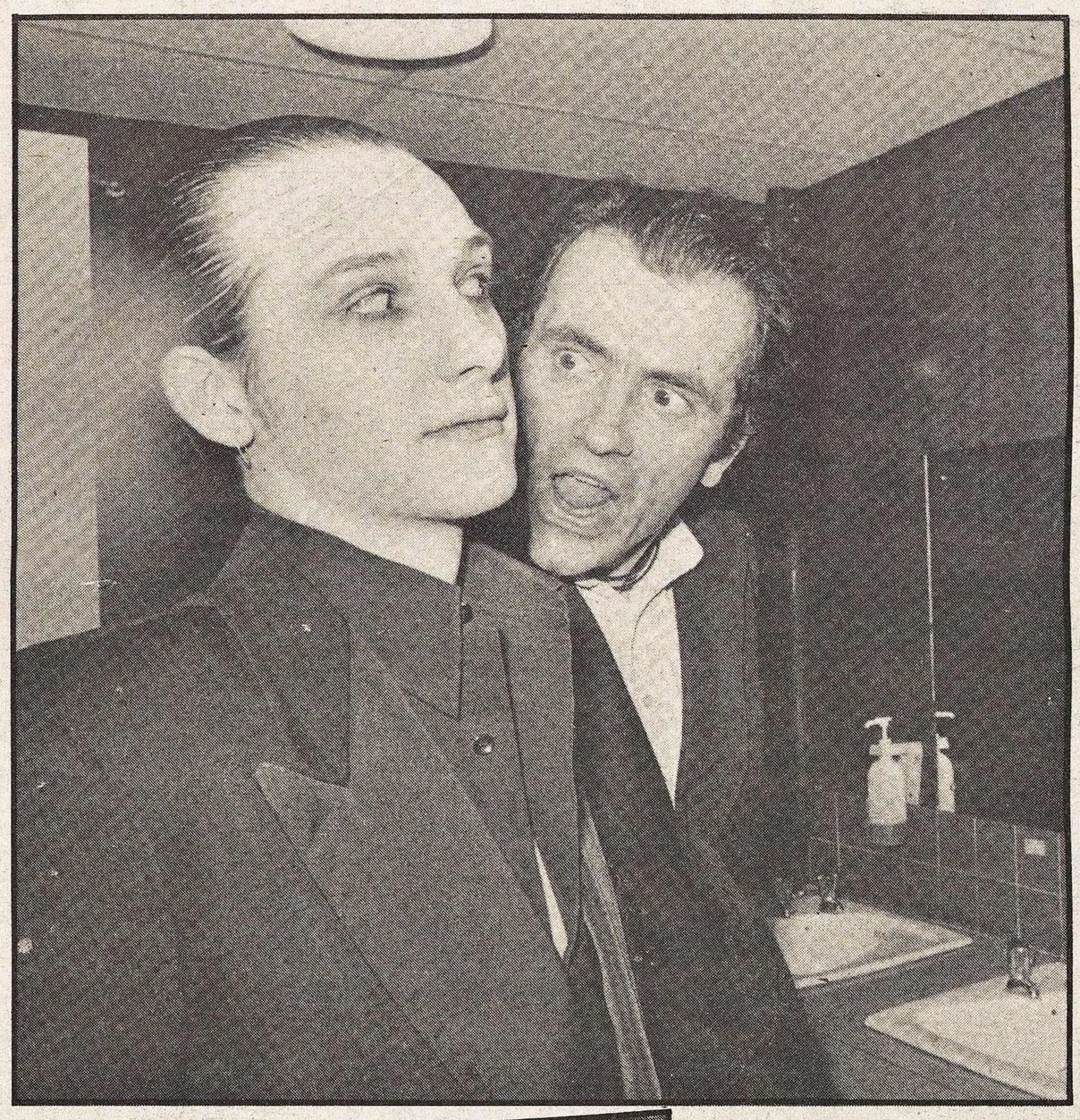
Connubial bliss all the way for **Suzi Quatro** and hubby **Len 'Ten Dinners' Tuckey.** The secret of their success? Suzi told *The Sun:* "I was a punk before there was even a name for it. In fact when Lenny and I met I had pink hair. What an idiot I must have looked" . . .

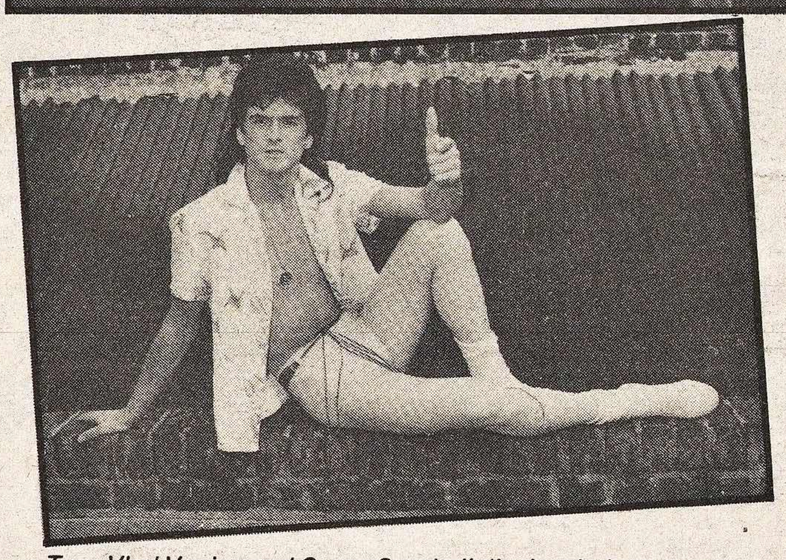
One we won't be reviewing: To celebrate their 20th year as a record company (so that's what they call it!) **Warner** and his several Brothers are pressing up a limited edition (3,000) six-album boxed-set for employees and artists. But you *will* be able to snooze along to a triple set commemorating the recent Madison Square anti-nukes festival. It includes **CS&N, Brooooce, Tom Petty** and **The Doobie Bros.** Betcha can't wait . . .

Oops, mind that banger mate. Just time to thumb the atlas, Here we are. See? Those unidentified African flags on the cover of **Bob Marley's** 'Survival' album are of course the proud emblems of Zapu and Zanu. Told yer . . .

November 5th gunpowder, treason and a happy birthday to **Squeezers Chris Difford** and **John Wood** who had a few down the Albany, Deptford. D.J. was a Mr **Danny Baker** . . .

The ingratitude of these people. You give 'em a job, pay 'em a decent subsistence wage, luncheon vouchers, every other weekend off and two weeks paid holiday a year and then first chance they get to improve themselves they're off. Anyroad it's with a tear in our eye and a lump in our pocket that we bid fond adieu to two stalwarts. Firstly, **Brian B,** the man who revolutionised our advertising pages single-handedly. The other hand was permanently occupied with a pint of the Bridge House in Canning Town's best bitter. And then there's mild mannered, quiet, switchboardperson **Gary "Eldo *NME*" Crowley,** who's taken his sta-prests to other pastures. The old ear-trumpet's never been quite the same. Good luck to ye both . . .





Top: Vlad Vanian and Count Cornball display their elegantly greying temples at a midnight screening of the original 1922 version of Nosferatu. Here we see Vlad telling the Count what he thought of the promo film for 'White Room' that was screened while revellers were out in the bar replenishing their goblets. Or perhaps they are just debating who is the real Prince of Darkness. Either way it is recorded that neither party casts a reflection, and Blue Oyster Cult were elsewhere at the time. (Pic: Ray Stevenson).
Above: An ex-Roller makes his move for credibility. We quote: "Leslie McKeown, 23, who enjoyed more than five years at the top of his profession, is currently working on plans for a space type movie and learning the language. He is also studying Kung Fu under the director of his personal bodyguard, Peko. Leslie, who was born in Edinburgh, recently released a brand new solo album for which he wrote all the songs entitled 'All Washed Up'." (Sic!!!).

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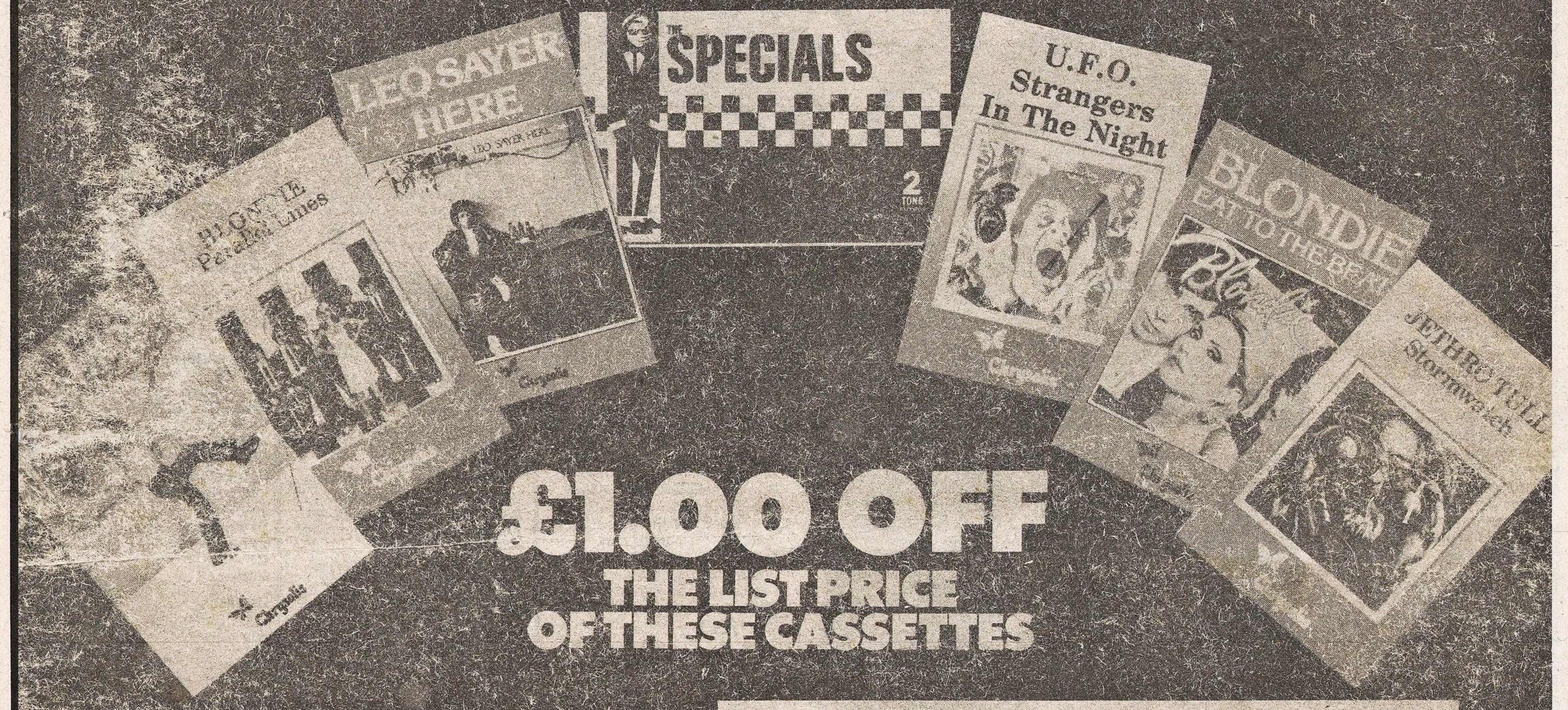

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